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THE BOOKMAN

THE GOOD SPORT HERO

By Lawrence Perry

ONE of the collegiate theories of sport upon which, in the minds of educators at least, is based its highest sanction, is that of the far carrying qualities of sportsmanship engendered upon the field of competitive play. If Wellington and his Waterloo-Eton and Harrow analogy be recalled as the original inspiration of the modern attribution of post-athletic virtues to the graduate career of an athlete, let this fact, rather than diminishing the force of the concept, be held as imparting to it that sturdy warrant which comes of distinguished genealogy. As a matter of truth, however, it bears in its modern signification a wealth of connotation undreamed by the Iron Duke who, as it seems, could turn a phrase with all the ease and aplomb with which he turned a flank.

The graduate oarsman, now a banker, sits at his desk in his private office overborne by the weight of opposition. His plan — his merger, his reorganization, his gigantic flotation project — trembles upon the brink of failure. Disaster looms; loss of prestige, bankruptcy, anything dreadful that the imaginative reader may conjecture is imminent.

Suddenly the years pass from him, and all his present cares. He straightens in his chair. The furrows upon his forehead disappear. His muscles flex. His eyes grow stern and his lips move.

"Abreast the navy yard. Two miles to go. Never give up. Pull! Pull your heart out!"

He sits back, a smile slowly stealing over his face. His nerve has returned. The situation is saved. He will fight — and win, as once upon the Thames River he fought and won when all seemed lost.

This is not fiction. Once in a Wall Street office a Yale oarsman, emerging triumphantly from a fight at one stage all but lost, told the writer that the old analogy of the two mile mark at New London had been the fulcrum upon which he had raised a sodden morale to victorious temper.

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Even had assurance been given that this little incident was not fiction, no reader of the more popular novels current in the past few years would have been likely to mistake it as such. The good sport hero is not the fiction mode these days, if only because in all his characteristics, habits, mental and physical reactions, and points of view, he is unfitted to the prevailing novelistic genre. By no conceivable possibility could he meet requirements of plot and incident that the average postwar protagonist must meet.

By a curious error — at any rate it may be assumed to have been an error — the hero of a novel which has excited much enthusiasm among the younger intelligentsia and, in fact, admiration quite generally, is permitted by his creator to make his preparatory school eleven and to play in at least one highly important game wherein he distinguishes himself greatly.

In his collegiate career he turns from the athletic field to belles lettres, an occupation seemingly better adapted both to his talents and characteristics. Later he burgeons into the world anything but a good sport. He fawns and whines like a spaniel upon a heartless, golden haired inamorata when she breaks a wholly unwarranted engagement to be married. Under the guise of love he seduces the daughter of his host at a country house and in the morning proposes for her hand in a lame, forced manner which no girl of any spirit whatever could have tolerated — and which the girl in question did not tolerate. He lures a stenographer to the brink and then vents his illicit passion upon a girl of the streets, leaving his little typist, if a contradiction in terms be pardoned, cold.

Yet, in the end, having married an adorable wife, he meets the golden haired charmer who had jilted him, at whose feet, as above recorded, he had groveled and wept. Her husband is in an insane asylum and the nocturnal hours in her company are open to him. He revolves in the throes of the mightiest passion his life has ever known. He lies to his wife. At length, beaten down, he sets forth for the tryst.

But neither he nor the author reckoned upon his preparatory school football career, lying so many æons in the past. For, halfway to the loved one's cottage, upon the top of a hill, he throws himself to the earth and wrestles even as Jacob wrestled in sacred writ; and in the end rises and returns to his wife, never, presumably, to be tempted from her side again.

Football did it — in particular that climactic game against a rival school team when he came upon the field with a sagging nausea and triumphed over physical dread and mental apprehension. The author does not admit this; it is likely he never knew it. The fact, however, remains. Without ratiocinative processes, as it were automatically, the pencil — or typewriter — that brought Jeffrey Dwyer into being and developed him, moved ruthlessly at right angles to the logical, the Slavonic, the artistic dénouement and at one swoop straightened out a warped life and sent him hurrying into the safe arms of propriety.

Even granting the novel could not have been written had this protagonist been a genuine sportsman, at the same time there is no alternative to the conclusion that it could not have ended as it does had he not suddenly become one. Wherefore we turn to that grueling struggle upon the preparatory school field and, applying a psycholog-

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ical throwback theory to Jeffrey's ninth hour and (upon the surface) not too logical redemption, we come upon a true note of convincingness as well as a beautiful moral pointing the tenacious virtues of competitive play.

Jeffrey Dwyer was a Yale man, and the indicated time of his four years within the precincts of Old Eli makes him contemporaneous with a number of young men of a type whose sort seems automatically to render them ineligible to bear literary companionship with young Dwyer or, indeed, to appear prominently in a majority of the more popular English and American novels that come to mind.

In his capacity as scribe and chronicler upon the field of sport, the writer has known them, some of them very well indeed. Is there no place for them between the more or less enduring covers of a modern book? Johnny Overton, for instance. Adequately and accurately to draft a type from this man among men, this sterling athlete, this superb soldier, would require a theme that falls without the accepted formula. Primarily it would have to be minus a discussion of complexes. A tall order at the outset.

Oh no, the present writer makes no pretense of underestimating the difficulties. Yet there would be action, plenty of it; bold, stirring action; multiplied incident and a wind blowing through the pages even as the wind that flows between high mountain peaks. There might be a more obvious psychology, but not necessarily. Not at all necessarily, I have the suspicion, in the case of Jeffrey Dwyer's sponsor. For, when all is said and done, that little prep school football game lingers ineradicably in mind.

Is there not as much to be done with the hero who in an emergency of sex — if haply sex emergencies must stand as the motif of our longer fiction — is fine and true to his inherited virtues and his acquired standards? Certainly the tone of time has placed its stamp upon Sir Galahad rather than upon Lothario, who today stands as a connotative term rather than as a remembered personality.

Gumbril, who danced so ineptly the antic hay when he had gummed upon his chin a blond beard, might have danced more heroically to a more stately measure had he carried from college with him as guerdon for the future a track or aquatic or football blue, or even the memory of brave days — sport for the sheer sake of sport — in a torpid or slogger eight.

But then, what would have become of his book if he had? A more virile, cleanlier book surely — if any at all.

Di Gates of Yale, the dashing tackle of 1916, the gallant gentleman, the true sportsman, and in 1917–18 the naval aviator with the cold waters of the North Sea tumbling beneath him — if he had shortcomings, those who were in college with him and those who knew him in the service have no recollections of any. Withal he possessed one very material shortcoming; he lacked every qualification that would have inspired the average author of the average type of novel we are reading these days to accept him, or his sort, as the leading character. Yet again, why should this be so?

Are Gates and Johnny Overton and Hobey Baker and Tim Callahan and all the rest of those who in their strong and beautiful prime walked in lofty places, artistically outlawed as fictional types?

It is greatly to be doubted. In truth, so far as artistic achievement is concerned, let it stand as an axiom — or at least as a sound and legitimate

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subject for argument — that there is far greater difficulty in devising a clean and uplifting theme and thereupon carrying it forward through some three hundred or more pages in a decent and wholesome and, of course, salable manner, than there is in formulating situations that bear upon the triumph of illicit love and other tangents of unrestrained youth and unregenerate middle age.

Or place the hero in this milieu — if such seasoning fall more readily to the creative impulse — and at the same time endow him with the sporting qualities of at least a rattlesnake, to which are attributed by naturalists rather surprising characteristics in the way of playing the game. The result will be wholesome and antiseptic, as Kipling says; surprising perhaps to the author, certainly gratifying to many readers of best sellers.

Another question: Is the hero or heroine possessed of a salacious mind, or puerile powers of resistance to evil, any more real in terms of life than a hero or heroine who is not? Is the hero with matted hair upon his chest, who reacts to life in a matted and hairy manner, any less real than the hero not thus adorned and who does not so react?

The writer needed no reminder from Rose Macaulay that one generation of youth differs very little, if at all, in reactions, impulses, and tendencies, from another. At least he can speak with positiveness concerning the so called golden Nineties. Our only point of differentiation seems to have been the failure to produce a Cyril Hume, a Scott Fitzgerald, a Ben Hecht, a Sherwood Anderson, and so on, unless perchance the brilliantly febrile Stephen Crane be regarded as redeeming our gilded epoch in the sense of literary artistry as at present conceived and executed.

But for the most part the seamy side of life — nowadays, apparently, interpreted as the sum and essence of living reality — and abandoned eroticism and rampant individualism were not the vogue. These things existed; of course they did. Humanity doesn't change. But possibly we were still under the Victorian spell and disinclined to put into print things that were not then, and still are not, regarded as suitable topics for drawing room conversation.

At any rate, Van Bibber and his friend Travers, who, if anything, leaned backward in their sporting predilections, and Clay, of "Soldiers of Fortune", and Rupert of Hentzau and all the rest of the gallant train were the ones whom the flappers of our period adored and whom we tried more or less vainly, or more or less successfully, to emulate.

Not without a feeling of venturesomeness the opinion herewith is hazarded that in ghostly array in a not distant, even if nebulous, foreground, prototypes of Di Gates and Hobey Baker and Johnny Poe and Hack McGraw are awaiting the summons to the printed page; and that when they are drafted they will be greeted by combined frog choruses and locomotives and long drawn Puritan rahs, not to mention a susurrus of feminine sighs, that will relegate prevalent modes of the pen to the lumber room of things that are no longer done. Not only that, we may with some confidence look for antiphonal applause from the earnest Elizabethan Club and its sisters in places far flung from New Haven.

Of one thing the writer is certain; the youthful genius who blazes the new and cleanlier trail will not lack for the complete attention of at least one valued reviewer, to wit, the critic in Cyril Hume's "Wife of the Centaur",

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Howard Brown (Heywood Broun), who gave the hero's postwar book "not a cigarette's worth of time", thus reviewing it sloppily, albeit ably. I speak thus confidently, having seen Brown (Mr. Broun) in football stands, at ringsides, in observation trains, for not a few years now. I have yet to encounter in his outgivings upon these subjects one single indication of flagged interest, of flawed observation, or sloppy diction. All of which those who may be interested in doing so may take as a sign and a symbol.

Right now, in a Gothic dormitory at Yale, the writer knows of two rooms where students who have contributed much to Old Eli's athletic resurgence may be found almost any evening. Concerning their interests, their activities, their reactions toward life, no seeker after theme suggestions or character material, in accordance with the postwar mode, would be enlivened, interested, or in any way stirred.

On the other hand, the assertion is confidently made that right here among these young stalwarts in Harkness — as in other dormitories throughout the intercollegiate world — is to be found the material as well as the inspiration for a literature of a new manhood that is just as real as the swampy transcriptions of human life we are asked to accept as the whole of the fabric of reality — and a thousand times more normal and thrilling and generally compelling; and sporting.

SUPPER SILENCE

By Genevieve Taggard

HOW they would marvel, all those silly lovers
Who could not keep her, called her cruel, hard,
To see her watching, in her little kitchen
Beside the window, hidden by the curtain —
Watching her man go striding in the yard;

To see the face that wore the cryptic, cruel
Smile that would baffle all the boys who came,
Tense with her brooding on his secret trouble, —
(Some little anguish not yet ripe for telling).
She lifts the curtain and half says his name,

Then back with all her tasks she bends to wonder
Over and over what the trouble is;
And when he turns the knob and comes to supper,
Offers him mutely, this his favorite salad,
And keeps the supper silence that is his.

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JAMES JOYCE

By Malcolm Cowley

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

WHEN "Ulysses" was first published it was like a stone dropped heavily into a shallow pool. The stone, incidentally, weighed three pounds and three ounces. It caused a wave which marched to the shore, receded. There was a moment of amazed silence, then all the frogs who inhabited the pool began to talk at once, and more and louder than they had ever talked before. They had only praise at first for the dimensions of the stone, but later, as the wave fell back, drenched critics began to be heard; soon their voices were even louder than the rest.

"Ulysses" was published two years ago in February, yet everybody in Paris continues to talk about James Joyce. "Hello, Bill . . . So you're just over from the States? . . . Have you read 'Ulysses'?"

"And what do *you* think about it?" You must be ready to reply; your reputation hangs by a thread. In Berlin "it" means the last drop in the exchange. "It" in New York probably still means prohibition. In Paris "it" can refer to nothing else than "Ulysses". Poor Bill prepares his answer. All the victims in unison give their answer. If you listened to their nightly conversation in the Café du Dome, you would hear something like this:

"I never read 'Ulysses', only in 'The Little Review', but now I suppose I'll have to." . . . "It may be good but why write eight hundred pages of it?" . . . "*Isn't* it disgusting!" . . . "Now what *I* like is the restraint of it." . . . "As soon as I saw the cover I just *knew* I wouldn't read it." . . . "A great psychological document but would you *really* call it literature, Mr. Pound?" . . . "Too melodious, if anything." . . . "Joyce has exhausted a method and an age; he is like the red seal on an official document; now it can be filed away. Personally I never read official documents." . . . "Say, I'm awful dry."

From opinions about the book the conversation tapers into more personal judgments of the man. "He is the most monumental egoist of modern times." "How fine and generous he is." "He has cold hands." "Evidently he believes in literature", says Georges Duthuit, who has criticized too many books and believes in them no longer. Tristan Tzara has never forgiven Joyce for singing Italian opera; like most of the others his judgment is hostile. Perhaps it is because Joyce has none of the social ability which Paris demands. Perhaps the true reason is that genius is rarely tolerated in this city of almost universal talent.

However, after inhabiting half a dozen cities, Joyce has fixed his residence in Paris, and he published "Ulysses" there. He sometimes winters in Nice, but when summer comes you can see him of a Paris evening on the terrace of some café, probably La Rotonde. He drinks placidly. His one companion glances round like an

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Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *and autographed by Mr. Joyce*

James Joyce

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angry watchdog to prevent strangers from sitting at the table. Joyce does not permit himself to be interviewed.

He talks willingly, however, and at times even to journalists; there is a subtle distinction here which only a literary mind can comprehend. He tells you, probably, about his struggle to write "Ulysses". "I worked on it the eight years from 1914 to 1922. Toward the end of it I often wrote as much as twelve or sixteen hours a day." He estimated once, during a long period of inactivity caused by his blindness, that to compose "Ulysses" cost him twenty thousand working hours at least. He was so anxious to make every word perfect that he used up the royalties from the first edition to pay for corrections in the proof. Unlike his other books it had the fortune to be published as soon as it was ready for the press.

His first novel, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", waited two years for publication. When London compositors refused to set the type, the first sheets had to be printed in New York. "Isn't it a shame", an admiring young lady from Chicago tells him, "that they should be so hard just on the picture of a man." Evidently she thinks that Joyce is a painter.

"Dubliners", his one book of short stories, had an even harder fate. It was written in 1904 and published in 1914. During the ten years which intervened at least three publishers accepted it. The second went so far as to have it printed. On the morning that Joyce was to receive the first edition, he was informed that it had been bought from the printer privately and destroyed. There were a thousand copies; 999 were burned and the last was given to the author. Probably, by a turn of fortune, it is now worth as much as all the rest. The book is not licentious or even obscene, but somehow it possesses that faculty of antagonizing people which is the modern proof of genius.

Joyce talks about the books that he has written but never about the books that he will write. More willingly he talks about himself: about his youth and his recent attacks of blindness. He suffers from iritis or, as he explains it more simply, a malignant rheumatism of the eye. He pauses for a moment to remove his smoked glasses and to pass the back of his hand across his lids.

During the silence you observe him more closely, noting his abnormally high forehead and silky beard, but especially the gestures of these long, soft, white hands, these cold and astonishing hands. There is little else remarkable about the person of this outcast and expatriate against whom all the forces of custom and decorum and propriety thunder daily. He is a slim, bearded Irishman of forty. He bears less resemblance to Mephistopheles than to the portrait of the typical Caucasian in the Century Dictionary.

There is something professional about his look, although he seems in no wise a professional writer. You would take him rather for a doctor; as a matter of fact he studied medicine in Paris twenty years ago. At times his manner has even a touch of the clerical, and no wonder. He owes the greater part of his education to the Jesuits. The instruction they gave him in ritual and the classics is deeply embedded in his mind.

They say in Paris that Joyce owes his frankness not to his imitation of the French naturalists but to the example of the great Jesuit casuists of the seventeenth century. They point to the example of Voltaire, who received

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much the same education. At other times they point to Swift, who was influenced in the same way by the atmosphere of Dublin. They say that no one can understand Joyce perfectly except a Dubliner or a Catholic, and perhaps they are right. Certainly there is no one else who has even claimed to understand him.

Once he confided to Valéry Larbaud a story which may go a long way toward explaining his book. It happened while he was still attending a Jesuit academy. The instructor asked, "Who is your favorite hero?" The pupils gave their response in terms of great names: Cæsar, St. Patrick, St. Francis, Brian Boru, Napoleon. Joyce answered simply, "Ulysses." The good priest, who knew his Greek and his Ulysses, was less than moderately pleased with the reply.

Twenty years later the favored hero of Joyce was still this same Ulysses, with his craft, his talent, and his eminent human failings. Only, the wily Odysseus had moved from Ithaca to Dublin and was known as Leopold Bloom. Joyce records his wanderings in eighteen chapters which correspond roughly to the books of the Odyssey. Both epics (I use the name advisedly, for "Ulysses" is more an heroic poem than a novel) begin with the adventures of Telemachus. Both heroes sojourn too long a while in the house of Circe and both return to Penelope at the end. By his imitation of Homer Joyce makes a deliberate challenge to comparison; either his book is the Odyssey of modern times or it is presumption. Even to one who takes the latter view, the very presumption is so bold as to partake of genius.

"Well, Joyce is the limit", says the young lady from Chicago. There is a profound judgment in her words. He is the limit not alone of the epic novel but of naturalism and frankness; even, in the true sense, of romanticism. Along the path that he has followed no one can go further; it is suicide for anybody, even for Joyce himself, to imitate "Ulysses".

"And what will he do now?" they ask at the Dome. "Why, just think, he's got nearly half his life in front of him. Will he write another big novel like 'Ulysses', only just the opposite? Will he begin all over again and write nice poems like 'Chamber Music'? Will he live on his reputation all the rest of his life?" Joyce answers nothing. He promenades his intolerable genius under the palms of Nice, with unseeing eyes which stare ahead like those of another poet whom seven cities claimed.

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CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

V: A HERO PASSES

By Ralph Henry Barbour

MY second year at boarding school presents to memory three outstanding events: my emancipation from Eton collars, the arrival of my thirteenth birthday, and my first appearance in competitive sports. The change in neck attire, at least, should have increased my self respect, yet it seems not to have done so. Doubtless it improved my appearance, but I still remained a small, thin youth with an abashed air and manners so apologetic that, compared with me, Uriah Heep was an arrogant bully. I think it was during that year that my shyness reached its peak. Yet shyness is scarcely the word. To say that I was shy is like referring to a whale as a large minnow. Just as in those days folks died of appendicitis without knowing the correct name of their malady, so numerous unfortunates suffered from inferiority complexes without ever having heard of the things. I am convinced that any competent judge of complexes would have awarded me the palm in the inferiority class.

Naturally I was fairly unhappy much of the time. When I wasn't unhappy I was usually asleep or reading. That year I read "The Three Guardsmen" for the third or fourth time, gulped down "Under Two Flags" — an interdicted book which had much vogue while its pages held together — and grew sentimental with "the Duchess". And I read all the poetry I could lay hands on, including Byron, surreptitiously filched from a locked bookcase in the parlor. (It was no trick at all with a knife blade.) My taste was catholic but inclined toward the romantic. "Lalla Rookh" and "Don Juan" pleased me about equally, but I liked "Hiawatha" better still. (Longfellow was very well thought of then, although considered by the intelligentsia of today as "the bunk". I have always been glad of that mistaken appreciation of Longfellow.) Reading, I forgot self consciousness and timidity and became for the time the hero of the romance. Such periods possibly saved my ego from utter disintegration. Perhaps, after all, I wasn't nearly so unhappy as I thought I was; one seldom is; for, besides the joy of reading, I was experiencing my first romantic attachment.

The subject of that attachment was Nicoll. It is something of a shock to me to find that I cannot recall his first name. But that is excusable, since, in the English public school fashion, we called each other by our surnames. Nicoll was the oldest boy in our house; probably seventeen, but seeming older by reason of a long, serious countenance and a deep voice. He had, I fancy, discovered something of what life was all about, and was a bit depressed thereby. He was the only one of us who enjoyed a room to himself; a small

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room at one end of the first floor from which he played the — I have since suspected self suggested — rôle of monitor. Outwardly he fell far short of the ideal hero, for he was tall and spare, with long legs and arms and bony hands, the knuckles of which he cracked engagingly when absorbed in conversation. In build somewhat on the Abraham Lincoln type. I doubt that the likeness extended further. However, I didn't select Nicoll as an object of secret worship on the score of beauty. He became my hero because he possessed the qualities I lacked. He was absolutely self confident; I can say self assured without exaggeration; and was to me a marvel of poise and dignity. One day he criticized unfavorably the pudding; not, mind you, as others would, and often did, outside, but from his place at the foot of the table and in a perfectly audible voice. I disliked the matron, but I thought she took it very well. I found courage to leave most of my pudding uneaten that day, and Nicoll became to me more the hero than ever.

I don't think he ever suspected the state of affairs. For one thing, I'd as soon have jumped into the pond as made any show of my fealty. For another, Nicoll seemed to move in a state of self communion, rather deaf and blind to the commonplace affairs that interested the rest of us. No one resented it, for he had the faculty of making others take him at his own valuation; and to himself, at least, Nicoll was rather an important person. Even the principal appeared to accept that estimate, and the matron of our house was always a little in awe of him.

Not that Nicoll held always aloof. He had his lighter moments, and at such times we gathered in his room — he called it his study — and filled his chairs and bed and basked in his affability and harkened more or less unquestioningly to his words of wisdom. On such occasions I occupied some uncomfortable niche and, striving for invisibility, was excitedly happy. Then, too, when affairs were afoot, Nicoll stepped down from his higher plane and took charge of them. He didn't even have to be asked to do it. It was so in the spring, when the school held its first athletic meeting. The idea originated with others, but Nicoll approved it and took it in hand, and, in the end, gravely accepted credit for it. Under his management the affair became, by the addition of a tennis tournament and a ball game, a Field Day. Tennis was Nicoll's one relaxation, and he played the game exceedingly well.

We youngsters had no choice in the matter of participating in the proceedings. Nicoll drafted all who could run, jump, hurdle, or handle a racket, and exacted twenty five cents for each entry. I, willy nilly, was put down for the 100 yard dash, the broad jump, and tennis; and was forced to borrow fifteen cents from my roommate to make up the requisite seventy five. I summoned sufficient courage to declare that I didn't want to compete in anything, but I was overruled. The tennis tournament was, of course, a handicap affair, since the entrants — there were only seven in the end — ranged from very good to very bad. Nicoll supervised the handicapping and placed himself at scratch. The rest of us were allowed from half fifteen to thirty. I drew fifteen. I suspected that I didn't deserve it, but I was incapable of further protest. Besides, I always played wretchedly if anyone looked on. I drew a by in the first round; while waiting for the second, I proved to everyone's satisfaction that I had no

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future either as a broad jumper or sprinter. Toward noon I faced Hale in the semi finals of the tennis. He had to allow me half fifteen, and since, to my surprise and relief, not a soul paid any attention to us, I forgot my diffidence sufficiently to win. Whereupon I suddenly realized that I was due to play Nicoll, who had easily won his two matches, for the school championship in the afternoon!

I was at once horribly frightened and wildly elated; too frightened to eat any dinner, too elated to mind the humorous sallies of the fellows. Nicoll's attitude won my gratitude. While he couldn't quite conceal the fact that the ensuing match was going to be a frightful bore to him, he frowned on the suggestion that I default. He said that with a handicap of fifteen I ought to be able to make the game interesting. I didn't want to default. I wanted the honor of being defeated by my hero. And I never once doubted that I should be.

The final match was to be two sets out of three. We started soon after dinner and, since the other events of the day had been run off, what gallery there was was ours. At the start I was so conscious of the audience, so overwhelmed by the dignity of opposing Nicoll, that I lost three straight games, two on my own service. After that, recovering to some extent from embarrassment, I won twice before Nicoll took the set. It occurred to me then that Nicoll would scarcely thank me if I made his victory too hollow, and I set out to enhance his glory. He had height and reach and his serve was very swift. Fortunately the court was turf, and by playing well back I could reach the ball. Fortunately, too, his serve had no cut and bounded straight. He won the first game and I the second, and so it went, each winning on his service, that one ace handicap of mine proving the deciding factor more than once. The audience was appreciative, even vociferous at times, and the realization that a share of the applause was meant for me was most discomforting. The set went to deuce. I had no thought of winning it, yet when Nicoll double faulted for almost the first time and I found myself leading at 0 — 30, I lost track of everything but the game and nosed out ahead. The next game went to me on my service, and with it the set!

I could not blame Nicoll for acting a trifle peevish, since of course he wasn't aware of my motive in winning, but I did think that he might have been less brusk when, noting that he looked extremely hot and was much out of breath, I timidly suggested a brief rest. Possibly the audience thought so, too, for when we began again I was at once embarrassed and resentful at discovering that I had become the favorite. The thing savored of lese majesty! When Nicoll, racing up from back court to get a return that I had trickily shortened, missed the ball and almost fell over the net, the audience howled derisively; I could have thrown my racket at them. It seemed that Goliath had lost sympathy and David had become the favorite. Nicoll took it badly and his game suffered. Again I broke through and won on his service, and very suddenly the appalling knowledge came to me that if things kept on as they were going, not Nicoll but I should win the match! There was but one thing to do; stop playing my style of game and play his. I had been cutting everything I could get my racket on, placing as craftily as I knew how, and lobbing frequently; Nicoll was weak on lobs and I had found it out. Now I tried driving the ball into the back court, where he

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could reach it and use that "Lawford" stroke of his to my undoing. But the result was not what I had looked for. Perhaps Nicoll was suspicious of this sudden change of tactics. Perhaps he couldn't easily accommodate himself to the new order. Whatever the reason, he failed to aid as expected. He drove into the net or out of the court, getting wilder and wilder and, I was pained to see, madder and madder. I tried to make double faults and couldn't, because at the last instant the fear of detection smote me. The remainder of that match was a nightmare. I managed to let Nicoll come even at five all, and again delayed the evil day by throwing away two aces — undetected I hoped — and bringing the score six all. But after that there was no help for it. My hero failed me utterly, and, miserably, almost in tears, I was forced to take the next two games, the set and the match!

Toward the last I had planned ahead. When the awful deed was done I should tuck my racket under my arm, and, in all humility, walk to the net with outstretched hand. When Nicoll, smiling bravely in defeat, returned my clasp, I should say, "I'm awfully sorry, Nicoll. You ought to have won. I had too much handicap", hoping that he would read in my face all the sympathy I felt. But I never spoke my lines. I did start toward the net but Nicoll was not there. Instead, back turned, he was wrathfully wiping his streaming face on a towel, and through the dwindling applause his voice came to me.

"I shouldn't have played him", said Nicoll to grinning sympathizers. "He hadn't any business taking a handicap of fifteen! Of course he could win, darned little sneak!"

A few minutes later I lay stretched on my bed, a little sick at my stomach from heat and exertion and lack of food, and very sick at heart. I had won the school tennis championship but I had lost a hero.

COOLING SONG

By Hazel Hall

TWO lovely things, two green things;
Lay them on my eyes.
Find two leaves so narrow
They take you by surprise,
Leaves pointed like an arrow,
Soft as butterflies.

Two lovely things, two lean things,
Plucked where moons have bled
Grey light on the meadow
That was their wild birth-bed;
Find such subtle shadow
And bring it to my head.

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COMING ! — COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER — COMING !

By Grant Overton

WHAT I need at the moment is not magazine space but a billboard on which to paste with great splashy gestures a three sheet announcement: "Coming! — The Literary Lochinvar — Coming!" Both words and pictures — yes, and muted notes from the steam calliope — are requisite to herald adequately the author of "Under the Big Top". If I tell the story of Courtney Ryley Cooper, fiction, even his own fiction, will seem colorless beside it. Therefore read no further. The lights are off and a beam flung straight from the projection room high overhead shows us —

Scene. Large white canvas mushrooms growing closely together and obviously attracting swarms of the human ant. Animals in gaudy cages, the living skeleton, lemonade, spangles, and paper hoops. *Close up.* Fifteen year old boy, at once timid and bold, interviewing the master of destinies. *Caption:* "Boy, water the elephants!"

Scene. Amphitheatre within the largest of tents. Several thousand faces that are all one face and that have even less significance than one face and that emit a crackling, collective sound. Clowns, masked by perpetually surprised looks painted on noses, mouths, and eyebrows, in ballooning white costumes, rolling and tumbling about the arena. Thwack! *Close up.* Fifteen year old ecstatic over the time of his life, working hard. *Caption:* "Spare the slapstick and spoil the child."

Scene. Office of the Denver "Post", twelve years later. Enter Buffalo Bill, white hair pigtailed and everything. He strides up to the city editor. *Caption:* "Whar's that reporter fellow —"

Flash. "Film not broken, but we have just been informed that all motion picture rights in the career of Courtney Ryley Cooper are reserved to Mr. Cooper. Please keep your seats."

He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, October 31, 1886, the son of Baltimore Thomas Cooper and Catherine (Grenolds) Cooper. He is a descendant of the Calverts, Lords of Baltimore, and of other settlers of Maryland and Virginia. He ran away from school in Kansas City to become water boy and clown in a circus. He also became an actor, bill distributor, property man, and song and dance artist with bad repertory companies playing "East Lynne", "In Old Kentucky", "The James Boys in Missouri", and other classics of the road.

He has been a newsboy, a trucker, a glove salesman, a monologist in vaudeville, a circus press agent, a newspaper man, and general manager of the world's second largest circus.

He began writing, at twenty four, a play, "the world's worst play", he says. It was produced in Kansas City "and I had to sit and watch the darned thing for two weeks". Then he began

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to write magazine stories. So great has been his output that at least five pen names have been necessary. They are Barney Furey, William O. Grenolds, Jack Harlow, Frederick Tierney, and Leonard B. Hollister. He has written as much as 45,000 words of fiction in three days — or days and nights. As a newspaper man he has written eight columns (1,200 words to the column) in two hours. For such excesses he naturally pays in an inability to walk, eat, or sleep for some immediate time afterward. It might be supposed that the work so turned out would be mere machine made stuff, but this is not true. However, the ability to write at such speed has necessitated a small staff to gather the writer's material.

There are several reasons why Mr. Cooper could never gather it all himself. He married, in 1916, Genevieve R. Furey, of Los Angeles, and they have a pleasant home in Idaho Springs, Colorado. Mr. Cooper gets his recreation in the mountains round about. But the stuff for the hundreds of stories he has written of circus life and jungle animal life cannot be renewed except from elsewhere. It cannot be renewed and added to sufficiently except — almost literally — from everywhere. After all, Mr. Cooper has contributed stories to more than half a hundred magazines. And if he were to stop writing to gather material — !

"I have a little circus all my own", he explains. He knows nearly everything that is happening in all the big shows. He keeps up an uninterrupted correspondence with circus people and he has five persons on his payroll at all times. One is a man who makes a specialty of circus pictures. Another is a lion trainer who has trained as many as thirty lions in one den. Whenever he has some unusual incident of animal behavior to report, he writes to Cooper. A third member of the little staff is an all round animal man, menagerie superintendent and "bull man". A fourth is a highly educated woman with ten years' experience in training lions, tigers, leopards, and elephants. Mr. Cooper pays her a salary and she takes "assignments", just as if she were a reporter — which, in fact, she is in this work. She is a reporter on animals, their training, and their characteristics. The fifth employee is a circus clown who sends a regular monthly letter reporting things that happen under the big top. There is, besides, a large number of volunteer correspondents, friends of long standing.

Mr. Cooper has used his material both directly, in the form of articles, and in stories. While he was on his way from clown to general manager of the circus, he became deeply interested in jungle animals and discovered a great many human traits (or traits parallel, if you prefer) in them. He himself, it must be remembered, has been in the training dens with leopards, lions, tigers, and pumas; and he has been in with as many as six lions and tigers at one time.

He looks, in certain poses, remarkably like Eric von Stroheim, and the camera sometimes brings out the multitude of his freckles. He is bald and enjoys baldness. Better company is not to be had, and this is only partly due to the innumerable anecdotes at his command. Many of these grow out of his association with Buffalo Bill, whose personal secretary he was for a while and whose biographer (with Buffalo Bill's widow, Mrs. W. F. Cody) he became. There is, for example, the story of the time when Cooper contracted with a clipping bureau for newspaper notices. They were to be

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ten cents each. They arrived — a bale — and with them a bill for $134.90. With a single exception, they consisted of 1,348 clippings about the Buffalo baseball team, which was much to the fore owing to the temporary existence of the Federal League.

Cooper also told this story at a Dutch Treat Club luncheon in New York:

"Colonel Cody arrived home unexpectedly early one morning. Going to his wife's bedroom window he tapped on the glass, calling: 'It's all right; let me in.' 'Go away', said Mrs. Cody. 'This is Buffalo Bill's house, and I'm his wife, and I can shoot, too.' Buffalo Bill, sore, remounted his horse and rode off to a neighboring saloon. Eventually he returned home, galloping up the driveway and onto the veranda of the house, letting out whoops the while. As he reached the door a gentle voice greeted him from behind it: 'Is that you, Willie dear?'"

In 1918 Mr. Cooper enlisted as a private in the United States Marines. Very shortly he was commissioned as a second lieutenant and sent to France to collate historical matter for the Marine Corps.

He has a very exceptional talent for handling people in masses, and has sometimes been requisitioned by motion picture people and others who had spectacles to produce. As the talent is coupled with a faculty for creative organization at least equal, the life of a writer represents a deliberate sacrifice of money on Cooper's part. For example:

Wild West shows, rodeos, and bucking horse contests are one of his hobbies. A few years ago he ran the first Annual Round Up at Colorado Springs. In three days the show took in $19,800 gate money. And the whole show, from the announcement, building of grandstands to seat 8,000 persons, hiring of cowboys, wild horses, bucking broncos, steers for bulldogging, advertising, and everything else, was put on in less than three weeks. Overtures piled in on Cooper to go into the business in other places. In the end, he refused contracts for $150,000 for two years' work.

His books have been of two principal kinds: novels of the west, and the two volumes "Under the Big Top" and "Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'thing"* that spring from the circus. The novels are "The Cross-Cut", "The White Desert", and "The Last Frontier", in that order. Are they simply the usual "westerns"? No. There is in "The Cross-Cut" that quality of humor, that enjoyment of a capital hoax, which first cut out from the stampeding herd of western stories Owen Wister's "The Virginian". Almost everyone, recalling Mr. Wister's novel, thinks of the opening scene in which the cowboys, like Little Buttercup in Mr. Gilbert's "Pinafore", "mixed those babies up". That affair, so refreshingly different in its realism and sense of scandalous fun from the sentimental heroics of other western tales, is easily recalled when most other incidents of "The Virginian" are forgotten. Similarly one recalls with fresh amusement the ruse whereby 'Arry 'Arkins got the Blue Poppy mine unwatered. Messrs. Fairchild and 'Arkins had very little capital; but by a convincing effect of drowning in the mine, the whole community was stirred to rescue the presumed corpse of 'Arkins; machinery that the two men could not have hired was set to work pumping; and by the time the hoax was revealed the mine was dry.

"The White Desert" has nothing to do with sand and alkali but is a story

*To be published this autumn.

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of the bleak, white stretches of the Continental Divide, where the world is a world of precipices, blue-green ice, and snow spray carried on the beating wings of never resting gales. It is the tale of a lumber camp and of a highly dramatic, last ditch struggle. Mr. Cooper admits that the first chapters were from an experience of his own. On the Berthoud Pass, 11,300 feet high, his speedster broke down. Now safety speed on the roads thereabouts is possibly fifteen miles an hour. The grades sometimes run as high as eighteen and twenty per cent. With no wind shield, no gears to aid his brakes, no goggles, and a sprained steering gear, Mr. Cooper was towed on these mountain roads by a largely liquored gentleman in a truck at a speed of twenty five miles an hour. Mr. Cooper was bald before this happened. . . .

Essentially, "The Cross-Cut" and "The White Desert" are stories; "The Last Frontier", with no sacrifice of story interest, can stake a claim of more importance. Like certain novels of Emerson Hough's and Hal G. Evarts's, this is an accurate and alive presentation of American history in the guise of fiction. The period is 1867–68 when, as an aftermath of the Civil War, many impoverished families sought the unsettled frontier lands. The Kansas-Pacific Railway, a link between east and west, was under construction, its every mile contested by the Indians. It was the period when Buffalo Bill made his reputation as a buffalo hunter and Indian scout; when General Custer nearly wore himself out hunting Indians; when the Battle of Beecher's Island aroused the nation. Buffalo Bill, Custer, and the building of the railroad are the true subjects of this fine romance which ends when the great stampede has failed. "The buffalo were gone. Likewise the feathered beings who had striven to use them as a bulwark and had failed — enfiladed by scouts, volleyed by cavalry, their bodies were strewn in the valley with the carcasses of the buffalo." Within months Custer was to come back, and in triumph. The "golden haired general" was to ride to the battle of Washita "at the head of the greatest army of troops ever sent against the red man. . . . There would be other frontiers — true. But they would be sectional things, not keystones, such as this had been."

These novels, in their order, mark a growth in the writer's stature; and Mr. Cooper, like others who show growth, has humility as well as ambition. The thing he has in mind to do, possibly in his next novel, is more difficult than anything he has done — an attempt to take a few contemporary lives and view them in the perspective that history affords. This, of course, is a very hard task. Certainly Sinclair Lewis did not do it in "Main Street", and no amount of exact, faithful, realistic detail accomplishes it. It can only be done by simplifying one's material so that a few humble people are seen as typifying human endeavor. But if the effort is successful, the result will mean as much in one century as in another, and the work will live.

Mr. Cooper's two books based on the circus accomplish something that no one else, so far as I know, has even attempted. They make a permanent and fascinating record of a truly American institution. "Under the Big Top" presents the circus as a whole, although five of the eleven chapters are concerned with the circus animals. "Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'thing" is wholly about the menagerie.

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The first of these books is a curious illustration of the breach ordinarily existing between literature and life. Although, in the complexities of a surface civilization, the circus may hold less significance for Americans today than fifty or forty or even twenty years ago, most of us were brought up to go to the circus. Or, at any rate, went. The formative influence of the circus on American character is incalculably great. Yet neither literature nor formal education took any cognizance of the circus tent. Public officials, as Mr. Cooper points out, very generally took into consideration the educational value of circus animals when fixing license fees. But that was about all the notice of value the circus got. Where were books on the circus? When was the circus reckoned with by the professional analysts of American character? How far has present day American advertising acknowledged its immense debt to the traveling show? What Matthew Arnold or James Bryce, coming to our shores to examine American character and lacking, possibly, the wisdom of the serpent, acquired the wisdom of the circus? And our psychologists busied with delicate tests on the nerve endings of frogs: were they dumbbells so long? They were. They went not to the circus, the sluggards; they examined not its ways.

Yet it would be true to say that the circus is the one most typical American institution. Between the American circus and the traveling shows of other lands no comparison is possible. In size, in variety, in achievements of audacity, devotion, and courage, the American big tent show has no rival. It is, to begin with, playing around in a country which is to most other countries as a ten acre field is to a city lot. Its self reliance must be complete. Its morale, especially in the days of its greatest importance, has had to be high and unwavering; for otherwise excellent people have been its unrelenting foes. At the same time the circus has been something much more than a spectacle; frequently it has been a cooperative enterprise. Mr. Cooper gives some idea of the innumerable occasions on which the American small boy, judiciously and fairly rewarded with a free ticket, has pulled the circus out of some insuperable physical difficulty. The circus was the original discoverer of the most important element in American psychology, the love of bigness and display, the admiration for achievement in size. It was the circus which first put into firm practice the essential principle of human nature which time merely refines upon: the desire to be bunked: and the circus drew the correct line between bunk and bunco, and with the fewest exceptions steered clear of bunco.

Now in "Under the Big Top", Mr. Cooper, who naturally knows circuses, gaily gives the whole show away — a process which a good show can come out of with colors flying. And the circus does. The gist of the book, the real "why" of the circus, will be found in that rousing final chapter written upon the text:

RAIN OR SHINE
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOW
WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR

Here are stories of that ultimate sheer persistence which is the spirit of the circus and, pretty nearly, the history of the nation to which it belongs.

The chapters on animals in "Under the Big Top" led directly to Mr. Cooper's "Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'-thing", which is the menagerie inside out. In the course of long study of

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caged and captive jungle creatures, aided by the continuous reports of his staff helpers, Mr. Cooper has found no human emotion which these animals do not exhibit at some time or other in appropriate circumstances. "I have seen jealousy, insanity, hallucination, the highest kind of love including mother love, the fiercest brand of hate, trickery, cunning and revenge. I have seen gratitude. The only desire I will exclude as not being common to humans and animals is the desire for money. There is a corresponding animal desire, however. It is horse meat. Horse meat is the currency of the animal kingdom." *

The extraordinary instance of Casey, a giant, black faced chimpanzee captured in infancy in the Cape Lopez district of Africa, has suggested to Mr. Cooper that something most remarkably approaching a man could be bred from a monkey in as few as four generations. Not a physical likeness, but mental, is the prospect. Enough apes of Casey's type would be necessary to avoid inbreeding, and the first generation born in captivity would have to be subjected to wholly human contacts.** About 150 years would be required.

But "Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'thing" is a book of fact, not of theories. It is most valuable, perhaps, in its contrast between the old and new methods of animal training. Mr. Cooper shows in the first chapter the transformation that has come about:

> The circus animal trainer of today is not chosen for his brutality, or his cunning, or his so-called bravery. He is hired because he has studied and knows animals — even to talking their various "languages". There are few real animal trainers who cannot gain an answer from their charges, talking to them as the ordinary person talks to a dog and receiving as intelligent attention. Animal men have learned that the brute isn't any different from the human; the surest way to make him work is to pay him for his trouble. In the steel arena today . . . the animals are just so many hired hands. When they do their work, they get their pay. . . . The present day trainer doesn't cow the animal or make it afraid of him. . . . The first thing to be eliminated is not fear on the part of the trainer, but on the part of the animal! . . . Sugar for dogs, carrots for elephants, fish for seals, stale bread for the polar bears, a bit of honey or candy for the ordinary species of bear, pieces of apple or lumps of sugar for horses; every animal has his reward for which he'll work a hundred times harder than ever he did in the old and almost obsolete days of fear.

With lions, tigers, and leopards the trainer, imitating their own sound that expresses satisfaction, can convey to them his satisfaction with their work. And there is catnip:

> To a house cat, catnip is a thing of ecstasy. To a jungle cat it holds as much allurement as morphine to a dope user, or whisky to a drunkard. The great cats roll in it, toss it about their cages, purr and arch their backs, all in a perfect frenzy of delight.

Does this new method of animal training seem to remove from the circus menagerie most of its adventure and romance? Does Mr. Cooper's account of the "Wallace act", in which a lion impersonates an untamable lion and fights its trainer, seem to sickle over all such performances a hopeless theatricalism? The answer may be found in the pages of "Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'thing", a chronicle of breathlessness if ever there was one. Here are stories of Mabel Stark, Captain Ricardo, Bob McPherson, and many others to make the hair curl; stories of animals that remembered and men that forgot; of trained dogs and untrained leopards; of animal nature

* Interview by Jane Dixon in the "Evening Telegram", New York, January 23, 1922.
** Feature article in the "Gazette Times", Pittsburgh, May 7, 1922.

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and — best of all — of human nature. How much better, this book, than the fiction which attempts to approach animals from the imaginative side! With a low bow in the direction of Mr. Kipling, it may be pointed out that the ordinary child's sole contact with the beasts of the jungle is through the circus menagerie or the zoo. As captive animals are utterly different from wild, it is in terms of the captive existence that the child reasonably craves to know and appreciate them (I say "child", yet in this matter we are all children, regardless of age). But no one who reads "Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'thing" will ever see an animal act again without an observation at least twice as intelligent or an interest at least doubly great.

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1922 *The White Desert.*
1923 *The Last Frontier.*
1923 *Under the Big Top.*
1924 *Lions an' Tigers an' Ever'thing.*

AWAY

By Robert McAlmon

THE blue heron flies north
In the frozen sky that floats,
An ether iceberg on white plains.

Over the snow a winter bird
Has whistled a clear strain.
Now there is silence,
But the wound of the cry
Quivers upon the sensitive solitude.

The pain of a shadow which is past
Is still upon the whiteness of the snow.

All of this vastness is longing
To go somewhere —
Perhaps to follow the flying bird.
I am here alone
Where the vastness has me,
So that I have no will but its will.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

By Mrs. Joseph Conrad

THE reception of "The Rover" both here and in America, and the widespread interest in its author, tempt me irresistibly to relate an incident that happened some years ago and which so nearly resulted in a great calamity.

It was in the autumn of 1903, the year that the novel "Typhoon" was published and during one of my husband's all too frequent attacks of gout. Those attacks—so much deplored by his many friends, but in this case surely a blessing in disguise. We lived at that time in a dear old farmhouse some four miles from Hythe, and perhaps two miles from the rather large village of Lyminge. It was a lonely isolated spot with the house lying low down under the hill far below the road, and quite half a mile from the nearest human habitation. Our household at that time consisted only of our two selves, a small boy of four, two young maids (both much too nervous and superstitious to have been of the slightest use in any emergency), and a youth who did duty as groom and handy man. He also was well provided with what are known as nerves. Truly a valiant band in a tight place. Still the English countryside might be considered a safe enough place, and I cannot remember ever before feeling nervous myself.

As we all know, a small boy of four claims a lot of one's attention, particularly when there happen to be several deep water holes around, not to speak of loose horses and cattle. On this particular autumn afternoon I was endeavoring to amuse the child out of earshot of the sick room. We had worked our way round to the back of the house, when looking over the stone wall I saw a stranger riding into the farmyard. He dismounted somewhat heavily from his machine, and coming close against the wall accosted me in curt tones and without any preamble: "I have come to make Mr. Conrad's acquaintance!"

There was something in his strange manner and mode of address that roused my ire. I answered him somewhat shortly, to the effect that his desire could not be gratified since my husband was ill in bed and unable to see anyone. I added that he could state his business to me. The man glared fiercely for a moment and his right flew to his hip. To this day I remember my feeling, almost of gratification, as the thought crossed my mind: "Ah! a twinge of rheumatism, my friend. Serves you right for being so rude."

"I've come a long distance to make Mr. Conrad's acquaintance", he repeated, "and I'm determined to do so; I shall come again." With that he turned abruptly and wheeled his bicycle out of the steep yard onto the road. Afterward, when relating the incident to my husband who asked me to describe the man to him, I laughed and said, "Well, the description of your character Hermann in the story 'Falk' fits him absolutely; he might almost be the original, and I don't believe he was an Englishman."

For nearly three weeks after that we were always hearing that a strange man

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had been seen wandering on the road above the house, in the fields, and even close under the garden wall. Apparently he never spoke to anyone, but the fact of his being always there was somewhat disquieting. All this time the gout claimed its victim and my time was fully occupied. At last one day a hurried note was left at the back door for me; I read its contents with horror and apprehension. It appears that this man had been living at a farm near Lyminge, whence he had made his daily pilgrimage to watch his chance of coming across the man he had determined to see. Only that morning the farmer had chanced to discover that he had in his possession a loaded revolver; whereupon my visitor (a German) had declared it his intention to shoot Joseph Conrad at sight. He had also a copy of the book "Typhoon" with several passages marked—the description of Hermann was one which he had decided applied to himself, hence his enmity against a man totally ignorant of his existence. That the man was mad—no sane person could be so foolish—was little comfort. I turned again to the letter in my hand, which contained only the further information that since the farmer had declined to house him any longer he had gone to Folkestone to get another lodging.

I spent some anxious hours seeing a lurking figure in every shadow. Before night, however, the groom returned from executing a commission and with very round eyes announced that the German, whose name was Mee, having heard some man walking on the Folkestone Leas laugh as he passed, and thinking the man was laughing at him, had turned and shot him dead. I recalled with a shudder his significant gesture, that movement I had in my ignorance attributed to a twinge of rheumatism. A few years ago, we heard that he was still being detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

A CONVERSATION IN EBURY STREET

By Ernest Brennecke

MR. GEORGE MOORE was annoyed — oh, definitely, visibly annoyed. It was most embarrassing. I was at first quite sure it was because of my intrusion into his morning's tasks, whatever they might be; the little housekeeper had told me that Mr. Moore was "most awfully busy, but come in, come in — he wants to see you".

He had drifted into the front sitting room, somehow, had forced me down into his most comfortable chair (which made me frightfully uncomfortable), and then wouldn't let me sit in it because I had continually to jump up and follow him about: to his garden in the rear, to his front windows, then to offer advice on the rehanging of his precious pictures.

Then I was sure it was the picture hanging man with his ladder and dusting cloth who was furrowing the ruddy Moore brow, adding creaking overtones of petulance to the Moore voice and bristling up the drooping white Moore mustache.

But, dear me, no. It was only the weather.

"What have you done with the sunshine? The spring is over, and it hasn't brought us any sunshine. I want the sunshine!" There was the burden of the dear, polished, seasoned Don Juan's complaint. . . .

And so, like many another gloriously entertaining dialogue, our conversation of that dampish London morning

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began from the most banal of all possible topics.

"So many things are the spring's fault", he sighed as the last painting was dusted and hung. And he slid into his second best chair with a last glance over his shoulder at the grey drizzle and the ebon-gleaming street outside.

"Why do your American censors jump on my books?" He was glancing at his "Memoirs of My Dead Life" which was sticking out of my top coat pocket. "Why don't they censor the spring instead? That would be far more logical. It isn't a naughty book that gets into a young chap's blood and sets him a-rolling among the primroses. It's the spring!

"Youths, vigorous swains — you and I, for instance — don't have to read bawdy books; we don't even want to, when we feel the springtime driving the sap up through our bones. It's the wicked old men, including the censors, if you please, who need the books."

My brain was playing idiotic tricks on me that morning. "Alice in Wonderland" seemed to be bubbling within me like champagne, while Mr. Moore's discourse "trickled through my head like water through a sieve". Like the old White Knight — ah, of course! Mr. Moore had instantly reminded me of the dear old White Knight — my thoughts were playing about regardless. "Do you think, at your age, it is right? Do you think, at your age, it is right? Do you think . . ." The line drifted mumblingly through my head, again and again.

I must have mumbled it aloud, or else Mr. Moore had established *rapport* with me and was reading my thoughts, for when I put my shattered attention together again, I became aware of him, saying, "It's quite all right, always, to do anything that seems desirable and all right to you, no matter what anyone else thinks. The only real sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost, I dare say, is to do what you yourself feel is wrong. Yes, therein lay the great tragedy of poor George Eliot's conscience stricken life."

Cantankerousness was in the air, I suppose. "All right, all right! Do whatever you want, by all means, if it will save your soul", I cried. "But why write it all out in novels, why print the boresome stuff as prose fiction? I'm sick and tired of autobiographical lucubrations of indiscreet young men, masquerading in every bookshop as serious imaginative work. It drives me right back to Defoe and Fielding for consolation. I never want to write a novel until I can write about an old man. But I may write straight autobiography."

Mr. Moore waved a graceful hand and became very suave. "Yes, you're right. A young newspaper man in trouble will always write a story of a young newspaper man in trouble, a young poet with a bad manuscript will write a yarn about a young poet with a — good manuscript, and so on. I've always believed that autobiography should be written and sold purely as such. But you've got to make them juicy; old men like them juicy, publishers must have them juicy."

Again I objected. "I recall a literary luncheon in New York", I narrated, "at which one of your own American publishers delivered an address. Mr. John S. Sumner also happened to be present. Well, your publisher vigorously attacked the popular thesis that money is made by 'questionable' books. The risqué didn't coin money, according to him. On the contrary, it lost money. So perhaps you do him an injustice. It

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was all very high art, anyway, and designed (he said) to elevate the æsthetic sensibilities of the reader, not to debase them. All educational, you know. He advocated frank education in the 'facts of life' for the very young. For children, even. Said that little girls should be admitted to the spectacle of their papas under the shower bath. Why censor life? . . . The following day one of our unregenerate columnists came out with a proposal to raise a fund for the erection of public shower baths in Central Park for the benefit of little girls who had no fathers, or whose fathers didn't have shower baths! All in the name of education, you see."

"Oh, yes, education." Moore slid gracefully into reminiscence. "I knew a young chap — a university man. He used to write me letters. When he left the university, he started working in a coal pit. Then, one day, he came to see me. 'Why do you work in a coal pit, with your university training?' I asked him. 'I simply must get back to life, somehow.' That was his explanation. But I think your American universities must be better than ours, more lively. I've never been to America. I should like to come over, though."

"Don't think of it!" I warned him. "America is a dreadful place; Americans are horrible people!"

"Ah, you conceited young devil! That's what every American tells me. Of course you don't include yourself in your denunciation of your countrymen, do you? But I've found all Americans quite charming, quite charming, in spite of their conceit. Why not let me come over? I'm sure I shouldn't write about the United States as Dickens did in 'Martin Chuzzlewit', which gave me the first information I ever got about America. I admire a great many of your American writers, too. Take Emerson. He did the best essay on Westminster Abbey that I've ever read. You haven't read it? There you are!"

"But we haven't any living prose writers as finished and as civilized as yours", I insisted. "Take Aldous Huxley."

"Huxley? Yes, he's civilized, I admit. But has he written any works? WORKS, I mean. 'Crome Yellow'? I haven't read it."

I tried again. "Take Joseph Conrad."

"Conrad? — Ah, I have an epigram for you. I delivered it first to your own Henry James. Said I to James: 'Henry, do you know what Conrad's prose is? It's Stevensonian wreckage, floating around in *your* own bilge water!' James took it very nicely. I think he even laughed. It's epigram, but it's still true. You can use it yourself if you want."

I tried yet again. "Take Thomas Hardy. I'm going out to Dorchester to see him next week."

Here Mr. Moore exploded. "The dear God! Going a hundred miles to see — Hardy!"

He rushed out of the room, banging the door behind him. I was quite alone, and the silence became very thick. Just the rain, paddling away outside. It was all very embarrassing. Minutes went by. I started to polish my eyeglass. Was I expected to retire in humiliated defeat? I looked for my hat and umbrella.

Then Mr. Moore returned — with a handful of tightly clutched manuscript. "Listen to this." He read out a paragraph he had transcribed from "Far from the Madding Crowd". "Do you call that prose? Do you call that — anything? I tell you the poor man can't write; he never could write!"

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I remained quite speechless for a time. Then I muttered something about "Tess".

"'Tess of the D'Urbervilles'! Cheap melodrama! Cinema stuff!" he fairly shouted. "How does this man handle his crucial episode? Let me tell you. His villain takes his heroine on his horse. They enter a forest. Can I see the forest? No, I can't. Then he lays her on a bed of dead leaves. Then he goes away. Then he returns. Then a page of philosophy. Later on, she has a child. Do you call that novel writing? Maybe you'd rather take the famous sleep walking scene: Angel (what a name!) and Tess. Here I thought I was going to find some truth, some good writing. But no! You can't tell me that people have ever acted as Tess and Angel did. That isn't truthful realism; it's just monstrous, unnatural balderdash!

"My own 'Esther Waters' was written in the same year as 'Tess'. Now, that's a real story. It's a WORK. You ask Hardy what he thinks of it. My 'Brook Kerith' is also a WORK. . . . Hardy is a genius? A modern Æschylus? Wait till Hardy crosses the Styx and asks Apollo to give him a seat next to Æschylus. 'Who are you? — Hardy . . . Hardy? Never heard of you!' That's what Apollo will tell him — with a well raised eyebrow."

I thought I'd switch around and talk of the other modern Æschylus, the beloved Irish Synge, and his "Riders to the Sea".

"I'm sick of the Irish", said Moore. "I'm through with the Irish. I hate every individual Irishman!" Then, suddenly breaking off, with a devastating glare at me: "Do you, Sir, believe in shooting gorillas?"

That was a poser. Of course I hadn't any information on the subject, but Moore didn't await my reaction to his shot. Here was something that must have been rankling in his mind all morning. He continued:

"Well, there's a chap who's getting together an expedition to go down into Africa and exterminate all the gorillas. Shoot them, slaughter them all. The poor, dear, delightful, entertaining beasties! I've just been reading about it in this morning's paper, and I'm very furious."

So this was the thing that had been annoying the dear man all the while. Not the weather, but just humane sympathy with the gorillas! So I also began to make sympathetic noises.

Mr. Moore went on: "What will this world be like if we have no more gorillas? . . . And then, I read about a new and sure cure for tuberculosis — among humans, mind you. The death rate among us will be decreased by some thousands every month. More and more people, more blithering idiots, and no more gorillas. God, what a world it's going to be!"

There followed more conversation on music and painting, but our enthusiasm had become dampened by the weather and thoughts of the wretched simians. And I have been wondering about those plaguy gorillas ever since.

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER VERSES

By Vera Palmer

INTO my office, in the distant corner of the editorial room of a southern newspaper, recently tripped an old lady. She is not one of those flower-like retiring old ladies (so seldom seen in this twentieth century); she is very "active" in a number of organizations, serving on countless committees in her

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little country town not far distant. In her hand was a small parcel.

It turned out to be a present which she was bringing to me, all done up in tissue paper and lavender ribbons; just what might be expected from a woman of her venerable years. Before handing over the gift, the dear old soul explained that it was a book she had lately read; a volume of poetry containing at least a hundred verses. It seemed she loved poetry and had always read a great deal, and, if I would pardon her apparent conceit, knew herself to be something of a judge in that line.

This poem, however, was altogether a different matter. Even the name of the author was unknown to her and, in fact, it had a decidedly foreign sound. She had been skeptical always of all importations. Then, too, its metre and its morals were confusing, although there was certainly an undeniable fascination about the thing.

Knowing me to be a bit of an intruder into the reviewer's column, my elderly caller urged me to accept the strange little volume still enwrapped in its spotless whiteness. There was one condition attached, a kind of string as it were; I was to read it carefully and give her my candid opinion. Many of the "verses" she thought quite "pretty", but then, she admitted with a deprecating smile, she was no real critic.

If the entire book proved to be absolutely worthless in my judgment, I was so to inform the good lady with equal candor, but she would appreciate it if I would refrain from revealing her lack of discernment to the members of her social, historical, and philanthropic world.

I was becoming nervous. What vacuous bunkum or decadent translation was to be placed within reach of my spotless hands, later to cast its vitiating influence on my unbesmirched brain?

Then the insidious or meaningless thing was passed to me. With fingers well nigh trembling with excitement and curiosity I found myself untying the lavender ribbons and withdrawing the tissue paper. There, to my astonishment, lay a little limp-leather book about four inches long by two and a half wide. It was bound in dark brown and the inner sides of the back were of bright green moire silk. On its right side it bore in bold and gilded lettering the name of our old familiar friend which we meet anew with unfailing regularity the twenty fifth day of each December; the "Rubaiyat" of our quotable and companionable Omar!

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXXI: DON MARQUIS

With a Caricature by William Gropper

SIGNS and portents heralded his appearance upon this whirling globe. He was born about four o'clock in the afternoon, with a white head and probably its concomitant; in the midmost of an eclipse of the sun — a total eclipse, mark you, no mere tentative or partial obscurity. The date may be ascertained by consulting an astronomical calendar, guided by the additional information that he is now just past his ninth lustrum, or if you prefer a more homely term, his fourth decade — the prime and fruitful period of life.

The spot, which future generations will doubtless recognize by some suitably simple token, something in the line of marble or gilded monuments, was evidently a forester's hut, being in the town of Walnut, Bureau County, Illinois. The period was that of fretsaw work and antimacassars, which may or may not have made a permanent impression upon his subconscious but which left no evidence in his personal architecture; it has the charm of simplicity. Holbein would have been the man to limn those ruggedly honest features. Not to bandy words, he is handsome in a virile way, with a strong square jaw, a straight nose, good grey-blue eyes, a ruddy color, and a fine head well thatched with silvery hair. These, added to a robust frame, ought to content the most fastidious. Needless to say, they don't. What he would have preferred, had his wishes been consulted, is a willowy elegance, aquiline features of the type known as patrician, and perhaps a touch of æsthetic languor. Fothergil Finch — certainly! He has been heard to claim that his soul is all of these things, and furthermore, that it is adorned with a silky mustache. He does not altogether like the dimple in his chin. It is inconsistent, but natural, that the portrait of himself which he most heartily approves is an etching by Muirhead Bone, which makes him look stern and masterful to the verge of grimness. Above everything, he hates the habit of caricaturists in giving him a curvilinear aspect indicating jollity and careless ease. He desires to be either swankish or dominant: Châteaubriand or Napoleon. (By what irony did Châteaubriand give his name to a beefsteak and Napoleon his to a cream puff?) It is a fact that the only consideration which stays Don Marquis from raising whiskers — whiskers are for dignity, Ophelia — is that they persist in emerging in three different colors, red, white, and black, not harmoniously blended, but in exclusive streaks. The prospect of unfurling to the breeze a hirsute appendage which would resemble the flag of some infant nation of Central Europe is enough to daunt the stoutest heart — and he is not really stout. Neither literally nor figuratively, or no more so than a man needs to be to contain multitudes, in the apt phrase of Whitman.

Of these, his outward similitude is but a mask, a jaunty gesture intended

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to deceive the world. Here we approach his dark, long guarded secret.

One hesitates — seeks for circumlocution and honeyed phrases to soften the blow. You have, of course, imagined Don Marquis as a roistering blade who would have been completely at home in the Mermaid Tavern, among the swashbucklers and hearty tosspots of that spacious age. He has voluntarily elected the part of Advocatus Diaboli, of an iconoclast battering down the fortress of tradition, convention, and all the vested interests of respectability. You suppose him another Aucassin who, given the choice between heaven and hell, would unhesitatingly take the left hand turning, because "thither go all the great lords and lovely ladies, the jongleurs and scholars and knights", the merry company who keep the primrose way beaten smooth and broad. That is the import of his writings; that is what he would have you think. The bitter truth is far otherwise.

Don Marquis is incorrigibly moral, hopelessly inhibited, a prisoner of virtue. His literary works are but a vain appeal to a non-existent baser nature which he hopes may some day materialize and liberate him from his own Puritan spirit. His life has been ruled and ordered by a conscience which would have carped at the Roundheads as spiritual slackers and reproached the Theban hermits for sybarites.

Captain Fitzurse and the Old Soak have neither part nor lot in him. They are wish projections, gay mirages with no basis of reality. Mehitabel the amoral cat is a bright and glittering ideal. But Aunt Prudence Hecklebury is a cold fact; that is why his jesting is tinged with the bitterness of defeat when he mocks at that militant prude. She has him licked. She is his oversoul; and when he reflects that he has only one life to live, and that she has had the directing of it, what wonder he expends such store of wistful tenderness upon Mehitabel, glorious waster of nine several existences simultaneously?

If Aunt Prudence were all of Don Marquis, the matter would be simple; though of course he would then be someone else. But she is only one phase of his personality, though she has proved the dominant one. And he might be a little sorry for her. She has her troubles. A Covenanting Scotch conscience set on guard over the heart of a troubadour and the soul of a Utopian reformer is not in an enviable position; which three elements make up the man, with one important addition. Very important, since lacking it he would long ago have exploded, like the chameleon who tried to repose upon a plaid. His sense of humor has been the cohesive force, holding the balance among his warring qualities. While they, fighting against one another, have estopped him from working out a notable career as poet or crusader, his sense of humor has gently nudged him into fame. He might have been Shelley; he might have been William Jennings Bryan; he might almost have been Nietzsche or Carrie Nation. His sense of humor resolved him into Don Marquis.

It is the polestar of the personal philosophy by which he contrives to exist. For each of his entities — excepting the humorous imp who is rather an accompanying, Socratic demon than a fibre of his being — each phase of his multiple personality is simple and single. There is something childlike about his attitude toward life. He has always wanted a positive answer to everything, and cannot be

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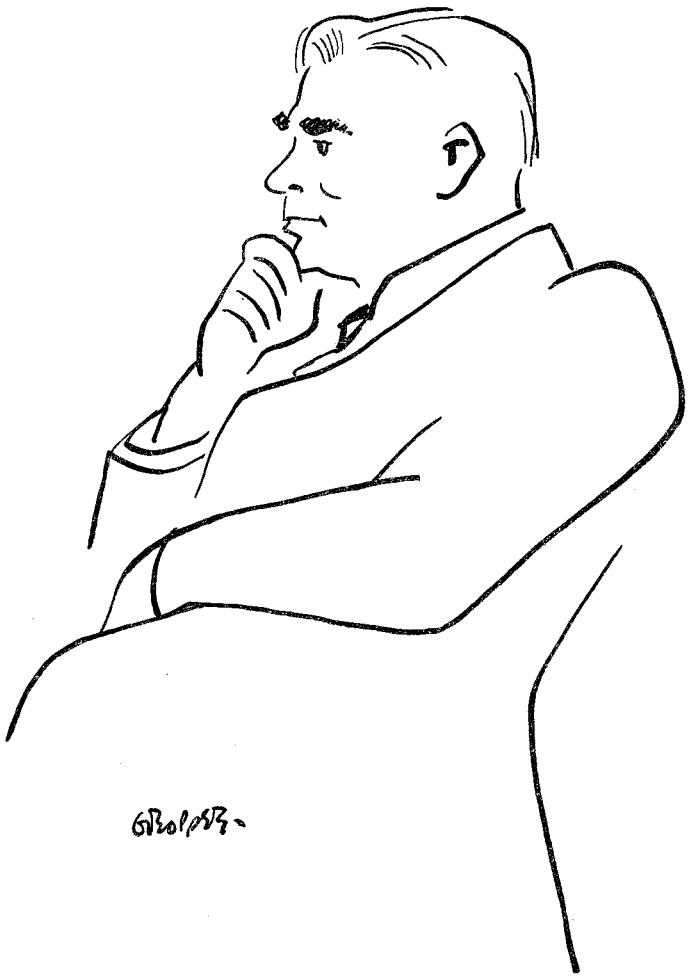

Don Marquis

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fobbed off with a complicated series of probabilities dignified by the name of a creed. His intelligence works with the lucidity of a Euclidean formula, operating in the realm of the abstract; and failing of a definite, demonstrable solution, his sense of humor always murmurs, "Which is absurd." His laughter is his sole shield against the appalling incomprehensibility of the universe. But for it he would not know how to stand up to life. Life is ruthless, and he does not understand ruthlessness. Life is hard, and at the core Don Marquis is shrinkingly sensitive. Life is limited, and he is a dreamer who could never set bounds to his aspirations. And life is strangely abrupt, which is most disconcerting to a shy and modest nature.

For he is excessively shy, because his intelligence warned him, sooner than anyone else, that he is singularly candid and guileless. Though he is as good company as any man in the world, he is not, in the broad sense of the term, a "good mixer", welcoming casual contacts. He has no other defense than a certain reserve, which cannot be maintained except by some literal distance from his fellows. The truth wells from him naturally; yet he is not unaware that to be transparently truthful is to be at a perpetual disadvantage. It would be quite impossible for him to practise deception. That is where the poet in him undoes him, for a poet's business is to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

Of all living creatures he is most afraid of women, not through any misogynistic tendency, nor because he holds them in low esteem, but to the contrary. His romantic imagination invests them with strange powers and mysteriously dangerous enchantments; while observation has shown him that women much more than men really listen to what is said to them, ponder over and disentangle the meaning of chance revelations. Women have been trained to the task; that is what is called intuition. The amiable and careless egotism of man enables him to forget that he is always in the exposed condition of a glass eel in an aquarium. But women — they look at you, and seem to hear what you say! They are on! And he is not blessed with that jaunty confidence in his own superlative merit which enables other men to bask complacently in feminine glances. He avoids women through an excess of respectful admiration. If he had lived during the Middle Ages, he would have dashed off to the Crusades and stayed there, out of sheer gallantry toward the ladies of his home town.

Failing this resource, he has manufactured the inadequate mask above referred to. It was a desperate expedient. It is purely external, and barely serves to shield him from the hurrying public. In private, he frankly abandons it; he is serious and straightforward. But his need of some protection came near expressing itself in an extreme manner when he was quite young. He yearned to be an actor, tempted by the vast array of ready made characters which the stage affords for the shelter of the uncertain ego.

Actually, he went on tour with "East Lynne" and "The Hidden Hand", but the company blew up and threw him back into the blazing anonymity of a newspaper office. At the same time, he was toying with the graphic arts, as a student in the Corcoran Galleries at Washington. There were the velveteen jacket and flowing tie to inveigle him. In all these projected activities may be discerned also a hankering for reassurance as well as concealment. Each of them, with luck, brings some

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reward not only in coin of the realm but in audible applause and praise. The only reason he did not pursue three different careers at once was because of the relativity of space and time. And the reason newspaper work has held him is that of all employments it most gives the sense of being temporary, a mere period of incubation and preparation for some larger effort. On a newspaper, tomorrow is always fraught with magnificent possibilities.

That is where his sense of humor has had a sly chuckle at Don Marquis. It kept him writing until his career could catch up with him, instead of allowing him to use up his energy running after glory.

For he has not consciously striven for the bitter bay leaf, nor its golden equivalent. No man who is in haste to "arrive" will spend a precious day polishing ten lines of verse for an ephemeral newspaper column. Though he has always been a hard worker, it was in the interests of perfection, not for the pay envelope. A profound and genuine idealism made him hold everything easy as suspect. His extensive and obscure apprenticeship to his craft irked him very little. Taking any job that came along, as printer's devil, reporter, section hand, special writer, he cherished no rankling consciousness of injustice. The time would come! Once he was let out of a position as copy reader, and on inquiring, with an honest desire for information, wherein he fell short, was told that he had no sense of humor and no command over the English language. He accepted the verdict without protest, and is not sure yet if he has been able to change that editor's opinion.

On the other hand, he was "discovered" more than once by editors and critics; but it didn't matter. He had not engineered the discovery, nor did he ever utilize any extraneous means of advancing himself. Accepting the ups and downs of existence with puzzled equanimity, he was reasonably content so long as he had an opportunity to do his own work in his own way. The fair rewards were not of the tangible variety. It is himself he is mocking, not unkindly, in the person of Hermione, with her anxious query: "Have I, or have I not, developed myself today?"

He would like to do some good in the world; but then he takes a long look at the said world, and another at himself — and bursts into laughter. The Almost Perfect State is a bit of gentle satire directed toward his own tendency to dream of impossibilities. He commutes, not only between Garden City and New York, but between our poor old earth and Cuckoo-Cloudland; he gladly wears the livery of the sober bourgeois so that no one may suspect whither he is bound; and he tells his adventures freely, day by day in his column, so that no one shall guess. They think he is talking about them, not about himself! He is always running into his other selves in unexpected places, tripping himself up. With the manuscript of a religious drama secreted in his pocket, he is capable of denouncing Browning as no better than a Dissenting hot gospeler. His brain teems with the germs of gigantic and weighty *opera*, plays, novels, epic poems; while his hand is turning out the history of Archy the Cockroach. Fundamentally he is so darned serious that he can't keep a straight face over it.

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A GOLDEN (10 KARAT) TREASURY

By Louis Untermeyer

Mr. Untermeyer's article is the seventh of a series in which various of our younger critics will attempt to express the reactions which well known books of an earlier generation would arouse in them, were those classics newly published today.

IT must have been some Biblical Braithwaite who moved one of the first reviewers to complain, "Of the making of anthologies there is no end." The ancient quotation needs nothing more than the addition of the words "in sight" to bring it sharply up to date. Every day disturbs us with new rumblings, with hourly messages from a chaos which is always just around the corner, with fresh crimes against humanity and, with appropriate regularity, the publication of another collection of verse. The latest example before me is a somewhat more expansive (and expensive) volume than the others of its genre, but it too seems — if I may be allowed to paraphrase the advertiser's cliché — to need a long filled want.

Briefly, although Mr. Couch's collection is less local than Mesdames Monroe's and Henderson's "The New Poetry" and more universal than Mr. Flinch's "Lyrics of Long Island", it suffers from other defects which must be irritating to any but an editor of "The London Mercury". For, to list the chief limitation at once, the editor is insufferably insular; judging by his rigid exclusion of almost everything except that which glorifies "these Islands", the compiler might well be the patriotic editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Mr. Couch has evidently heard nothing of the American renaissance; for him, the last word in American poetry seems to have been written by Bliss Carman — and Carman was born in Canada! But, not to hold him to account for his résumé of this generation alone, what are we to say to his treatment of earlier Americans? What of the famous New England group? Little is left of it but one poem by Longfellow, one by Whittier, and three by Emerson. Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Aldrich disappear altogether. Of Emily Dickinson there is not a trace. Not as much as a line from Bayard Taylor, James Whitcomb Riley, James Byron Elmore. The vigor of Whitman is represented by two short unrepresentative poems (one of them being that favorite of the Third Reader, "Captain! My Captain!"), while page after page is devoted to the treacle dripping, lace valentine mandolin music of Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, The Hon. Roden Berkeley Wriothesley Noel, Aubrey de Vere, and Christina Georgina Rossetti.

But one observes equally grave defects when one turns to the purely English poets whom Mr. Couch has discovered. The first of these — at least the one to whom the editor devotes the greatest amount of space — is William Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare's name is known to many of us through quotations and references in the theatrical section of the New York "Times". It is rather a pity that Mr.

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Couch has not devoted a few of the twenty five pages given to this playwright to a scene from one of his recent successes such as "Cymbeline". Instead, the anthologist quotes several adequate lyrics and part of what is evidently a sonnet sequence. Now, sonnet sequences, at the best, are severe tests of a reader's interest — and a haphazard detaching of an uneven twenty does not make matters easier for the appraiser. Obviously, it is unfair to judge an entire work by a disjointed segment of it, but what evidence is here leads me to conclude that these sonnets suffer from: 1, their form, which is an absurd perversion of the true Petrarchan, a mere set of three loose quatrains with a ding-donging couplet tacked on to them; 2, their philosophy, which is a curious mixture of arrogance, sickening adulation, and fatalism; 3, their plot, which is so disintegrated and vague that it is difficult to tell most of the time whether the object of the poet's passion is a man or a woman. But it would be unjust to dismiss Mr. Shakespeare because of his evident failure as a sonneteer. There are, indeed, signs that this writer has recognized his true medium; and the songs intended as interludes in his plays will, in all probability, be very effective when set to music. As they stand here, they reveal an agreeable lyricist and a craftsman of no mean order.

There is little to hold us in the next twenty five pages. Messrs. Nashe, Campion, and Ben Jonson (the latter reported to be a close friend of and, not unnaturally, influenced by Mr. Shakespeare) are, technically speaking, Elizabethans; but they might just as well be Georgians in their preoccupation with the traditionally plover haunted, curlew calling, idyllic English countryside. It is only when one comes to John Donne that one sees what a great fish Mr. Couch has caught and how little he has appreciated his catch. In this poetry we have the spirit struggling to be free of the flesh — a partly physical, partly metaphysical passion that has much in common with the intellectual tortures of D. H. Lawrence and Elinor Wylie. Yet this blaze of sensual awe is reduced by Mr. Couch to a flicker of amiable ironies; there is no record here of such concepts as the tremendous Elegies, or the three condensed Divine Poems, or that magnificent document "The Will". But, though one may forgive the omission of such masterpieces (one looks here in vain for that colossal conceit, "The Flea"), it is impossible to excuse Mr. Couch's liberties with the text. For example, he quotes "The Ecstasy" — and stops after the line

> And we said nothing all the day.

Incredible as it may seem, Mr. Couch has thus not only omitted fourteen of the nineteen verses but he has left out the most important lines, the carefully planned climax and, incidentally, the *raison d'être* of the poem itself. There may be reasons for quoting only fragments of an epic or even of a long ballad; but what is one to say of an editor who malforms a lyric — especially when his vandalism robs us of quatrains as memorable as:

> To our bodies turn we then, that so
> Weak men on love revealed may look;
> Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
> But yet the body is his book.

Such intensities as Mr. Donne's weaken our interest in those who, following him, seek for a similar quality. One admires the subtleties of John Webster, the troubled flippancy of George Wither, the amatory religiousness of Francis Quarles, the ironic banter of Andrew Marvell; but one

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turns from them as from charming but redundant echoes. It has all been Donne before.

The latter half of Mr. Couch's collection is still more uneven. Mr. A. Pope has a neat way of polishing his couplets; Mr. Samuel Johnson (possibly because he is the author of the Dictionary and a book by Boswell) is awarded a place and appears with two bathetic sermons; Mr. Christopher Smart just fails to achieve greatness with his "Song to David"; and Mr. Gray has written an "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" which is not at all like Mr. Masters's and which contains almost as many familiar quotations as Mr. Eliot's "The Waste Land".

The recently defunct "Lake School" makes, on the whole, an excellent showing, although one wearies quickly of the prattling *fausse naïveté* of William Wordsworth when contrasted with the fiery innocence of William Blake. But it is Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge for whom the extremes of verse have been reserved. Possibly two of the best lines in this book and indubitably the worst line in all poetry have been written by him — and in the same poem. It seems impossible that "Kubla Khan" (whose meaning is far from clear) should, in the midst of its demonic magic, enshrine such a howling, awkwardly crammed absurdity:

> As if this earth in short thick pants were breathing.

Walter Savage Landor is another whose charm is dissipated by a too close scrutiny. His fluent grace becomes cloying; his pseudo-Hellenisms are wax figurines which have been "too long i' the sun" — especially if one remembers the Greek marbles of "H. D." And could any but the most sentimental lovers of parlor ballads ever have relished the blanc mange insipidity of

> Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
> Ah, what the form divine!
> What every virtue, every grace,
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine!

It would be unjust to conclude without a word concerning some of the younger men whom Mr. Couch, with great catholicity, has included. The selections from P. B. Shelley and J. Keats show, indeed, more than the proverbial promise. Although the latter has evidently been influenced by the works of the late Madison Cawein, his success with the antiquated ode suggests the possible revival of that form as a medium for interpreting modern life. R. Browning is another who, excellent craftsman though he is, betrays his sources. It is evident that Mr. Browning has been reading the anthologies, for what else is

> O to be in England
> Now that April's here

but a distorted paraphrase of Rupert Brooke's well known patriotic sonnet? . . .

But one should be as grateful for large favors as for small ones. And "The Oxford Book of Verse" (1,084 pages including the index) is a mammoth brass, silver, and golden treasury, even though the base metal too often reveals the alloy.

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THE THIRD CHICKEN

By Thomas Moult

With Sketches by F. H. Barkley

ANYONE passing the little house on Strawberry Hill would have thought the daughter who lived there an idle body, the way she was sitting by the window at the middle of morning. But that would have been a foolish sort of judgment, for with her mother out of sight she had done the tidying up more quickly, and there's the simple truth of it; the Widow Rainbow being early afoot for weekly market across the dale to the small town that lies over yonder climb of hill.

"Not that my dear mother is always a-grumbling", said Betty to herself; "but grumbling doth so hinder." And she settled herself more comfortably by the open lattice, while the diamonded panes took to themselves new lustres of olive and emerald as they swung against the sunlight. Her gaze fell to dreaming there, the dream fixed so steadfastly on a corner of the white stoned window sill that you would never think it was a dream or any thought at all — nothing except a plain stare at a spider's web a-shake to every wisp of summer wind, and a second plain stare at the luckless flies lately devoured, whose skeletons hung miserably on the colored morning. Her rosy lips no more than her eyes told you anything, but her heart whispered: "Betty Rainbow from Strawberry Cot; Ben Proud of Windygates", painfully at first, then over and over, wistfully. All fluttering was little Betty at the boldness of it, beneath her faded green frock with the faded blue apron. Yet very soon, as a lark after his first uplifting to the grand sky of summer, she was daring even more.

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"Betty Rainbow, Ben Proud: Betty, Ben. . . ."

That was it — Betty, Ben. The names were coupled and recoupled ecstatically until a clutch of despair at her heart stiffened her once more into silence. Ben Proud, son of Farmer Proud, at Windygates Farm — was he not the strongest and best favored lad in all the countryside? While she — well, she had no doubt that she was but a mouse of a girl, as the other girls' teasing went, on the rare occasions she ever set foot in the village.

So tiny and shrinkable a mouse she felt that never in all her years had she dared speak to the splendid Ben. And how would a lad like Ben wish to speak to herself? . . . Even if he had cared to share his talk with her, what chance was there of a meeting, with her mother so standaway from everybody. The other girls made great gossip about Ben Proud, hinting at delicious intimacies 'twixt themselves and himself; and all Betty could do was to harken, and envy each pert hussy in turn.

A sudden todo of noisy clucking in the yard stirred her out of all this wistful dreaming, and she looked up to see what might be the sense of it. Seventeen hens and chickens her mother kept, and three cockerels, one with a golden coat, one with a black coat, and the other with a white coat, and yet at the moment Betty's eyes could not distinguish among those three cockerels. They were hopelessly mixed up, while the other fowls, ruffle feathered and peaked about their eyes, matrons and maidens alike, were talking in great alarm at the same instant, like human ladies out of humor.

Then into Betty's sight came a catherine wheel of flying feathers and male birds busy with beak and claw in a hot triangular dispute, and wings windmilling.

"Oh, you wicked cockerels!" she cried. And she leaped out of her seat and into the yard, calling "chuck-chuck-chuck, tuck-tuck-tuck", in the rhythm familiar to fowl yards the world over. The younger, more innocent birds among the ladies soothed themselves on the instant, pleased to think it suppertime. But the grown birds, knowing their lords well, were fain to be comforted and would not, until the golden cockerel, pausing in the gory combat, chanced to notice that Betty was in the blue pinafore which somehow had long since taken a place in his heart second only to his favorite wives and the pick of the barleycorn.

With great dignity he ceased from strife and strutted forward down the yard to meet her, seeing to his golden coat the while and setting it to rights, as any flurried gentleman shall do ere approaching a lady. The gold on him was muddied, no doubt; but gold is often that way, and credit was his in spite of it. For his sudden pacifism put the other warriors to confusion, and they had no choice but an undignified armistice.

In such a manner did peace come again to Strawberry Cottage yard. But when Betty got back to the casement of her secret fairyland she beheld, away downyard, a chicken that had turned humorously woeful of a sudden, making little gasping yawns in the sunlight, as though this new peace was a vastly tedious affair after all.

"Oh, you li'l comic!" cried Betty, clapping her hands, and she watched eagerly for more.

But the fowl was clearly of another mind about the matter. It began to stagger very sadly, and lay down in

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"A maid whose mother, a widder-woman, kept oversharp eyes on her"

such an awkward fashion that she became alarmed.

Straightway, and with much tender comfort of words, Betty ran and gathered the chicken to her arms. Greatly vexed she was as she did so, because she had not the slightest notion how to act with her mother away. A grand thought came, and she gave the sick bird a piece of tomato from the pantry. Alas, the chicken was worse for the dainty, and without more ado, her face quaintly wet with grief, Betty made off down the lane, bare of head, and carrying the dying bird, to seek help of Farmer Lumden.

But she had no confidence as she went, for although Master Lumden was their nearest neighbor his farm was nearly a mile away, and the relation between himself and Strawberry Cot more distant still, her mother never having been the woman for neighborly ways. But the chicken settled the matter. Before a quarter mile had passed beneath her hurrying feet it gave a pathetic final cluck and a gasp that was the end.

Betty turned herself to home again, relieved to have no need of Master Lumden, yet weeping for the tiny new fledged burden that an hour ago had been a thing of fluttering, merry life. Not even the cuckoo clock, telling the midday in its own chirrupy manner as she entered the kitchen, could hearten her.

So the Widow Rainbow found her when she came at evening from her marketing. Always very tart, she upbraided her daughter for what she called neglect, every few moments till the next day at noon, and then came a happening of the same kind under her own eyes.

"Run you quick to Varmer Lumden's, drat him!" the old lady shrilled.

And in a manner exactly as on the previous morning, bareheaded and the bird in her arms, Betty flew the lane. In the same manner also, and on the exact spot, did the second chicken gasp its final cluck and expire. What is more, when Betty returned to the

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cottage the cuckoo clock, not to be outdone for coincidence, greeted her with the hour of twelve!

The Widow Rainbow, unwilling to speak of her double calamity to indifferent neighbors, bided in silence, and trusted earnestly for no further misfortune. Farmer Lumden heard of it that very evening, all the same. He dispelled any notion of the miraculous about it in a single stroke when he talked to Farmer Proud of Windygates.

" 'Tis called the *gapes*", said he, "and easy cured, as you know as well as I know, with a bit o' camphor in watter. Comes on some kind of birds at hot of day, and then 'tis bad enough to finish them off complete."

"No wonder they birds have died before young Betty Rainbow reached you", said Farmer Proud.

"Indeed so", said Farmer Lumden; "and yet seeing how strained our relations be, it be not for me to walk up and tell yon widder-woman what I now be saying to thee. 'Tis a very catching complaint, I did hear, but for all I be consarned they chicks of hers can die off one by one, the lot of 'em. . . ."

Now it chanced that Ben Proud, whittling an ash stick, heard this exchange between his father and Master Lumden from the other side of the barn door.

Very moody had Ben been that evening. For a long time, as a matter of truth, he had been wishful in his heart to get a sight of a certain wee mouse of a maid, as the other wenches called her to his face — a maid whose mother, a widder-woman, kept oversharp eyes upon her, and with whom, bold though he was reckoned, he had never yet dared to speak. He saw her sometimes as she passed his father's farm on the way to the village, looking neither his way nor the other way, and her manner would have smitten him to silence had his own bashfulness not made the silence sure in advance. Oh, yes, he was a shy lad was Ben, unless the girl he approached was one of the village wenches he didn't care a brassy pin about. . . .

His eyes shone behind the barn door while Farmer Lumden was giving that explanation of the disaster to Widow Rainbow's chickens.

And ere evening was out there came to his heart a plan that boded good to the chickens at Strawberry Cot. Toward noon next day he slipped away secretly to the lane leading from the widow's, and lingered just beyond it, out of sight of her windows.

Never had Ben seen a picture to compare with that of the distressed maiden who came running down the lane on midday with a tiny gasping chick in her arms. Betty was always very staid in her ways, and not at all like other maidens, so the folk would laugh and say she might never be a grown up girl until her mother ordered her. Now her cheeks were crimson and her breath was quick, and quicker still to see who stepped into her path. But her eyes were all bedewed with pleading, and Ben proved a knight of chivalry, indeed he did.

" 'Tis the *gapes*", he decided, looking critically at the chicken, and appearing to grow wise only after much thought.

"Oh, dear, it sounds dreadful", cried Betty, "and this is the third!"

" 'Tis dreadful indeed", said Ben, drawing a bottle from his pocket; "but I shall save this one, never you fear!"

"And will you truly?" said Betty with great admiration.

"For sartin-sure", said Ben; "ticklish job though 'tis", and he set about it with the watered camphor.

"What a pity I did not meet with

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you before today, Betty Rainbow", he pondered aloud as the chicken began to prove how much life and vigor may be concealed by a few feathers. "I could have saved they other two, I do believe."

He sighed regretfully. And she sighed regretfully. Oh, yes, he was a cunning lad, was Ben. Oh, yes, she was a deep girl, was Betty. . . .

"But us can be glad to have met at last, Ben Proud", she said, brightening.

"Us can that", said Ben. "And I will save all t'others."

"Then please do come along with me while I go tell my mother", whispered Betty, shy again of a sudden, and turning her face to homeward to hide its newest roses.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

By Henry Litchfield West

THE building occupied by the Library of Congress, inasmuch as it combines beauty with utility, is unique among the governmental structures in the national capital. It is true that there seems to be an undue height of color in the marble entrance hall, occasioned by a liberal use of brilliant yellows, reds, and greens. And the resulting impression of garishness is not entirely forgotten even in the contemplation of the striking examples of mural art in the corridors or of the magnificent mantelpieces and the rich and dignified furnishings of the reading rooms assigned to the Senators and Representatives. What seems to be a false note in the entrance hall is, however, fully atoned for by the impressive appearance of the rotunda in which the main reading room is situated. The richly tinted marbles, the balustrades, the bronze figures of historic men, the lofty dome, and the fresco which crowns the whole, make a combination satisfactory to every artistic sense. Taken in its entirety, the structure has been accurately described as "the largest, most imposing, most sumptuous, and most costly library building in the world".

In the matter of contents, however, it does not rank in first place either in quantity or quality. It is exceeded in both details by the Bibliothèque Nationale of France and the British Museum, both of which are of longer establishment and have had, moreover, the advantage of governmental and private endowment in a degree far beyond the aid afforded by the United States to its only national literary institution. In fact, the Library of Congress was treated for a century with inadequate consideration. It began its existence in 1800 with a modest appropriation of five thousand dollars, the librarian being paid at the rate of two dollars a day. In six years only one thousand volumes were accumulated, light reading being represented by the British essayists, fiction being entirely absent, and Burns being the only poet admitted. In those early days, also, some curious regulations were in force, designed apparently to restrict rather than encourage reading. The length of time during which a volume could be retained was exceedingly limited, and the penalties for non-return within the specified period were severe — three dollars a day for a folio, two dollars for a quarto, and one dollar for a duodecimo. Let it be recorded to the credit of our forefathers, however, that these sums were eventually reduced to normal figures.

The burning of the capitol by the British in 1814 totally destroyed the Library, then 3,000 volumes, and this led to the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's library of 7,000 volumes for $23,950, the books being hauled in wagons from Monticello to Washington. Two thirds of this collection, described as "an admirable selection of the best ancient and modern literature up to the beginning of the present century", was destroyed by an accidental

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fire in 1851, which Edward Everett discovered and Daniel Webster and other statesmen helped to extinguish. One of the works in Jefferson's library, known as Jefferson's Bible, was reproduced in facsimile some years ago as a government publication and had an enormous circulation. In a literal sense, therefore, the books which Jefferson bought, read, handled, and loved, constitute the nucleus of the Library of Congress. The great oak is the logical outgrowth of a noble acorn.

One of my boyhood recollections is the room with alcoves and galleries in the west wing of the Capitol, where books were stored and piled in indescribable confusion. At a desk near a window was Ainsworth R. Spofford, whose furrowed countenance and grizzly whiskers suggested a picture of Thomas Carlyle. A volume might be written about Mr. Spofford, for he was the Atlas who carried the Library on his shoulders. His wonderful memory has become traditional. He not only knew the exact location of every book, whether on the floor or on the shelf, but its contents by paragraph and page. He was the genius whose industry and enthusiasm laid the foundation of the Library of Congress of today. He was in many respects a remarkable character. Totally lacking in business method, he cannot be compared with the modern librarian, who prides himself upon executive efficiency, but he had a genuine love of books and a keen appreciation of the aims and purposes of a national library. He created an atmosphere which still exercises a potent influence; and the impetus which he imparted during nearly fifty years of service still survives.

Notwithstanding the meagre support which would have discouraged a less resolute character, the Library grew steadily under Mr. Spofford's direction; and the time came when the restricted space in the Capitol was totally inadequate. With the deliberation which characterizes governmental operations, fifteen years elapsed between the recommendation for a new building and the purchase of a site. Finally, in 1897, the present Library of Congress building was completed at a cost of $6,347,000, not including $585,000 paid for the site. The structure is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, is built of granite, covers three and a half acres of ground, and contains eight acres of floor space. There are one hundred miles of shelving, with a present capacity of 3,500,000 volumes and provision for future extension to twice that number. The central dome is covered with gold leaf. Supervised by government engineers, the work of construction was completed within the limits of the appropriation, but a debt of gratitude is due the architects and designers for much more than honesty of administration. They realized, much to the enjoyment of this and future generations, that literature and art go hand in hand. They could have provided merely a building completely adapted to the necessities of a great library, but happily they were inspired by a broader vision which has made the structure an art gallery in itself.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to treat in detail either the history, development, or contents of an immense institution like the Library of Congress. The picture must be drawn with broad strokes. First of all, therefore, it may be well to consider its deficiencies. In Americana it cannot begin to compete with the library of Henry E. Huntington, upon which $10,000,000 is said to have been expended, or the John Carter Brown Library, or the Lenox Library

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of New York City. In literature of the time of Tasso and Ariosto it is excelled by Cornell University, and even its law library, the reference room of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, is not so complete as the law library of Harvard University. In classical philology it is inferior to certain university libraries, and in theology to the Union Theological Seminary, New York. It is incomplete, also, in Latin-American literature, nor are the departments of political science and political economy thoroughly equipped.

The principal reason for these deficiencies is a lack of funds for securing accessions. The amount available for purchases is only $100,000 a year. This does not suffice for the rarities; the Library of Congress is not, therefore, a library for the connoisseur. In a recent catalogue of three hundred items to be sold in London, including early editions of English authors and first editions of Elizabethan plays, there were over two hundred which would have been desirable additions to the Library of Congress, but even thirty of these — one tenth of the entire lot — would have required an expenditure of $30,000, a figure which placed them beyond reach. The Library of Congress cannot compete with the wealthy book lover; nor has the time yet arrived in this country when Americans emulate the patriotic example of the Englishmen who gather literary treasures at great expense and then proudly donate their collections to the British Museum. The total value of gifts to the latter institution, in all departments, in the twelve years from 1823 to 1835 alone, was estimated at £400,000. In the last seventy five years this amount has been enormously increased, while the collections of value donated to the Library of Congress in 120 years can be counted upon the fingers of one hand.

Nevertheless, the Library of Congress has attained preeminence in many things. Its cartographic division contains more maps relating to America than can be found anywhere else, and its rare charts are consulted in every boundary dispute. Its collection of musical literature and scores is so complete that the history of modern opera could be written within its walls, without recourse to other sources. Its collection of 400,000 prints is unique only in extent, but contains a fair representation of the best classical examples. Its American historical manuscripts are especially valuable. In the possession of miscellaneous American books it naturally stands alone. Another distinctive feature is an unsurpassed collection of the records of learned societies, the nucleus of which is found in the 40,000 volumes transferred from the Smithsonian Institution in 1866. The Library of Congress is also exceedingly rich in Judaica and Hebraica, due largely to gifts by the late Jacob H. Schiff.

The most curious fact relating to the Library, however, is that within its confines there are more Russian and Chinese books than anywhere else in the world, outside of Russia and China. The acquisition of the Yudin collection of 80,000 volumes, nearly all of which are in Russian, accounts in large measure for the Russian accumulation; but the story of the Chinese books and manuscripts has in it a touch of genuine romance.

The first contributions were made by Caleb Cushing and William W. Rockhill when they represented the United States at Pekin, but the remarkable development has been due almost entirely to an official of the Depart-

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ment of Agriculture, Dr. Walter F. Swingle. This gentleman, visiting the Far East for the purpose of securing plants which might be domesticated in this country with valuable economic results, became curious to know what observations concerning them were contained in the Chinese writings. A casual desire for information developed into an obsession, with the result that the Library of Congress now contains approximately 60,000 Chinese volumes. Among them are official geographical gazetteers, recognized by all students of Chinese literature as invaluable in any study of Chinese art, industry, agriculture, or geography; encyclopædias which rival in completeness the famous Britannica; and innumerable examples of Chinese writings extending as far back as the thirteenth century. The literature of the Ming dynasty of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is very comprehensive. It is interesting to note that when a delegation of Chinese silk merchants were in Washington during a visit to this country, they spent a large portion of their brief stay inspecting these treasures of Chinese literature. Some of the volumes are exquisite examples of oriental handicraft, being written upon silk and encased with meticulous care.

The Library of Congress is maintained by federal appropriations, the amount for the current year being $928,790. Since the receipts from copyright fees and other revenues, including the sale of catalogue cards, are paid into the treasury of the United States, the net annual cost of the Library is something over half a million dollars. For an institution of its influence and extent — it has a working force of over four hundred persons — this sum is insignificant. The reference department alone of the New York Public Library expended over $1,000,000 in 1923, while the branches in the Borough of Manhattan cost $1,163,000. The New York Public Library has income producing endowments of over $21,000,000. The Library of Congress has only one — the Hubbard fund of $20,000.

There are five sources of accession — copyright, gift, donations by the Smithsonian Institution, exchange and purchase. The bulk of the material comes, of course, through copyright, gift, and exchange, three mediums which account for a very large proportion of the 3,000,000 books now in the Library. Under the first copyright law of 1846 one copy of each book, map, musical composition, etc., entered for copyright was required to be deposited in the Library. Under the existing law, enacted in 1870, two copies are necessary. There is a general impression that all copyrighted articles are preserved. This is not the fact. A committee consisting of members of the Library staff meets daily to consider the permanent value of copyrighted material and arranges it in three classes — accepted, suspended, and rejected. The suspended articles are retained for one year, when they are placed in either the first or the third division. When it is remembered that over 200,000 copyrighted articles are annually deposited, and that the vast majority of them are trivial and fugitive, it is easy to appreciate the necessity for elimination.

Of the other divisions, the cartographic, with about 200,000 items, including l'Enfant's original plan of the city of Washington, made in 1791, and many rare charts which are without duplicates; and the music, with over 850,000 volumes, pamphlets, and compositions, including 30,000 opera librettos, are worthy of more consid-

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eration than space will allow. The manuscript division is, however, too important to be treated with scant attention. It is a fact that ninety per cent of the writings of Washington and Jefferson are in the Library, either in the original or in transcript. The Washington collection is the most complete in existence, even though it unfortunately lacks the original of the Farewell Address, which is in the possession of the Lenox Library. The military papers, maps, and letter books of the Count de Rochambeau, general in the French army in America during the Revolution, are worth much more than the $20,000 which were paid for them. Then, to mention only a few of the many, there are the Dolly Madison, John Paul Jones, Franklin, Monroe, Pierce, and Van Buren papers, together with valuable acquisitions obtained when the Peter Force library of Americana, comprising 60,000 articles, was purchased in 1867. The manuscript division is also the depository of the papers of seventeen Presidents of the United States, the gifts of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft being among them. It is greatly to be regretted that the early presidents failed to recognize the historical importance of offering to the Library the letters and documents which came into their possession. This material, which has now been destroyed or scattered, and can be obtained only in fragmentary fashion, would have been, if properly preserved, of inestimable value. All manuscripts, by the way, are kept in steel safes, with time lock combinations, or in cabinets always locked.

Only in two instances have the texts of manuscripts been published by the Library in extenso. These are the records of the Virginia Company of London and the Journals of the Continental Congress, the originals of which are in the custody of the Library. Only twenty three volumes of the Journals have appeared, the remaining ten volumes being delayed on account of the insufficiency of the allotment for printing. It might be added that the Library possesses little of literary, as distinguished from historical, manuscript material. It also lacks in marked degree manuscripts of foreign countries. It has, in fact, none of the manuscripts produced before the invention of printing — the manuscripts which give distinction to the British Museum and other great collections abroad. The strength of the Library in the matter of manuscripts lies in the wealth of material relating to the United States during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, and the future will unquestionably justify the wisdom which, realizing the limitations that circumstances impose, has appreciated the importance of developing the one field in which success could be achieved.

The original purpose and scope of the Library, as stated in 1806, was to furnish "such materials as will enable statesmen to be correct in their investigations, and by a becoming display of erudition and research give a higher dignity and a brighter lustre to truth". This laudable aim still dominates the management of the Library, and the pages of THE BOOKMAN could be filled with a list of the subjects which have been exhaustively examined for the information of Congress. Each succeeding year brings to the surface one or more topics of importance, and it is the duty of the Library force to supply, through bibliographies and other methods, the data necessary for intelligent consideration. The scheme of classification alone of books and pamphlets on social science, for instance, fills a volume of 597 pages, while there are 185 pages of

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the bibliography of dyestuffs. This work must be done, and is done, with accuracy and intelligence, though the Library is constantly handicapped by inability to retain the services of trained experts at the meagre salaries paid by the government. In order to expedite the delivery of books pneumatic tubes and a cable car tunnel connect the Library and the Capitol, so that a desired volume is placed upon the desk of a Senator or Representative within fifteen minutes.

While the duty of the Library toward Congress is thus fully recognized and faithfully performed, there is also thorough appreciation of the fact that the institution is indebted to the people who, as taxpayers, contribute to its support. This debt is paid with unvarying courtesy and in a constant spirit of helpfulness. To bring a book to a reader and to lead a reader to a book is the actuating motive, and with marked success the ideal is translated into reality. Not only are the doors of the Library literally open from nine o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and on Sundays from two until ten p. m., with an average of twenty five hundred visitors a day, but especial consideration is given to those who use the Library as a literary workshop. The Library is absolutely free, without credential or other formality, to any inquirer from any place. While the great majority of readers use the main reading room, where by ingenious mechanical devices a book is delivered in three minutes after it has been requested, persons requiring special access to books are admitted to the shelves. If engaged in research involving the continuous use of a number of the same books day after day, an investigator is given a table in an alcove where they may be set aside for his use; and if he desires to dictate to a stenographer, a separate alcove is provided where his work may be carried on with the maximum of convenience and privacy. Photographing is freely permitted, and there is a special room with photostatic appliances. In fact, the policy of the administration is to encourage the most liberal use of books, and the regulations are founded more on practice than formal rule. It is true that the Library is not a circulating medium in the ordinary sense of the word; but this is no deprivation in Washington, where each department is equipped with a library for the use of its employees, and the Carnegie Public Library meets the needs of general circulation.

There is still another phase of usefulness, wisely initiated and skilfully expanded, which has made the Library of Congress the central factor in the library development of the nation. This result has been reached through the establishment of a system of supplying printed catalogue cards to nearly three thousand libraries, with about one million titles thus far issued. When thousands of libraries received hundreds of identical books and hundreds of libraries received thousands of identical books, and each library undertook independently the expense of classifying and cataloguing each volume, the expense was indefinitely multiplied. This work is now done in large degree by the force of the Library of Congress, the typographical work being executed in a branch of the Government Printing Office located in the Library building. In addition to this, the libraries may purchase at nominal cost the bibliographies on topics of current political and legislative importance, as well as other essential publications which institutions of limited resources would find it impossible to prepare, owing to lack

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of funds and insufficient clerical force. The Library of Congress is thus a national institution in the broadest sense. Nor is this the limit of generous assistance. The student who needs source material, whether he be in Maine or California, and who upon consulting the Library of Congress catalogue in his local library learns that the requisite volumes are in Washington, may upon request through his local library secure the desired books. This is helpfulness and cooperation in its most practical form.

And now, in conclusion, a word about the man under whose direction the Library of Congress has assumed a commanding position among the library institutions of the world — Herbert Putnam. The head of the Library of Congress is appointed by the President of the United States, and Mr. Putnam was chosen twenty five years ago by President McKinley. His exceptional qualification through experience and ability for his important task was fully realized when he was selected, but the work which he has since accomplished has demonstrated his fitness to an extraordinary degree. He entered upon his office just after the completion of the new building, and when the retirement of Mr. Spofford and the death of John Russell Young after a brief incumbency of the position of librarian had left the institution without a definite program for the future. Mr. Putnam fully met the opportunity for constructive endeavor. He determined to invest the Library of Congress with four distinctive aims. He proposed that it should be a library of special service to the federal government; a library of record for the United States; a library of research, supplementing other research literature; and, finally, a library for national service, which should respond to demands from any part of the country in aid of research. Toward the achievement of these aims he has labored with wisdom, perseverance, and executive skill, and the fact that success has crowned his efforts must be to him an intense gratification. Indeed, there is little more in the position of librarian than the natural pride in work well done, for the government is notoriously lax in practical appreciation. Mr. Putnam knows, of course, the factors wherein the Library of Congress suffers in comparison with other libraries, but he has cheerfully accepted his limitations, making his bricks with such straw as came to hand, and almost accomplishing the impossible. He has done more than merely build up a great library — for there were less than a million volumes upon the shelves when he became librarian — because he has not been content with merely perfunctory development. He has been a dynamic force, with the result that the Library of Congress is the centre of a stupendous library system for the spread of intelligence among the people. Since he is still in the prime of life, thoroughly devoted to his work, an executive as well as student, it is certain that the usefulness and importance of the great institution over which he so ably presides will increase with the coming years.

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PORTRAIT OF A PRESS AGENT

By Ernest Boyd

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

UNLIKE all other creative artists, the press agent is made, not born. That is to say, he either achieves greatness or has it thrust upon him, being the lucky victim of circumstances over which he has full control. In his purest form he begins with the usual illusions of literary grandeur, but at an early stage he realizes that art is long and life is short, so he proceeds to concentrate upon the latter. Following the advice of Omar Khayyam, he takes the cash of writing and lets the credit of literature go; he does not care who makes the nation's æsthetics provided he writes its advertisements. He is the *Realpolitiker* of journalism, whose realism enables him to appreciate the difference between the underpaid anonymity of the newspaper man and the overpaid anonymity of the publicity expert. If, as is frequently the case, his English is almost illiterate he knows that there are greater rewards for turning his mangled syntax and specious vocabulary to the service of Commerce than for adapting the same jargon to the uses of statesmen. When, as occasionally happens, he has a real feeling for words and language, he is glad to become one of that company of inglorious, perhaps, but never mute Miltons, in whose advertising copy the highest flights of American style are sought by connoisseurs of literature.

Even the darkest cynicism hesitates at the thought that the press agent was originally included in nature's plan. There are certain truths from which mankind instinctively averts its gaze, in order that the onward and upward march of humanity be not arrested by a too overwhelming consciousness of man's incurable absurdity, and of the presence somewhere in the universe of a cosmic practical joker. We have to preserve, at all costs, our respect for our Darwinian forebears, and thus we avoid comparisons which might force us into an inverted Fundamentalism, with an emphasis upon "The *Descent* of Man" unintended by the still unpopular author of that engaging tome. Let us, therefore, ignore the facts, as becomes all earnest theorists, let us forget that the universities have now added the arts of publicity and advertising to the humanities of an earlier civilization, and that belles lettres have made way for follow up letters as the proper study for the rising generation. Let us think of the press agent as the result of accident rather than design.

He is a phenomenon so essentially of our time that his origins are not lost in the haze of antiquity. Carlyle has suggested that a collection of books is the best university, but it was at a reporter's desk in a newspaper office that the press agent acquired his incomparable knowledge of human nature, the citadel from which he sallied forth to wrestle with the day's emergencies. The latter were so varied that he soon developed the talents required, a chameleon capacity

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for coping with a new religion or an ancient evil, a politician making an exhibition of himself or a foreign genius giving an exhibition of his pictures. The theatre and politics naturally attracted him by making fewer demands upon his intelligence than the humaner arts, and it was there that he received his first call to the sacerdotal office which he now adorns. It all began in the theatre.

Among the various functions in his paper which he cumulated was that of twenty fifth assistant dramatic editor. On nights when fifty new plays opened in New York he attended two of them or, more accurately, he "covered" them. Otherwise his relation to the drama consisted in keeping up an extensive visiting list among the various hierarchies of the theatrical profession. By correlating the effect upon his social intercourse of the views expressed by him in his capacity as a critic, he found himself in that state of grace when the soul is prepared for revelation. In short, being a practical man, he discovered that it made things easier in his normal work as news gatherer when, as arbiter of the dramatic elegancies, his attitude was one of mellow indulgence and ready enthusiasm. In self defense he was driven, at times, to escaping after the first fifteen minutes, sustained by the simple device of a program and a conversation concerning the merits and subsequent developments of the play, usually a conversation in the lobby with someone obviously qualified to impart the information by reason of a personal interest in the fortunes of the production.

After a period of such apprenticeship in the art of pleasing, he was gratified, if not surprised, by an invitation to become the press agent of a leading impresario. His common sense told him that his simulated enthusiasm could be more frankly and adequately rewarded when at the service of one man than of the twenty whose endeavors he invariably greeted with journalistic applause. And so he made his exit from the newspaper world, to which he never returned except as an outside Force, whose offerings of news were received first with the good natured hospitality to which an old colleague is entitled, and finally, in his apotheosis, with deferential wonder, tempered by the satisfactory thought that this Napoleon of the billboards, this hokum Hannibal, had once been a humble newspaperman. So long as he remained in the relatively embryonic stage of the theatrical press agent, his friends on the press were helpful. He got more pictures into the rotogravure section than many an older colleague, and in one of the most independent and conservative papers succeeded in causing two nudes to appear where none had appeared before. The amount of free space which he managed to preempt, by luck or cunning, if collected in one spot, would have created such a vacuum as even nature would not dare to abhor.

Such a strategist naturally did not tarry upon the lower slopes of the Broadway Parnassus. He was soon swept up to the heights by an impresario worthy of such advertising, a veritable Barnum of the beaux arts, whose hypnotic influence seemed capable, for a time, of reducing the American public to a stunned acquiescence in all his enterprises. A season of plays in the original Esthonian enchanted the ears of crowded audiences, including authentic specimens of the Tired Business Man, for once engulfed in the cultural ecstasies of his wife and daughter. At prices in excess of those cheerfully paid for bawdy comedies

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"The Shah of Persia was engaged to act as head usher"

and the glorification of unclothed American girls, he satisfied an extraordinary appetite for drama that was incomprehensible to thousands who had rejected this fare when presented to them in the more easily digested form of English translation. Critics whose belief in the theatre of tomorrow involved a deep contempt for the old fashioned realism of yesteryear could not restrain their admiration for the art of a theatre whose original fame rested precisely upon that outmoded realism of thirty years ago.

The mysteries of Finnish or Esthonian were unfolded by diligent manipulation of the herd mind, wherein the press agent played no small part. He disinterred a forgotten book on the evolution of the drama in the Baltic States, had it appropriately refurbished and issued as a new contribution to learning, on a subject in which none was interested on its first publication but two short years before. The higher vandalism proceeded at such a pace that refined and great artists began to be touted around by methods comparable to those of the circus manager at a country fair intent upon procuring yokels to visit the bearded lady and the two headed calf. Grandi-

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ose spectacles were staged, from the creation of the world to the crucifixion of Christ; there was no pageant in history which could not be "put over" by this irresistible press agent and his master; the newspapers were filled with stories of kings and queens, peeresses and princesses, all engaged for the same parts by the enterprising impresario. People forgot their Esthonian enthusiasm as they scanned the picture sections for photographs of further celebrities waving new contracts or complaining of the violation of old agreements. The middle west was swamped with the forgotten foreign novelties of New York, and world famous stars littered the wayside, some even dying in obscure places through which this victorious caravanserai had passed in its march from the sea.

There remained but one world to conquer, and so to the movies the press agent directed the hypnotist's attention. Between them they succeeded in making a colossal success out of an already colossally successful star. They made the première of a new film seem so important that nobody even smiled when the press declared that, owing to the rush of European celebrities wishing to be present, the number of seats available for mere Americans would be limited. Analogies were established between the movie and the opera, on the ground that they had, in this instance, a common theme. It was obvious, on the same principle, that one should abandon Shakespeare and hasten to the cinema, because there was no perceptible difference between them, inasmuch as the titles were written in the tongue that Shakespeare spake . . . more or less. The Shah of Persia was engaged, for a consideration that, as usual, sounded better in publicity notes than in dollar bills, to act as head usher, and various pleasant and ingenious schemes were devised to make the motion picture as exotic as all the previous undertakings had been. The familiar idols of the plain people were sicklied o'er by the pale cast of oriental thought. It was a healthy pallor, as the box office receipts showed.

It was also the beginning of a new phase in the career of the press agent, whom we shall know henceforth as a public relations counsel. His vaulting ambition o'erleaped the barriers which separate the world of mere amusement from that of the rarely amused, the world of commerce and public affairs. He effected the transition through the combined social and professional prestige which his connection with the movies brought him, having met at a party an eminent business man whose soul was not insensible to beauty, when blonde and lively. For a period he served as the head of the firm's publicity department, and for a commensurate salary provided them with advice of which he has furnished specimens in a masterly volume of retrospection and analysis. Thus, when the demand for a commodity fell off, he would point out that it *had* fallen off and insist upon the necessity of discovering why. If, by chance, the demand arose again, he would naturally point with pride to the results, or as he would say "the resultant responses" to his diagnosis, at which, apparently, no firm could arrive without such a "consultant" as he. It was the ease with which he remained employed while proffering assistance of this illuminating character that decided him to set himself up in an independent profession.

He installed the kind of office which is depicted in the advertisements of the "quality group" of popular

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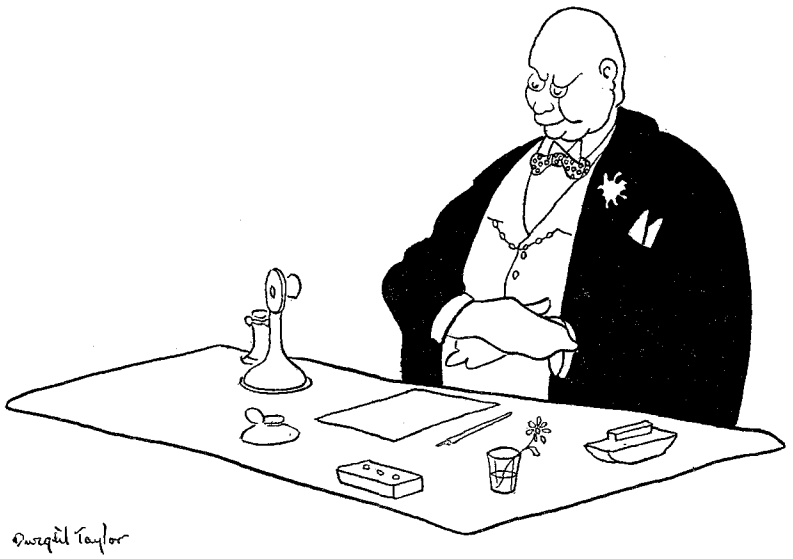

The public relations counsel absorbed in a problem

magazines, to that extent justifying the existence of his own craft. But it was not his intention to waste any more of his abilities on mere advertisement writing. To use his favorite word again, he was now a "consultant", who expected to be called upon in real emergencies. The sort of problem he professes to solve is one by which less ingenuous — or disingenuous — minds are baffled. But he has a technique which, on his own showing and by testimony of his delighted clients, is infallible. Let us assume, for the sake of illustration, that the New York subway is even more crowded than usual, and perhaps someone is trampled to death. The situation presents no terrors for the counsel on public relations. For an adequate fee he will explain that the victim died because there was not enough room in the subway. He will quote some profound work, such as "The Herd Instinct in Peace and War", in proof of the fact that, when crowds get into a panic, politeness disappears and the weakest go under. He will then declare that what the Transit Company must do is to reduce the number of passengers, or provide more transportation facilities. The former being easier than the latter, he prepares a chart showing the movement of immigration into America, draws public attention to the openings for labor in Central Australia, and establishes statistical evidence demonstrating that the quota system must necessarily diminish the stream of New York traffic. Having done this, and lodged a check in the bank, he is soon absorbed in some other problem, for clients in search of this wisdom clamor for attention.

The public relations counsel rightly claims that he is more than a press agent, for the press agent, after all, undertakes to secure publicity for something and does it, whereas the counsel on public relations professes to solve insoluble difficulties and doesn't. Equipped with a vocabulary borrowed

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from the psychologists, he becomes a "psychological engineer", an expert on behaviorism, an authority on "the basic mechanism" of public opinion. He is the medicine man of the industrial tribe, whose spells and incantations work wonders which, like all religious mysteries, are either absurd or incredible when viewed by the rational mind. When the number of bobbed haired women is increasing daily he is not afraid to claim publicly that he has assisted the waning sales of a hair net company by promoting a campaign against bobbed hair. His stock in trade, apart from his inimitable vocabulary, consists of the amazing seriousness with which he suggests the obvious and convinces himself that, once his suggestions have been followed, the matter is closed. He undertakes to make wars as popular as soap and cigarettes; and he will do for mushroom European governments what he once did for chorus girls — he will "sell" them to the American public; he will "put them over". It is impossible either to burlesque the kind of operations of which he boasts in proof of his sagacity, or to parody the pseudo-scientific language which he talks. In homely parlance it used to be said that a person had not enough wit to come in out of the rain. Nowadays, apparently, these people come in, but not until a public relations counsel has told them that they will get wet if they don't, and has guaranteed them against the recurrence of showers.

In this supreme incarnation the publicity man takes on a somewhat inhuman grandeur, consequent, no doubt, upon the almost divine attributes which he claims for himself. While he dwells in the higher spheres of the "consultant" or conducts disciples through the academic groves of the new learning, where ad writing and sales talk are a substitute for education, the ordinary world of the press agent continues to revolve in its own orbit. The word "press agent" is abhorrent to the superman of the species, and so the career is gradually becoming a further opportunity for the glorification of the American girl. In this new rôle she is now a familiar figure, and the better her figure the more effective her propaganda for the good, the untrue, and the beautiful. The sternest editors cannot refuse the friendly cooperation in their dramatic sections of appealing young things, wide eyed, entreating, who come bearing gifts not altogether Danaän, for their copy is frequently excellent. To the task of producing enthusiasm at a moment's notice these ladies bring those gifts natural to their sex, which the male can rarely acquire. They possess, moreover, a feminine faculty of hero worship, combined with a complete emotional detachment, which lends to their utterances the peculiar fervor of the auctioneer when praising a work of art.

Thus by the graceful touch of a woman's hand the business of the honest press agent, who knows nothing of the behaviorists or herd instincts, is redeemed from the mummery with which the public relations counsel endeavors to clothe it. A woman who undertakes to place a paragraph in the press, a picture in a rotogravure section, or an anecdote in a Sunday supplement, has no need of psychological hocuspocus. Like Rousseau on a celebrated occasion, she has looked into her own heart and she knows mankind. The "resultant response" is never in doubt, unlike the tests of the psychological engineers. If the fair rewards of this virtue in actual achievement seem slight in comparison with those received by the counsel on public

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relations, if they seem unfair, may this not be the clue to the whole mystery of the higher hokum? The "consultant" is paid, not for what he professes to do, but for what he prevents others from doing. He provides the propaganda which takes the place of public opinion. Hence the naive charm of his childlike narratives of his own powers. He is a child playing with toys while his superiors decide what he shall do.

SOLILOQUY IN AN INSANE ASYLUM

By Harold Lewis Cook

THAT doctor of mental diseases,
That damned psychiatrist chap,
What does he know about heaven?

I tell you,
I tell you I am a flower in the garden of heaven,
And I will be shone upon,
And I will be rained upon,
I must blossom for the Lord.
Do you hear?
That is why I sit all day in this hole I have dug in the ground,
All day in this fresh-turned loam,
Waiting for the sun to shine,
Waiting to be watered.
But naught comes
Save curious cats,
And smelling dogs,
And the cold wind the doctor stirs when he passes.
His heels click triumphantly
To the rattle of dry lips,
The chatter of old jaws.
His pockets bulge richly
With unwound intellects.
He is clad in grimaces
And old women's oglings.
He parades before simpering old men
He is trying to cure of — happiness.

Ah, but he cannot pluck me
Nor stunt me;
He cannot kill me
Nor hurt me,
For I am a flower in the garden of heaven,
A white rose by the doorstep of God.

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THE LONDONER

Spring Exodus — More about the Choice of Titles — High Browed Women — "E. Nesbit" — The Worst Book of the Year — Aldous Huxley's New Works — Romanticism, Classicism, and Real Literature.

LONDON *May* 1, 1924.

OWING to my own absence in Italy I did not notice, as I should otherwise have done, the customary spring exodus of our writers. It has none the less taken place. The newest fashionable resort for English writers, of course, is Spain. Thither have gone Arnold Bennett, Mary Borden, and others. To Italy have gone Compton Mackenzie, Lloyd Osbourne, David Garnett, etc. St. John Ervine continues his tour of the world, and from France and Belgium is proceeding by way of Devonshire to the Scandinavian countries, with the ultimate destination of the United States in his mind. D. H. Lawrence, having tired of London, is once more back in New Mexico. Strange how the modern English author gets about! Strange, too, how little difference all his traveling makes to the style and contents of his works. One would have supposed that by traveling and seeing the world a writer would increase his stock of knowledge of human nature. It is not so. I suppose that the explanation lies in the fact, so often emphasized by our critics, that human nature is the same all the world over. And so John Jones, the celebrated novelist, however traveled, however long resident in other countries and amid other scenes, continues to write about the kind of life that he has known or imagined in his youth, without any appreciable change as the result of his wider experience. The advantage of wider experience, whether it be that of emotion or of scene, is that it permits a sort of aeration of the mind. It does not necessarily create this aeration. It may so puzzle and bewilder the traveler that for a time he loses power to write at all. But in the majority of cases, where there is any gift, the aeration occurs. I have a theory that just as cats and dogs, feeling not very well, go into the garden and eat grass, human beings do instinctively, and contrary to all the expectations of their friends, take journeys and undertake enterprises at the bidding of some urgent need, either of body or mind. So, if a writer is become arid, I fancy he is generally aware less of his aridity than of an impulse to divert his interests for a period. I do not suggest that our travelers are arid — far from it. They travel, in general, from pure opulence and the curiosity which is a natural and healthy feature of the genuine artist. Mr. Bennett, for example, is already recording in the press his experiences and impressions of Spain, and I gather (since I have not heard from him) that he is continuing and extending the tour originally planned.

* * * *

I was speaking the other month about titles, and I see that a lady named Edith Shackleton has also been speaking in the "Evening Standard" upon this subject. I do not find myself in agreement with anything that

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Miss Shackleton (who modestly calls her article by the title, "Helping our Novelists: The Nearly Lost Art of Naming Books") says; but since everybody knows more about the novelist's business than the novelist himself, I purpose giving the gist of Miss Shackleton's article here in order that readers may have an opportunity of judging for themselves upon this important matter.

Miss Shackleton starts off cheerfully with the remark (which will show the estimation in which the novel is held in England by the really well informed): "There can be no further doubt about the gross over-production of novels when a writer with the richly-stored mind of Mr. Maurice Baring has been driven to calling his latest one merely 'C'." Having established a truth, Miss Shackleton proceeds: "It is a calamity that the names of books should cease to be interesting. . . . Novelists, plainly, have no longer the spare strength and enthusiasm to find the perfect title." She then extols some old titles, "Robinson Crusoe", "Lorna Doone", etc., as being full of romantic charm, gibes at some titles (I think of her own invention) which are to be taken as typical of the modern author's efforts ("The Blue Sky", "The Green Field", "The Lover's Lane", and "Her Real Soul"), and passes from attack into the field of title invention or recommendation by way of the words: "The odd thing is that those of us who are not clever and industrious enough to write novels often consider that we have a neat hand with a title. If I were sufficiently rich and immoral I think I should employ deserving persons to write the good novels for which I can find intriguing titles in my bath." With such complacent beginnings to stimulate us, we all, I am sure, feel our mouths watering for the marvelous titles which are to be revealed by Miss Shackleton in the rest of her article. It is therefore (I having read the article) with regret that I assure my readers that there is no profit to be gained from Miss Shackleton's suggestions. She is one of the people, in fact, who think that if a title is a quotation from another writer's work it is necessarily a good title. She commends "If Winter Comes" and proceeds to give her own two gems. They are "Astray in Erris", which appears to be from a passage in "The Playboy of the Western World", and "This Excellent Mystery", which is from the Marriage Service. Any offers? I rather think not. We can all create such titles. Hundreds may be obtained, and have been obtained in the worst period of the English novel — the Seventies, the Eighties, and the Nineties of last century — from "Hamlet". We have had a series of raids, at the time that the first edition came out of copyright and was therefore unreservedly in the hands of all parasitic title mongers, upon the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam as transmogrified by Edward Fitzgerald. The Bible has been a fine lucky bag for all sorts of writers, good and bad. Frankfort Moore, who has not shrunk from "A Grey Eye or So", "Fanny's First Novel", "Pretty Fanny's Way" (after that quotation had gained currency by reason of its application to the political tactics of Lord Balfour), "'I Forbid the Banns!'", "In Our Hours of Ease", and "Well, After All —", has done much as he liked in the way of quotational titles. Sir Hall Caine has tried a few. Our women novelists are constantly playing with intellectuality or literary allusion in their titles. It is a passion with them. Possibly one or two of them

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may care to compete for "Astray in Erris"? Or possibly Clemence Dane, for example, who has already shown her inclinations for the literary, in "Regiment of Women", "First the Blade", and "A Bill of Divorcement", might care to follow up the question of "This Excellent Mystery"? I wish I could give Miss Shackleton's suggestions wider publicity, in order that she might appraise her bathroom gift at its full value. I think she must really cultivate a little industry, and so discover an open field for her title making gift by writing novels. Novel writing is not so easy as the stealing of words from the writings of others in order to make titles, but it is a much more respectable pastime. It also teaches the expert that very often titles are chosen because they fit the books, and not set up for their inspirational value before a word of any book has been put down upon paper. I know that Stevenson used to manufacture titles ahead of his books, but it is not a habit that professional writers usually cultivate. For them, the book's the thing. Are they wrong? I imagine that Miss Shackleton would say they are. But then, where would her own sport lie? I should have said that in all ages there are some books of which the titles are the best things about them; but apart from "The Bride of Lammermoor" there is none that I am at the moment prepared to commend upon this account. I have already said that I think "The Bride of Lammermoor", with the Ravenswood motto following, is in my judgment the most thrilling title page of all. Miss Shackleton plumps for "Far Away and Long Ago", which is certainly charming, but inappropriate to a modern book in view of the self consciousness which the use of any quotation as a title implies.

I wonder why it is that so many women, when they become interested in books, grow so much more "literary" than men of their own kind? I do not mean to be dogmatic about this, and it may be that I am wrong in thinking they do so become; but my experience is that there are many women who suffer more from intellectual arrogance than their corresponding types in the male sex. I have seen great numbers of high browed, small nosed women, who speak as if they had plums in their mouths, who have all given me the impression of being rather conceited about their intellects. They insist upon talking in a sort of æsthetic jargon, about "art" and "fawm" and Walter de la Mare (who is a great idol with all sorts of people who can be no possible joy to him); and they distress me more by their assurance than by their limitations. I know there are men who also talk about "art" and "fawm", and I regret equally the existence of these men, who are a menace to any person who really cares about either art or form (and who therefore speaks reluctantly about either). But they are less insistent than the women of their kind. These women are to be found everywhere. The English countryside is full of them. All the old laborers' cottages have been snapped up by such women, and furnished with antiques and pewter pots and "peasant" earthenware, the works of the Russian novelists, and the other adjuncts of æsthetic snobbery; and here such women live, reading books and talking about "art" and "fawm" and the works of Walter de la Mare. They live in Chelsea, too, and in Hampstead. Garden suburbs breed them in great numbers. They like going to the theatre, but the play has to be something "good", such as "The Beggar's Opera", or "The Way

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of the World", or Sybil Thorndyke in "The Cenci", or something that every other æsthetic snob is going to see at the moment. And it is distressing to know that this particular class has (imitatively and snobbishly) almost got taste. It aspires to taste, and surrounds itself with what is the prevailing taste. It patronizes the very things that otherwise would not receive much support from the bourgeoisie. Its support has perhaps enabled me to read the works of Dostoyevsky and Chekhov, which otherwise I should not have been able to do. It may even contribute to my own support, although I am sure without relish. And I would gladly see it exterminated, for of all things in this life I think æsthetic snobbery, the small nosed talking with authority about matters which I regard religiously, is the least sufferable. I ought to mention that the husbands of these women, for many of them are married, are in general nonentities. They hand round the cake at teatime, they tramp hatless through the London streets or the lanes of the countryside, they carry books and do not read them, they pay for the theatre tickets and carefully pronounce the word "scones" in the correct manner. To all intents and purposes they are useless. They are parasites who support parasites. And what is really the matter with all these people, what makes them so assertive in the theatre (where they always meet friends and shout at them in a well bred, small nosed, and regrettable way) and at home is the inferiority complex, or conscious mediocrity. They are mere shadows. Disagree with them, and they become insulting, which is a sure confession of almost abject vanity and self distrust. They are parasites because they have no reality of their own. They are æsthetic snobs because it is easier and more tempting to ape the manners (the very crudely pretentious manners) of other æsthetic snobs than it is to settle down into true domestic life. They read "good" books and talk of art because they dare not admit that they have no taste of their own. Other people settle their opinions for them. The whole thing is what readers of the "Daily Mail" call a "vicious circle". It is with us forever. And "the female of the species is more deadly than the male". I may be wrong, as I say; but I do not think so.

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I observe with regret the death of "E. Nesbit" (Mrs. Hubert Bland), not because I knew her personally, or because I have been of late years a close student of her work, but because I have so many happy recollections of her stories for children, which are among the most natural and amusing that have been written in the last quarter century. Some of Mrs. Bland's novels had the same charm and interest, although they are distinctly inferior in composition. She was always an agreeable writer for children, however, where she was not always an agreeable writer for grown ups. Into her later books crept a verbosity which was not at all times admirable, and there also crept into some of them (I mean, too explicitly) her own opinions, which were strong without being conclusive. She was best when she was most simple. (It might be said of anybody.) And yet Mrs. Bland was far from being intellectually an uninteresting woman. She was a poet and a liberal, who had dignity as well as a sort of daring. I think she and her husband must have been among the earliest members of the Fabian Society, if not among the founders. Hubert Bland was certainly a striking figure

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in that society, and I shall never forget an occasion when he was in the chair at a Fabian meeting, when Hilaire Belloc was the speaker, and when Aylmer Maude interrupted the speaker with some warmth. Maude's voice is a very gruff, growly voice; Belloc's a very piercing, French, high pitched one. They encountered fiercely and with spirit — first Maude, then Belloc, then both Maude and Belloc simultaneously. Suddenly the chairman interposed. The effect was electrifying, for whereas the duel had been between a gruff voice and a high pitched one, the resulting trio (created by the words, "Order, order!") contained the most poignant treble (Bland's voice) that ever I heard. Whatever the argument, it ceased instantly in the roar of laughter occasioned by this astonishing call.

* * * *

I quote the following from a periodical published in France:

> Burlesquing the innumerable literary prizes which have been awarded lately in Paris a society was founded recently to [select] "the worst book of the year". Last year the award was given unanimously to the volume containing the text of the Treaty of Versailles and it is to be noted that the authors of the latter work did not register any protest. Perhaps they agreed with the jury. This time the value of the prize, which in the first instance had not been specified, was fixed in German marks, 5,000,000,000,000 of them in fact. The volume chosen was a novel by one Jean Violis, and entitled "La Flûte d'un Sous". The indignant author has brought suit against the committee singly and collectively not for libel but for payment of the prize money. He estimates the value of the latter at the rate of exchange on the day the award was announced to have been at least 200,000 francs — judged by the weight of paper in thousand mark notes.

* * * *

Aldous Huxley has been giving a different ending (and incidentally some additional characters) to an eighteenth century play, the work of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's mother. This play, "The Discovery", has been publicly presented, in its new form, under the auspices of a new society called the Three Hundred Society (that number being, I suppose, the limit of membership allowed by the rules). Huxley's work upon the play was done some time ago. It has been considerably praised, and indeed it deserves praise, for the task of putting oneself into an entirely different manner of writing in order to carry all sense of hiatus and changed tone past the consciousness of reader or hearer, is a hard one. The curious, even though they be not members of the Three Hundred, will have an opportunity of judging the success of the performance, for "The Discovery" is being brought out in book form, as revised, with a preface by the living author (but none by the dead one). Huxley's new volume of short stories, entitled "Little Mexican", is being issued later in the season, while there will be a long novel in the autumn, to be entitled "Those Barren Leaves". At the present time Huxley is still in Italy, not as a migrant, but as one who lives and works there because he finds that he can live and work with more delight and less hindrance in Italy than anywhere else. One's chief intimation of his place of residence lies in some not too excellent articles which from time to time make their appearance in the "Daily Mail".

* * * *

Hugh Walpole, just back from the Continent, is in Edinburgh as I write, but impatient to assume possession of his new cottage in the English Lake District. He is working at present upon a long novel, and he has just finished a short one, entitled "The Old Ladies", some chapters of which

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are making their appearance serially in the pages of T. S. Eliot's quarterly periodical, "The Criterion". "The Criterion" started rather dully, but it has steadily improved, and comes more and more alive with each number. This is excellent. It has already published some memorable things. Moreover, it is in format most acceptable, steering clear of tedium in typography and also of pedantry. In the pages of "The Criterion" Middleton Murry continues his advocacy of Romanticism as opposed to Classicism, the seeds of which were sown in his own monthly, "The Adelphi". My recollection is that Murry began his campaign on behalf of Romanticism because he did not care for "Lady into Fox", which at that time was being hailed by some of our younglings as the staple of newer Classicism. He said it was as artistically significant as a carved cocoanut. I do not know whether Murry extends his dislike of "Lady into Fox" to the successor of that book, "A Man in the Zoo", now published with so much éclat, but the question which he is raising is far wider than that of a particular book or author. He is venturing into æsthetic fields, always remote and rambling places. For myself, it is enough to ask whether a work of fiction conforms to the one test that I know how to apply. This is, are its characters alive? If they are alive, then much — almost everything else — can be forgiven. If they are not alive, and if they are intended to be alive, the book may be an interesting essay in bravura, but it is not creatively significant. And in that case, no amount of "art" seems to me to matter. All art falls into artifice if the art is not a secondary concern of the author. The deliberate "art" which is so much in vogue with professional critics is merely devotion to a formula, a putting of the real stuff of creative literature at a lower value than its manner of presentation. I notice a tendency among such professional critics to assume that the author works by formula. They say, with an attempt to rival the cleverness of that cunning fellow, the novelist, that he has deliberately sought to do such and such a thing, that they do not understand what he has had it in mind to do, and so on, as though the creative artist wrote books in order to present ideas or to illustrate some technical wheeze or to do anything except gratify his own curiosity. The result is that poor A. S. M. Hutchinson has had to write a special preface to a new edition of "This Freedom" in order to explain that he was writing a story, and that he had not in mind to arraign a sex or a species. He might well have had to explain to some critics that he was not trying to write an experiment in what might have been Aristotle's notion of a novel, supposing Aristotle to have had any idea of what a novel should be. The whole business comes down to this, that so many critics demand formulæ, and that they consider the novelist gives less trouble if he works in a mold. They can then apportion marks for construction, prose, catharsis, and so on. From any need to regard the work as an illustration of human beings in action, they would thus be absolved. Such critics, in fact, would far rather have a sham antique than a genuine modern article. They have such passion for the antique, as the "arty" collector has for the antique in another style of æsthetic furnishing, that they demand "restorations". Goods of the present age are vulgar. They are "bad form". The prejudice in favor of the antique seems to me to be undesirable, because it arises from educational obscurantism. In reality it is far more cred-

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itable to have written an original work than it is to have written an imitation of somebody else's work, to have caught a tone or a style and to have produced an exercise in imitation or in ingenuity. The critics, intoxicated with pride in their own education, concern themselves not at all with the imagination. They do not really know what imagination is, but suppose it to be a faculty possessed exclusively by themselves. Classical education, in fact, is no stimulant to the imagination at all. It teaches reverence for what has been done, on the ground that nothing will ever be as well done again. And in æsthetics the real reason for the prevalence of a classical tradition is not that classical literature any longer purges with pity and terror but that one man of genius left a very convenient handbook which lays down the law in definite terms. This handbook is a marvelous standby. It saves thought. It provides a fine foot rule for the irremediable undergraduate. The mediocre mind in all ages has been ready to persecute upon the basis of a text, and it is the same now as it has always been. Authority . . . authority . . . the serf and the pedant are alike in this, that each seeks to obey some fixed rule. The world has progressed in despite of the serf mind and the pedant mind. And it will continue to progress in despite of those who try to impose formulæ upon the arts. For this reason — that the artist, or creator, or originator, will always create fresh formulæ *after* he has created fresh work. I think it cannot be too much emphasized that the artist works at the bidding of his imagination. He does not say, "Now I will set out to observe the unities." He says: "Now I will set down this story which is in my mind and my heart." He sets it down. For the critic the result may be appraisable only by reference to a formula, but in that case the deficiency is the critic's, and has nothing whatever to do with the artist, who has altogether different interests from those of the person who reads only to deliver judgment. Personally I prefer the artist's method. It is more exciting and entertaining and unpretentious than the way of the critic. Whether it is a classic or a romantic way seems to me ultimately insignificant. The merit of a book is left untouched by the disagreements of critics, and for each book of any individuality there must always be diversities of estimate which in the end cancel each other out. Such diversities leave the author, as heretofore, dependent upon his own judgment. They leave him dependent upon the bidding of his impulse to create from the mass of profound curiosities and marvels with which his imagination is incessantly engaged. That impulse has always been the essential thing, and it remains untouched by argument. If critics knew as much as the novelist does about human nature they would be aghast at the chattering noise of their own spurious combats.

SIMON PURE

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THE INSIDIOUS BOOKWORM

By William R. Reinicke

Pest of the Muses, devourer of pages, in crannies that lurkest,
Fruits of the Muses to taint, labor of learning to spoil;
Wherefore, O black-fleshed worm! wert thou born for the evil thou workest?
Wherefore thine own foul form shap'st thou with envious toil? —Evenus

THE bookworm, to many, is only a myth handed down from the age of fable. But to those who have lost precious tomes through its work, it is indeed a reality. It is not a new affliction by any means; as far back as the written records of mankind go, we find references to the actual destruction caused by it.

Aristotle speaks of a "little scorpion-like creature found in books". Evenus, quoted above, wrote about it sometime around 450 B. C. In the "Riddles" of Cynewulf, we find the following: "Then we are brought into the monastery. There, in the cell, is the bookchest, standing firm on the ground, deaf itself and dumb, and witless that swallows things more costly than gold." We watch the "dark and swarthy-faced thegn [a Celtic noble] showing away under its lid a manuscript that kings and queens desire". There, too, we see the missal or a Bible codex, and trace the parchment from the skin to its illumination and its binding. It is

> . . . dipped in water, set in the sun, stripped of its hair, cut with a knife, ground down with cinders, folded with fingers. Then the delight of the bird [the wing feather — the pen] wandered o'er my dusky surface when it had sprinkled me with healing water [this refers to the illuminations which preceded the writing]. Then the wing swallowed the dye of a tree mixed with water [the ink] and stepped over me, leaving black marks behind. Afterwards men covered me with protecting boards, drew a skin round me, decked me with gold, adorned me with the fair work of smiths, encased me with [gold and silver] wire; and my ornaments and my red purple, and the glorious possessions in me are famous far and wide. Shield I am to nations, if the children of men will use me. I helpful to men; great is my name; healing to heroes and I myself holy!

Lastly, we see the monk wonder stricken to find the moth eating his books. "'Tis a marvellous wyrd", he thinks, "that a worm should devour the speech of men, and that this thief in the dark, this robber-guest, should be no whit the wiser for his eating."

Austin quotes the following from the writings of Christian Mentzel, the German naturalist and philologist who lived in the seventeenth century:

> When one reads that he heard the bookworm crow like a cock, and said, "I knew not whether some local fowl was clamoring or whether there was but a beating in my ears", one cannot help wondering if there was not something defective in his ear drums; but further on he says, "I perceived in the paper whereon I was writing, a little insect that ceased not to crow like a chanticleer, until taking a magnifying glass I assiduously observed him!" From this one concludes that if the fault was not with his hearing, by which some well-known sounds made by book insects seemed to him like the crowing of a cock, an altogether different cock from the kind we know must have lived in his day.

Matthias Koops, in his "Historical Account of the Substances Which Have Been Used to Describe Events and Convey Ideas, from the Earliest Date to the Invention of Paper", 1801, says:

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The paper in North America is speedily destroyed by dampness and insects, which, on the suggestion of an honorary member, M. François, at Neufchâtel, induced the Cercle des Philadelphes, Port-au-Prince, Hayti, in their assembly of the 11th of May, 1785, to offer a premium for the best answers on the question, if there was no effectual remedy to protect paper against insects. This society offered another premium of twenty-five moidores, for the best method of making paper for St. Domingo, which would resist insects, and requested to have samples to prove its quality. Several answers and samples were received, but all recommended to mix the size, on sizing, with sharp and bitter or other ingredients which might kill the insects, to wit, vinegar, alum, vitriol, salt, turpentine, extract of aloes, tobacco, or wormwood, camphor, assafœtida, castolieum, and arsenic, either to be used in the size, or afterwards impregnated by infusion. But these remedies were all rejected, and considered to be either insufficient or pernicious and dangerous; for which reason the society renewed their offer, without limiting their answer to a precise time, but without any satisfaction.

At the meeting of the International Library Congress, Paris, 1900, the bookworm seems to have received quite a little attention. Almost an entire session was devoted to a discussion of the various insect enemies of books, their ravages, and the methods employed to destroy them, with the result that an investigation was directed, to conduct experiments and formulate means of preventing or remedying such injuries. A stimulus to effort in this direction was given by two anonymous delegates. One of them offered two prizes, of 1,000 francs and 500 francs respectively, for the two best essays presented before December 31, 1903, on worms or other insects injurious to books and their destruction. The other announced a prize of 1,000 francs for the best essay on the same subject, dealing especially with injuries to binding.

Those of us who live in the temperate zones have no idea of the enormous destruction of books and valuable papers caused every year by insects, many of them too small to be easily detected. These insects, working almost the entire night and day, in the course of their life cycle, accomplish a great deal of harm. Since they seldom make any holes in the covers of the books except where they enter or leave, they are not generally noticed until the work of destruction has been accomplished.

In the warmer regions of the United States and in the tropics, where these insects flourish in great numbers, their ravages are beyond comprehension. Books and papers are often reduced to stripes and flakes, or so bored with holes that the page looks like a sieve. The destruction is accomplished in a very short time — in the case of the termites or white ants, books are often completely reduced to minute pieces in a single night.

Practically everyone who has written upon the subject claims that the insects which damage books eat the paste used in binding. Yet a study of the life habits of the species found in books fails to prove this contention. For one thing, only the larvæ and adults of the insects known to eat flours would want the paste. In twelve years I have seen very few volumes in which the paste showed signs of having been eaten. If the book lover had nothing to fear except the paste eaters, his worries would be small, and the printed page and rare binding would still be in his possession.

As to paper eaters: Paper is made from cotton, linen, hemp, rags, and waste, from chemically prepared woods, from straws, from bark without the wood, from wood not chemically prepared, and many other substances. In a great many papers, clays and other materials are used as fillers. The beetles who are found boring into

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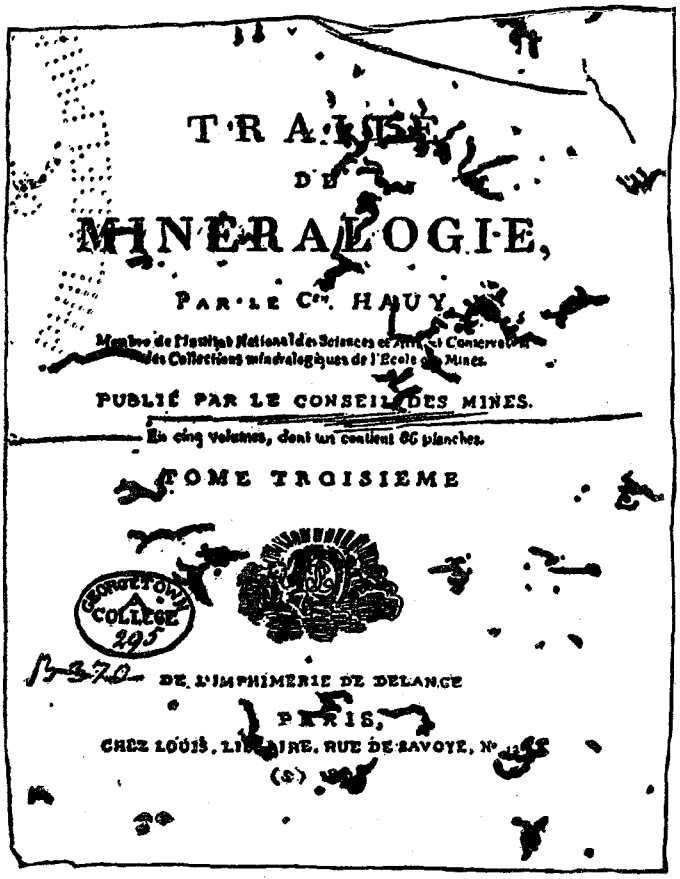

A copy of the "Traité de Minéralogie", from the library of Georgetown College, eaten by a bookworm

trees and dried wood will be discovered digging tunnels in books made of paper containing a large percentage of wood pulp. Just as in their original source of food supply, one can, by noting the way the galleries are made, tell what species of insect caused the damage. For each species has a certain design which every member of the group follows.

I have examined valuable land records from India, in which the pages were pierced by thousands of holes, making them practically worthless. In India, at the present time, valuable records must be kept in steel safes for protection. I have seen rare manuscripts from the Philippine Islands, so badly eaten as to seem to hang together by shreds. Again, the insects will make a single gallery straight through the entire lot of books upon a shelf. If one should run a piece of wire through the tunnel, the lot of books could be lifted, strung together as it were. Or one will find a boring which starts as a lone tunnel but branches into side galleries, in some cases dozens of them, or into a very complicated design.

Often, after a few inches of tunnel, one will see a cavity, varying in size

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from a pea to a walnut. From this hole there will start one or many galleries, showing most likely that the cavity was made by the owner of the single tunnel, who laid eggs there; and that the other borings have been done by the young.

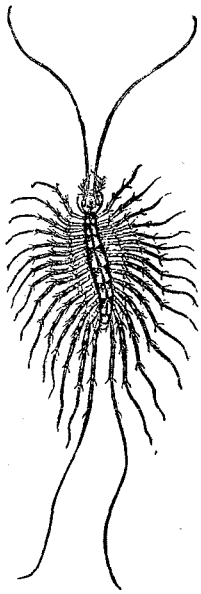
In some books I have seen literally hundreds of larvæ and beetles working. Even when I opened the books, permitting the light to strike them, they did not seem to stop their work. For the larvæ of insects are prodigious eaters, gaining strength for their change into the next stage. They cannot stop eating just because a curious human bookworm is looking at them. There are over a hundred species of insects that I have records of as destroying books made of wood pulp paper.

The incunabula, those wonderful treasures of the golden age of bookmaking when each book was really a unique copy, were made of pure rag papers. Yet the insects, who have never respected the work of man, spared not these venerable tomes. I have examined volumes of this period, some of them so badly cut that they resembled pieces of ribbon cut into strips, to within about a quarter of an inch of the edge. In other specimens the pages, when held up to the light, resembled pieces of rare lace.

Not satisfied with devouring the pages of the incunabula, the insects have destroyed the skin binding and the wooden boards over which the skins were stretched. Some of the boards are so badly tunneled that it is almost impossible to locate a space that does not show ridges of the walls of galleries. The skin bindings are often perforated with hundreds of holes, like those made with a shot gun, which the insects made in entering and leaving the wood covers.

Today, our book papers contain a large percentage of mineral fillers, and it is in these books that we note the greatest damage. The destruction of mineral filler paper is done mostly by the termites. These white ants often work enormous havoc in a short time. One who is not familiar with their ravages is apt to disbelieve tales of them narrated by travelers. Yet they have done considerable damage as far north as Massachusetts and Illinois.

In my opinions, these are the Huns of the insect world, as far as destruction of



Scutigera forceps—adult (reduced)

book contents is concerned. As with the vandals of old, it is almost useless to endeavor to save anything that they have once lived upon.

In Illinois entire portions of books were eaten by them; from Hawaii and Louisiana specimens have been received with their entire contents gnawed or cut into strips about one eighth of an inch wide. In other cases you go to

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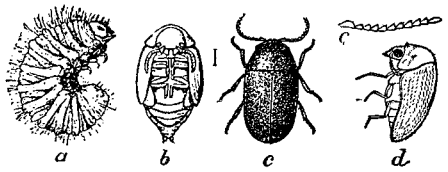
take from the shelf what seems to be a perfectly good book; as you grasp it, you are covered with a miniature snow storm of paper flakes.

On account of their immense numbers, especially in the tropical regions where their nests may be counted by the hundred (and each one contain many thousands of workers), and the fact that they work under cover, great numbers of books and papers are destroyed in a short time. Unless one daily examines each book, which of course is an impossibility with a large collection, he is never sure of being able to know that a book, of which he can see the intact binding, is really readable.

Leather bindings are damaged by the same species of insects which eat skins kept in storage, and specimens of stuffed animals in museums. Even after tanning, there is still a quantity of the original oils and fats left in the skins, and this is the attraction to the insects, especially the roaches. They sometimes eat the entire leather binding, or enough of the covers to necessitate rebinding.

In the care of cloth bindings, certain dyes used in making the various colors seem to whet the destroyers' desire, and if they have any choice, some colors will always be taken in preference to others. The roaches do not eat the cloth bindings but suck out the pigments containing the dyes, thus disfiguring the binding.

The silver fish, which are so familiar to us, are often very numerous in warm dark places, especially if the air is dry, as is often the case with libraries. They are great eaters of the coatings of coated papers, and are also stated to eat the film of photographs. The insects belonging to this group, ranked as the lowest in the scale of insect life, about whose habits practically nothing is known, seem also in the case of the photographs to be after the poison which is used when the picture is developed.



The cigarette beetle—a, larva; b, pupa; c, beetle; d, lateral view (all enlarged); e, antenna (much enlarged)

Everyone is familiar with the book scorpions, those minute little specks of life. If we are quick and have a keen eye, we often see them upon opening our desks and turning over some of our letters, or picking up a book that has been left on the table for a time. While there are many species of these little mites, found practically all over the world and at times very numerous, it is not known with certainty what they feed upon, or — if they harm books — what damage they really do.

When we come to the remedies that have been proposed and tried, we discover that they are innumerable, but that they all seem to fail to produce the desired results. Almost every poison has been tested. In most cases it fails to kill the pests, and in some instances it actually seems to increase the attractiveness of the books to the insects.

Experiments conducted some years ago by the United States Bureau of Standards (also by myself) with bindings impregnated with various poisons showed that roaches produced their young as though nothing unusual was taking place. The tests were made with cloths, ducks, and buckrams of various colors. A portion of each piece was chemically analyzed in order to find what substances were used

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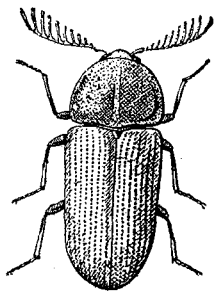
in its manufacture, and the rest of the sample was exposed to the roaches for various numbers of days. The results, when tabulated, proved that the materials used in the coating, many of them poisonous, were without effect. Some of the samples were then treated with a weak solution of quinine, others with strychnine, but they failed to give the desired immunity; as the strength of the solutions was increased, the attractiveness of the substances was increased. Even corrosive sublimate was ineffective.

At the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, bookworms in all stages of development were discovered in a lot of books of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries purchased by the college. It was suggested that the volumes containing the larvæ be submitted to a high degree of temperature. One of the hospitals permitted the use of its apparatus for hot air treatment, and a number of volumes were placed in the machine, the leaves being spread when possible and subjected to a high temperature for at least ten minutes. These books have been examined a number of times since being treated in this manner, and no signs of the bookworms have been discovered.

The preventive claimed by one writer as successful is stated to have failed by another. At the present time there does not seem to be on the market any preventive which will save the precious treasures, many of them unique copies, from destruction, once the bookworm, unnoticed, starts his deadly work.



Ptilin pectinicorne—adult (enlarged)

THE SPRING IN THE PANTRY

By Mark Van Doren

THE pines were thickest where this water rose
And filled its mossy box, and found the pipe
That pulled it here — and pulls it — for our thirst.
In so much shade the water was at home;
And when it reached our lips here in the cool
Unwindowed pantry, we were drinking from the earth —
Sucking the sweet centre of it out.
But that was years ago. They cut the pines,
And the hard sunlight entered like a sword.
The water kept on coming, but I tasted
Something a little different. . . . It was fear
That soured it so — under a naked sky!

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

By David Carb

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. THE EMPEROR JONES *and* ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS: *Eugene O'Neill on his own ground again.* (*Reviewed below.*)
2. CYRANO DE BERGERAC: *Walter Hampden and the best of all modern romantic plays.*
3. THE MIRACLE: *Max Reinhardt-Morris Gest idea of the religious impulse. Gorgeous pageantry.*
4. THE SWAN: *Royalty down at heel and a kiss that stirs things up.*
5. FATA MORGANA: *Budapest again shows us how to be subtle and obvious at the same time.*
6. THE SHOW-OFF: *The best so far.*
7. FASHION *and* EXPRESSING WILLIE: *Comedy of yesterday and today.*
8. BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK: *Freud never dreamed anything like this.*
9. THE OUTSIDER: *Good theatre, with Lionel Atwill and Katharine Cornell.*
10. SITTING PRETTY, *with Queenie Smith, and* PLAIN JANE, *featured by Joe Laurie, Jr., are the best of the new crop.* (*Reviewed below.*) POPPY, KID BOOTS, *and* CHARLOT'S REVUE *still hold their own.*

THIS has been a gala month for that class of theatregoers who get a kick out of hearing the title of the play spoken by the actors. When the actor says, "It's cheaper to marry than to live with a woman illicitly", or "The cobra is a reptile that poisons even while it embraces", or "I have named my estate the Garden of Weeds", or "This place is called the Dust Heap", many in the audience cannot repress their excitement; they must whisper piercingly to the persons surrounding them, "'Cheaper to Marry'" . . . "He said 'Cobra'" . . . "'Garden of Weeds'" . . . "'The Dust Heap'". . . as though a profound suspicion had been confirmed!

This has been also a month of desperate managerial gambling and rapid failure. Of the four plays mentioned above two have already dropped into oblivion. "Garden of Weeds", by the author of "White Cargo", was a cheap attempt at sensationalism, artificial and pretentious to the point of vulgarity—and beyond. The metropolis seldom has a drama foisted upon it wherein the so called "comedy relief" is so ancient and so dull. "She's an architect", someone remarks, and another adds, "A designing woman." The wit of the piece was on that level! For orchestra the management supplied an electric piano which admirably created the atmosphere of a ten cent movie house, and the play never once took you out of that atmosphere.

The recipe of "The Dust Heap" is

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as follows: Put in one female imbecile (labeled Innocence), and mix with the strongest man stuff the Open Spaces can furnish. Add a sentimental prostitute and moisten with a Christ-like Jew wandering the wilderness seeking a long lost daughter. Inject, occasionally, a dash of incorrigible and heroic Canadian Mounted policeman. Season with lightning, pistols, whisky, and cold, venomous Chinese cruelty. When well stirred, toss in a bit of "Abie's Irish Rose", let the mixture stew and boil and seethe — and *voilà!* you have your concoction!

Of "Cobra" there is a different tale to tell. Although it is just old fashioned sex drama, it is made deeply moving by the sincere and subtle treatment of the vampire, Elise Van Zile, remarkably played by Judith Anderson. In spite of the fact that the play is in four acts and the story is practically told at the end of the second; that the direction is of the exact-centre-of-the-stage-for-every-important-speech school, and the actors observe the rule painstakingly and obviously; that the lesson seems to be the same as Samuel Shipman's "There's only one kind of love that's enduring — it's the palship between two men", only more so (for Damon and Pythias themselves had nothing on Jack and Tony); that the audience on the second night giggled during many of the emotional scenes — in spite of all these things "Cobra" remains a skilful and affecting play that well deserves the success it is certain to have — even though it be a *succès de scandale.* In Judith Anderson, L. Lawrence Weber has discovered an actress of power, passion, and resource. Louis Calhern's performance is notable for its sureness and its restraint.

William A. Brady's revival of C. M. S. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna" with "a cast of stars" proved among many things that this first of the crook melodramas has dated. Not especially in structure or characterization or plot does it show its age, but certainly in what used to be called "moral tone". When William Faversham catches Helen Gahagan robbing his safe he preaches to her shamelessly, points out how wicked she is, urges her, with as much emotion as a stage well bred person can permit himself, to reform and walk the way of the righteous. And curiously, from that moment she *is* reformed! She seems so ready for a little sermon that doubtless the Salvation Army or any itinerant preacher could have worked the same miracle. When this drama was first produced the moral tone was supposed to lift a play above the ruck of ordinary pieces, give it purpose — and purpose gave it dignity. That is why "Leah Kleschna" has dated.

Arnold Daly acted Kleschna to the limit at least; José Ruben's Schram was earnest and convincing; Lowell Sherman as Raoul Berton was the real revivalist of the evening — he was given the pious privilege of bringing to life the ancestor of most of his later rôles. William Faversham's Paul Sylvaine was much too good to be true and too stiff to be human. The chief interest of the evening centred in Helen Gahagan. Her Leah was lacking in poise and she has not yet the technical equipment for such a rôle; she seemed to be aware all the time that she was being compared with the foremost artist of our theatre who originated the part, and quite naturally was nervous and uncertain. Miss Gahagan has a spiritual quality which is rare on our stage, on any stage for that matter — the ability to feel a thing so intensely that she conveys it instantly to the audience. Pauline

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Goose Hangs High" by Lewis Beach (Little, Brown). Reads better than it plays — and it plays well.

"The Better Understanding" by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton (Little, Brown). A talky triangle play which makes fairly good reading.

"Our Betters" by W. S. Maugham (Doran). Maugham's most brilliant comedy in a neat edition.

"Kestrel Edge and Other Plays" by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan). More drab poetical plays — which would be more effective in prose.

"Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" by Hatcher Hughes (Harper). The Pulitzer Prize play — effective drama of religious mania.

"The Forest" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). A merciless and melodramatic study of the hands behind empires.

"Tarnish" by Gilbert Emery (Brentano). Not nearly so good as "The Hero" but cleverly constructed and well written.

"Sun-Up" by Lula Vollmer (Brentano). Fine play of mountain life which has splendid characterization.

"Casanova" by Lorenzo de Azertis (Brentano). A rather slow portrait of a vivid and charming figure.

"All God's Chillun Got Wings and Welded" by Eugene O'Neill (Boni, Liveright). Not O'Neill's best but worth reading.

"The Youngest Drama" by Ashley Dukes (Sergel). A curious estimate of some new drama and new dramatists by an English critic.

"Chains" by Jules Eckert Goodman (Brentano). An old problem modernized — with some effectiveness.

"The Show-Off" by George Kelly (Little, Brown). Brilliant contemporary comedy — finely written and superbly conceived.

"Aren't We All" by Frederick Lonsdale (Brentano). Not so brilliant to read — this popular comedy of last year.

"Children of the Moon" by Martin Flavin (Brentano). This is the curious and well made tragedy which gave excellent acting opportunity this year on Broadway.

"Four Plays" by Cosmo Hamilton (Little, Brown). Resolutely popular and slightly shocking plays.

"University of Washington Plays, Second Series" edited by Glenn Hughes (U. of Wash. Press). The usual run of amateur plays for amateurs.

"The Prince" by Gwen John (Appleton). A rather sickly picture of great Elizabeth.

"Double Demon" by A. P. Herbert and others (Appleton). Good one act plays.

"The Plays of Turgenev" (Macmillan). Seven one act comedies and three longer plays.

"The Lullaby and Other Plays" by Edward Knoblock (Putnam). These extraordinarily successful plays should offer rich fruit for students of playwriting.

"The Miracle of Saint Masha" by Joseph Koven (Lester L. Schick). A curious combination of the Bible and Lord Dunsany is found in these short dramas.

Lord has the same quality; Winifred Lenihan's lack of it accounts for the shortcomings of her Joan of Arc. The quality might be called radiance.

"Flame of Love" is the story of a fourteenth century Galahad of Cathay who seeks flame silk as King Arthur's pure knight sought the Grail. The play is picturesque and colorful, but it never really rings true. The treatment and invention are conventional; the authors have crowded their scenes with so many people that one gets confused trying to identify them —

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especially the several leading women who, of course, are all dark, but who are also of much the same size and shape. The production is lavish and well made, the final tableau is unusually effective; but the speech which evokes it, like most of the play, doesn't quite come off.

Much preliminary interest was manifested in the appearance of Peggy Wood in "The Bride"; it is this popular ingénue's first part without music. The play proved to be tame entertainment. Miss Wood has one line to speak that might apply to the whole piece: "I just missed being a Mrs." Her vehicle just misses being farce, misses being comedy, and misses being effective melodrama. The young actress herself is fresh, piquant, and beautiful; she is well supported by Donald Cameron and Isabel Irving. Ferdinand Gottschalk pounds his lines as though they were horseshoes on an anvil.

"Catskill Dutch" stayed in town just one week. It was an attempt at folk drama so badly written and acted that it could not possibly interest. Everything that happened was preceded by great stretches of preparation; when the action finally did come it had long been anticipated. That's just bad playwriting. Furthermore, the actors mumbled in dialect — half the time you couldn't make out what they were saying and after awhile you didn't care. The *pièce de résistance* was a revival scene not so well done as a similar scene in "Roseanne" a month or so ago.

The Provincetown Playhouse recently revived Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones", that strange odyssey of a Negro stumbling through the tragic past of his race. The present production is finer and more thorough than the original, but Paul Robeson's Emperor is not so striking as Charles Gilpin's was. It is civilized, conscious, not truly barbaric. It was just that barbaric quality in Gilpin's performance which made it memorable. Robeson is magnificent to look at. Half naked in the forest, his bronze skin oily with sweat, or standing on the auction block silhouetted against a moon blue sky, he would have entranced Rodin — indeed in build and development he closely resembles "le Penseur".

His fine, expressive voice and body thrilled one in "The Emperor Jones"; in "All God's Chillun Got Wings" they illuminated and enriched and ennobled a character written too frequently in one dimension. The play itself is even more episodic than is usual with O'Neill. It is also slow paced and, as in "Welded", inclined to leap at every opportunity for fine writing. Jim Harris, the Negro hero, is entirely too forbearing and patient. A vital scene — Ella among white people after her marriage to the Negro — is not in the script. The two scenes of Ella's madness could well be one. The play is repetitious. . . . One could go on enumerating the faults of the drama, though at the end he would still be aware that "All God's Chillun" excites more pity and terror than any tragedy of the season. The scene in which Ella and Jim decide to marry is one of the most beautiful things our stage has known. The episode of the return of Jim and Ella from their prolonged wedding trip, and the final scene, stab as only great tragedy can stab. They represent O'Neill at his best, and that is the best our theatre possesses. Mary Blair's Ella is a creation of remarkable variety and power.

Robert Edmond Jones has assembled a notable cast of actors for the Equity Players' revival of "Hedda Gabler",

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and directed them with fine appreciation of the values of the play. Clare Eames acts the titular rôle with sinuous rigidity, which sounds like a paradox and isn't. Hers is a consistent Hedda, a Hedda that plans. Her Hedda is, therefore, a neurotic villainess, not, as Ibsen seems to have intended, a woman who does terrible things because she is a neurotic. Yet Miss Eames's interpretation is fascinating, occasionally charming, always provocative. Dudley Digges gives a notable performance of Tesman, and Roland Young's Judge Brack is sure footed. Margalo Gillmore, in spite of evident nervousness, has rarely been so effective.

The musical version of "Peg o' My Heart" is remarkable chiefly for two unusual dancers, Lovey Lee and Albertina Vitak, the latter the most rhythmical and graceful dancer I have ever seen in musical comedy. "Peg o' My Dreams" would have to be exceptional in many respects not to disappoint the vast public which has loved Laurette Taylor and her Peg better than any actress or character of our time, and this arrangement of the story of the red haired Irish girl cast into a group of English snobs is in no way exceptional.

Joe Laurie, Jr., is the hit of "Plain Jane". He plays the roughneck with a heart of gold encrusted with jewels, directly, sincerely, and with captivating ease. His "I Love a Fight" is as delightful a patter song as I can recall. "Plain Jane" is a brisk, entertaining show, lavish, lively, with some excellent dancing, especially the stunt work of Dan Healy. But Laurie makes the show and walks away with it; he does for it what Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence do for "Charlot's Revue", what W. C. Fields does for "Poppy", Eddie Cantor for "Kid Boots" — to be brief, he is the whole show. Except for a prizefight which actually gives you a thrill. Jay Gould is the star of that, and performs a tremendous service to his kind — he proves that at least one of the juveniles of the musical stage has something besides legs and youth.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *This warm and yet heroic presentation of colonization days in America shall head this list until I am convinced every reader of the magazine has seen it.*
2. THE THIEF OF BAGDAD: *A fairy tale of great beauty, with the dashing Mr. Fairbanks and a new bundle of tricks.*
3. AMERICA: SERIES ONE — THE SACRIFICE: *Revolutionary romance à la R. W. Chambers made excellent by the genius of Mr. Griffith.*
4. DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL: *A beautiful if innocuous picture with Miss Pickford playing admirably and looking exceedingly beautiful.*
5. THE LOVE MASTER: *Strongheart, the dog, proves one of the best screen heroes.*

PERHAPS it is inevitable that every reviewer of plays, books, movies, occasionally finds his palate sickly and his judgment warped. I have become annoyed by reel after reel of emotional gelatine. For the last few months, with the exception of a few splendid feature pictures, the ordinary run of movie drama is becoming more and more vulgar, and has less and less to do with life. I saw the superb Pola Negri in "Men", a tawdry exhibition, al-

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though Miss Negri's acting is almost at its best. I see advertised Flipping Flappers, Flopping Flippers; Daytime, Nighttime, Pastime Wives; society scandals, society sensations, society palpitation, fascinations, what not! Perhaps the books and the stories from which this trash is derived are as bad as their screen counterparts, but at least the printed word allows imagination some play. The screen shows it all — all it dares — the shoddy and gaudy habiliments of life — as it is lived by movie stars and directors! What is the answer? There is none. Until the mind sickens, there is a certain curiosity in seeing what vulgarity the captains of movie industry will next perform with their naive intellects sensitively attached to the public pulse — and those who give us the best in motion picture art often perpetrate the worst sins against decency and taste. But the public is not decent, nor has it taste. Why shouldn't it see its own day dreams flicker before it on the screen in all their vulgar certitude of passion and sentimentality? The drab life of America must somehow be illumined, and why not by the titillating insinuations of a movie vampire? The taste of the motion picture public comes down to just this, and you know it, even if you won't admit it. My barber mentions the name of a great screen artist. "Now there's a girl!" he exclaims. "I go to see her every time. I'd give all the money I've saved just to kiss her once!" And he would. Why not? Vulgar, you may say; but it is true, too horribly true. How can you get around it? Well, you and I will have to pick out the exceptional movies! — *J. F.*

RHYME OF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW

By Basil Thompson

HE paced the street in sullen mood,
The noises of the street were rude
And he was fain for solitude.

A little walk away he knew
A place where dandelions grew
And marigold and quiet too.

And still he paced the narrow street
With dutifully plodding feet
Like any watchman on his beat,

When scarcely half a mile were told
And all is quiet and green and gold.
(The lamb has neither strayed nor strolled.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

SIEGE — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* A mediævally minded old lady struggles somewhat ineffectually against modernity.

FOR LOVE OF A SINNER — Robert Gordon Anderson — *Minton, Balch.* Cloak, plume, and rapier. If you can forget "A Lodging for the Night" and "If I Were King" you'll enjoy this new tale of and about François Villon.

* BLACK OXEN — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* A modern Ponce de Leon in Countess Zattiany.

* SANDOVAL — Thomas Beer — *Knopf.* A brilliantly told romantic story of old New York days. (*See page 589.*)

THE GARDENS OF OMAR — Henry Bordeaux — *Dutton.* A colorful drama of Cross and Crescent among the Cedars of Lebanon.

THE GAOL — Paul Bourget — *Brentano.* A serious though somewhat tedious study in heredity by a member of the French Academy.

* THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* A young man tries to quiet his soul and adjust himself, after the war, to the old round of life.

THE HOME-MAKER — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* Provocative story of "woman's place" showing that some women belong at home and so do some men. (*See page 590.*)

APES AND ANGELS — Richard Connell — *Minton, Balch.* Amusing short stories in satirical vein by an excellent craftsman who has more than the usual amount of respect for masters of the art.

* THE ROVER — Joseph Conrad — *Doubleday, Page.* Peyrol, the Rover, in Napoleonic times, flies high in daring and romance and the complexities of Mr. Conrad's style.

THE NEW CANDIDE — John Cournos — *Boni, Liveright.* A salacious bag of tricks that occasional sharp satire cannot redeem from triviality.

THE GOLDEN COCOON — Ruth Cross — *Harper.* Southern climes and the hurly-burly of New York form a background for Molly Shannon's sentimental adventures.

THE SAINT OF THE SPEEDWAY — Ridgwell Cullum — *Doran.* Here is a Chestertonian paradox — a "Saint" of "The Speedway" (an Alaskan Monte Carlo). Cullum makes it as possible as it is exciting.

WANDERING STARS AND THE LOVER — Clemence Dane — *Macmillan.* Two long short stories, subtly linked together, in which (1) a wife regains the husband she has lost and (2) a famous actress strangely loses her soul. In both, the emotional and mystical content reaches the saturation point.

THE COAST OF FOLLY — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* A young lady finds religion through the divorce courts.

NEW FRIENDS IN OLD CHESTER — Margaret Deland — *Harper.* These three novelettes are localized in scenes familiar to readers of "Dr. Lavendar's People". The plots lack a certain freshness and conviction that the author bestows on her characters.

SAINT MAGLOIRE — Roland Dorgelès — *Doran.* Anatole France, who is indicated, might have done it differently in spots, but this account of a holy man in civilization has fascinating values of its own.

* MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* A charming and tolerant old lady watches life and adjusts it for those about her.

MARIFLOR — Concha Espina — *Macmillan.* The Spanish Academy crowned this tragedy of a free soul cribbed and cabined in a rigidly caste bound community.

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THERE IS CONFUSION — Jessie Redmon Fauset — *Boni, Liveright.* If it were not a serious attempt by a serious Negro woman to show another side of the color question, this book could be cast aside as amateurish propaganda.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* A soul sensitive to beauty finds it in a life of service — mother and son expertly contrasted.

NONE SO BLIND — Albert Parker Fitch — *Macmillan.* The so called younger generation against a very Harvard background.

THE MAZAROFF MYSTERY — J. S. Fletcher — *Knopf.* Fletcher's mastery of mystery is remarkable. This, his seventeenth novel of its kind, has all the freshness of his first one.

* HEIRS APPARENT — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A story of today's young people not active in, but touched by, the war.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Peace and happiness are found by the dancing lady in canyon shadows.

UNDREAM'D OF SHORES — Frank Harris —*Brentano.* Just what you always hoped Frank Harris would write if he only would.

FULFILLMENT — Elizabeth Newport Hepburn — *Holt.* A few second hand thrills excused by a monogamy plea.

HETTY GEYBERT — Georg Hermann — *Doran.* The Geybert family are the German counterparts of Galsworthy's Forsytes. A fascinating book of the Germany of a century ago.

RE-CREATIONS — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* Another heroine readjusts her life to the need of the sad old world to be made a little less sad.

MOTHER OF GOLD — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* A light romance of fabulous mines and fabricated romance.

TONY — Stephen Hudson — *Knopf.* In his last moments Tony develops something, perhaps the inferiority complex, and tells what's what and why in his own cynical way.

* LUMMOX — Fannie Hurst — *Harper.* A servant girl sees the life about her with strange clarity.

THE PITIFUL WIFE — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* The story of a wife's compromises to meet the vagaries of her husband's character.

RECOMPENSE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* A sequel to "Simon Called Peter". What happens to Peter and Julie in South Africa.

LA DAME DE SAINTE HERMINE — Grace King — *Macmillan.* The founding of New Orleans described with beauty, color, and charm.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* A primitive and a non-primitive lady struggle for the affections of a plain ordinary man.

* HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES — Ring Lardner — *Scribner.* Mr. Lardner tells us by writing superb ones. (*See page 601.*)

* THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE — Jens Anker Larsen — *Knopf.* A great adventure into the domain of experienced mysticism. The characters so act that their careers constitute a plea for a United States of Religion on the triple ground that there is a God; that God is altogether good regardless as to whether He is known as Our Lord, Allah, Brâhmâ, Jehovah, or what not; and that creedal sectarianism is the Devil's delight.

TOLD BY AN IDIOT — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* A story of family changes from 1879 to 1923 to prove that nothing ever changes.

TONGUES OF FLAME — Peter Clark Macfarlane — *Cosmopolitan.* What an anticlimax, a Sunday School ending for a red blooded tale.

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* A youth struggles for purity through the modern college atmosphere — not so pure.

MIRAGE — Edgar Lee Masters — *Boni, Liveright.* Sex stuff in Mr. Masters's best manner.

HIGH FIRES — Marjorie Barkley McClure — *Little, Brown.* The present day religious controversy personalized in a love story.

* RACE — William McFee — *Doubleday, Page.* Two interesting boys — their friendship and what life and love do to them. The clash of Latin and Anglo-Saxon temperament.

PANDORA LIFTS THE LID — Christopher Morley and Don Marquis — *Doran.* A

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dangerous radical occupying the chair of English literature in a select seminary kidnaps six daughters of the most fashionable families!

* THE COMELY LASS — Thomas Moult — *Knopf.* A tragedy of the Yorkshire coast that is exquisitely told. For authenticity of background and poetic feeling this novel deserves a place beside Hardy's rural idyls.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ROMANCE — Alma Newton — *Minton, Balch.* Odd fashioned, rather than old fashioned, with little spurts of theosophy.

* BREAD — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* A girl in business and her difficulties in adjusting life to the demands of business.

THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Here is "Abie's Irish Rose" without Abie. Delightful reading.

THE WRATH TO COME — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Mr. Oppenheim takes a fly at the Wellsian prophecy and writes a politico-romantic adventure set in 1950.

THE SHORELESS SEA — Mollie Panter-Downes — *Putnam.* A problem novel by a sixteen year old girl — as good as most and better than many.

JENNY THE JOYOUS — Cornelia Stratton Parker — *Harcourt, Brace.* Neither love nor passion can long subdue her brave joyousness.

ALL TO SEEK — Diana Patrick — *Dutton.* Like Everywoman, she sought happiness afar only to find it at her side.

THE DESERT'S PRICE — William MacLeod Raine — *Doubleday, Page.* Feuds and fights among western cattle — human beings do the fighting!

THE FORTUNES OF A HOUSEHOLD — Herman Robbers — *Knopf.* You would not expect to read "David Copperfield" in one sitting. Then no more anticipate hurrying through this translation of a picture of a Dutch family. It's very long, yet very fine.

WINE OF FURY — Leigh Rogers —*Knopf.* David Rand, American, becomes involved in the Russian Revolution. A fine tale and an exciting one.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The century and the costumes change but the sales go on forever.

MISTRESS WILDING — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* Monmouth's rebellion — with the usual Sabatini recipe for plot.

THE LONG ARM OF FANTÔMAS — Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain — *Macaulay.* A long, melodramatic release of a popular movie thriller.

RED SAND — T. S. Stribling — *Harcourt, Brace.* A gorgeously colorful romance with action in every line. The red sand is the sand of the bull ring.

EMPTY HANDS — Arthur Stringer — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Civilized people once again found in uncivilized lands — this time the Canadian wilderness.

COUNTRY PEOPLE — Ruth Suckow — *Knopf.* Authentic realism achieved in a reportorial piece of writing about the phlegmatic German-American farmer.

* THE MIDLANDER — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* A pair of contrasting brothers find life and love attuned to the contrasts.

FRAYCAR'S FIST — Mary Heaton Vorse — *Boni, Liveright.* Twelve very interesting short stories — but when you have said that you have said just about all.

* GOLD — Jacob Wassermann — *Harcourt, Brace.* No person who makes the slightest pretense of keeping abreast of the best in contemporary literature can afford not to read it now. Those who depend entirely on the classics will discover it sooner or later.

THE DREAM — H. G. Wells — *Macmillan.* A simple romantic melodrama complicated by social and satirical commentary.

* OLD NEW YORK — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Four romances of old New York of great artistry and interest. (*See page 590.*)

THRICE TOLD TALES — Selected by Blanche Colton Williams — *Dodd, Mead.* Stories that give the lie to, "You can't teach the art of the short story."

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* THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper*. Wins Pulitzer as well as Harper prize — might be called realistic historical melodrama well blended.

GOLF WITHOUT TEARS — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran*. A story, never before published except on a paving stone and a couple of bricks, of the Babylonian epoch, and of how golf was introduced into the kingdom of Oom by the captive from S'nandrew's.

* LEAVE IT TO PSMITH — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran*. This infectious humorist at his rollicking best.

ANN'S AN IDIOT — Pamela Wynne — *Stokes*. The complicated struggles of mother and daughter for the allegiance of one man — Indian plot complications.

TWO POEMS

By Thomas Kennedy

THE LITTLE WILD GIRL

ONE moment, the long stark line of the hill was bare;
The next, she drifted by like a small, bright cloud.
Beneath her floating feet, the tall grass merely bowed;
The wind made free with her dress and her yellow hair.

White, fluttering hands caressed the little trees;
Her eyes were swifter than rays of light at dawn.
She saw me watching — and suddenly was gone;
Only the long, stark hill lay bare in the breeze.

NIGHT DANCERS

THEIR quick feet pattered on the grass
As light as dewdrops fall.
I saw their shadows on the glass
And heard their voices call.

But when I went out hurrying
To join them, they were gone.
I only found a little ring
Of footprints on the lawn.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS —

Stanislavsky

ANYONE who is at all interested in theatrical matters will find this autobiography of the actor-director of the Moscow Art Theatre indispensable. It is honest, it is also entertaining. Filled with amusing anecdote as well as valuable artistic discussion and the details of his own life, it is one of the most illuminating books on the drama I have ever read. Take, for example, the chapter on "Tommaso Salvini the Elder". It describes Salvini's "Othello" with much power; Stanislavsky is as wise in his ability to analyze as he is in his descriptive passages. There is a good deal of Russian history told along the way in "My Life in Art" (Little, Brown). There is much advice to the actor, too, in this book, advice that American actors could well study. Many paragraphs like the following:

> The actor must first of all believe in everything that takes place on the stage, and most of all he must believe in what he himself is doing. And one can believe only in the truth. Therefore it is necessary to feel this truth at all times, to know how to find it, and for this it is unescapable to develop one's artistic sensitivity to truth. It will be said, "But what kind of truth can this be, when all the stage is a lie, an imitation, scenery, cardboard, paint, make-up, properties, wooden goblets, swords and spears. Is all this truth?" But it is not of this truth I speak. I speak of the truth of emotions, of the truth of inner creative urges which strain forward to find expression of the truth of the memories of bodily and physical perceptions. I am not interested in a truth that is without myself; I am interested in the truth that is within myself, the truth of my relation to this or that event on the stage, to the properties, the scenery, the other actors who play parts in the drama with me, to their thoughts and emotions.

Authors Remember New York

THOMAS BEER'S "Sandoval" (Knopf) is so well written, so sparkling, so subtle, so filled with quiet humor, that it is difficult to appraise it in any terms except those of most elaborate adulation. He writes better than Joseph Hergesheimer; his innuendos, while not of the same sort, are as clever as Aldous Huxley's; and for a certain impudent swagger Carl Van Vechten can scarcely be mentioned in the same breath with him. Occasionally I read a book twice. I am still rereading "Sandoval". Occasionally I lose my head over a book — and I have over "Sandoval". You will have to bear with this exceedingly emotional criticism, therefore, and I hope that you'll like the story as well as I do. Mr. Beer calls it a romance of bad manners. It is a story of old New York shortly after the Civil War. It is a story of an adolescent boy told by himself in after years, told, at first, with detachment and humor. Then, with the sweep of the telling, he becomes more and more enamored of the glow and color of his own youth, until he ends with paragraphs of almost lyric beauty. There is a real plot. There are fascinating minor characters, in addition to the Gaar brothers and the girl with whom they are both in love, in addition to the mysterious "Sandoval". Mr. Beer knows how to treat vulgarity without being vulgar, and he is never, for an instant, suggestive. His technique is sure and he is a superb stylist. How about this paragraph:

> My mother flamed from the house with seventy stars in her hair and lace im-

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measurably dancing on her salmon silk. Society had spoiled her gloves and carnelians slid on her bare arms.

Or this:

We turned westward along Sixteenth Street and a church amazed me by theatrical coloured globes on its front, and when we got down before the arch of Rupert's Hotel here were more coloured globes in a curve between yellow walls. The square garden wavered up and down to my awe in a lit stirring of people, and a man bounced on a great tambourine — a round platform, really — in the middle of many tables bawling out the chorus of "Naughty Girls" while an orchestra boomed the stale music behind him. The place heaved to my hungry excitement and tables of black iron were steady rocks in this surf. The hotel squirted waiters and their trays from a low door below a balcony that streaked the ochre brick, and my eyes mounted slowly to a second and a third long gallery before I saw the line of roof and the diminished stars.

The four stories, separately bound, constituting Edith Wharton's "Old New York" (Appleton), are in a very different manner — Mrs. Wharton's best manner, as a matter of fact — and they are among the finest things she ever has written. They are human, yet touched with an ironical note that is peculiarly satisfying. "False Dawn" (the Forties), while in workmanship it is flawless, is the most obvious of the four tales. Lewis Raycie and his wife are appealing. Here Mrs. Wharton strikes the note that links the four stories — the vulgarity of the rich and their blindness to the artistic. "The Old Maid" (the Fifties) is a masterpiece. It is a story of the warm human weaknesses and kindliness that lay under tight modes, codes, and manners, the story of two women and a girl bound by a strange tie, and the delicate adjustments of character involved. Mrs. Wharton tells it with clarity and superfine balancing of emotions. "The Spark" (the Sixties) is the tale of what the Civil War did to one young man, of his ill chosen wife, his patience with her, his quiet tolerance through life, and his final discovery of the man who greatly influenced his life. It is a piece of emotional writing bordered by most bitter cynicism. "New Year's Day" (the Seventies), while again obvious in outline, is superb in execution and in its handling of swerving emotion. Mrs. Wharton seems to let herself go on these novelettes; while she does not abandon her method, she lets shine through a warmth that is compelling. The tales certainly rank with her best work, and I suspect "The Old Maid" of being almost as good as — if not, for its kind, a little better than — "Ethan Frome".

Man Kitchenwards

LESTER and Mattie Knapp were not happy. Neither were their children. Mattie was the efficient mother, the bustling housewife.

Her voice was harsh and dry; but they all knew why. And she was quite aware of the silent glosses and commentaries she knew them to be supplying mentally. She pinned her roll of sewing together firmly. Nobody could put in a pin with her gesture of mastery. "My first duty is to my home and children", she said.

Home was a place in which one must move quietly and with absolutely cleanly feet. Lester Knapp was a failure at business. Then, Lester is overtaken by catastrophe, net-resulting in his being made a permanent invalid. Mattie rescues the household by becoming a fine business executive and this makes a different woman of her. Lester takes care of the children and learns to cook. Everything is merry, and as it should be, particularly when it is discovered that Lester will

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never be well enough to go back to work.

This domesticated male will be much talked about during the coming season. "The Home-Maker" (Harcourt, Brace) is as clever a piece of journalism as "Black Oxen", and not much more than that. There are splendidly drawn children in the book, which is shorter than Dorothy Canfield's other novels and more direct. It will be widely discussed, the publishers assure us — and they are right. To a persistent admirer of Mrs. Fisher's novels, it is a keen disappointment.

The People One Knows

HERE are two naive and interesting performances, "People You Know" (Boni, Liveright) by Young Boswell, with a preface by Harold Stark, and "The Social Ladder" (Holt) by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer (in collaboration with Frederic Van de Water). Both are products of snobbery — the one intellectual, the other social. Mrs. Van Rennsselaer regrets bygone days when social distinction *was* social distinction, but Young Boswell has no regrets, he simply wants to know and explore the minds of all the people who are doing things. This he does with what is really charming and naive egotism. His interviews are fresh, stimulating, eager. I think you will enjoy them. "The Social Ladder" is really a most readable performance. Its stories of old Dutch New York, its tales of coaches and balls, of customs and clubs, are delightful. There is nothing more interesting, in a sense, than snobbishness, and it is here with a capital S. Mrs. Van Rensselaer does not grant some of our most prominent families of the day real social position. She even misspells one of the most praiseworthy names, in mentioning it. She is a real aristocrat, and it is a joy to read her assured and secure periods. If there is anything in the world that I detest it is this attitude; but, curiously perhaps, I read every word of this book, which probably proves me subconsciously overcome by an inferiority complex, and a total snob. —*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"AMERICAN SOCIAL HISTORY AS RECORDED BY BRITISH TRAVELLERS"

Reviewed by Frank Swinnerton

THIS is one of the most interesting books I have read for a long time. It is interesting not only because of its theme and the quality of the extracts, but on account of the editor's perspicacity and his literary gift. For many years English travelers have been visiting the United States, and, when the visit was concluded, writing their impressions of America and the Americans. Now much of the criticism of any country is vitiated by the fact that no visitor to that country really knows anything about it; and if he persists in writing a sort of Count Smorltork volume of travel pictures it must considerably distress the inhabitants of the country. That has happened with the United States. Books and books have been written by English travelers; and books and books have been rejected by American readers. Mr. Nevins, however, has come to the aid both of Americans and of English travelers. With admirably concise and temperate introductions and connecting links, he has chosen the salient passages from various really entertaining books, and the whole gives a recognizable picture of phases of American life during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The book is of great merit. Not only does it present this picture. In addition it does, I think, clear the English visitor of a disagreeable charge — that he has always come to America to quiz and to find fault.

This charge was made to me several times during my own recent visit to the United States. I was assured that, unlike myself, other Englishmen had come with the purpose of finding fault. I thought not, and still think not. But of course any traveler used to one way of life at home notices differences abroad. In general it is characteristic of the human being to prefer what he is used to. I very much disliked, for example, American railway traveling; but I was checked very early in my journeys by overhearing (accidentally) an American man describing English railway traveling. What I preferred, he despised. That was a contrast that made me hesitate. Not all English travelers have so hesitated. They have come to the United States, and have failed to adjust themselves to the kind of life they found awaiting them. They have not liked the food, for example. I have heard Americans say they cannot eat English food. Well, I still shudder at the thought of a club sandwich. It is not a question of abstract quality, but one of taste alone. I like English, French, and Italian cooking, because I am used to it. Similarly, there are some dishes common in America to which I did not get used during my stay.

This has happened to previous travelers. They speak of their feelings in Mr. Nevins's book. They speak candidly. It is not with superciliousness (as some Americans suppose),

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but with candor. Mrs. Trollope, with one or two minor persons, is almost the only contributor to the volume who is rather outrageous; yet Mrs. Trollope is not so much English as Trollopian. I do not mean that there are not English people like her: there are. But they are as personally offensive to the English as they are to other nations. This is the great trouble with travelers, that they are judged not only as themselves, but as types of national character. Many times during my own journeys I was asked if I was *really* English, because I was not like the idea that had been formed of the English character. Pressed by myself to disclose the characteristics of the English, my informers always indicated superciliousness and indistinct, affected speech as prime English traits. How impossible to combat such a conviction! One man wittily remarked, "Mr. Swinnerton, like all the other Englishmen I've met, you're *not a bit like an Englishman!*"

Having read Mr. Nevins's book, I have altered my idea of the way English people have written of America. They have in general written in a very friendly spirit. They have expressed horror for certain things (such as slavery) to which no responsible American would nowadays give his support; and they have expressed distaste for other things which gradually have disappeared from the land. But for the most part they have been genuinely and excellently prepared to admire. Unfortunately a term of admiration never has, and never has had, the strength of a term of distaste; and the expressions of lack of sympathy have been remembered, and many good words forgotten.

There are some things which cannot be praised. Such things appear and reappear in the course of the recent volume. Of these the spitting of Americans is the most remarked; and it is to be noticed that expectoration is still far more prevalent in America than it is in England. I have heard men and women in America clear their throats as no men and women clear their throats in England. There must be a cause for it, and I do not "criticize", but I record the fact. Most of these English travelers have "recorded the facts". Some of them have gone further. The later ones have analyzed and generalized—sometimes very ably, but always with the reservation that they are speaking daringly of a great nation. For whatever the English traveler's impressions may be of the United States, that feeling is always present. The greatness of the United States is like the greatness of Britain. It is least realized by those at home. Moreover, I think no English traveler nowadays would deny that many American institutions are such as to move him to deep admiration. It would be too much to say that he is moved to envy, because Englishmen do very much love England, and they do not want to see England changed, although they are not so complacent about themselves or about England as many Americans imagine.

Read this book, and the truth will be apparent. Here is a book, full of amusing pictures, of interest, of quality; describing a civilization which is full of interest, quality, and pictorial value. It would be an exaggeration to say that Englishmen find themselves at home in America; but nowhere else in the world are they so much surrounded by those of their own kind. Not brothers, but cousins. As like and unlike as cousins. And as like and unlike as they have always been. One of the most amusing features of this book is that it shows how English visitors have always

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come up against a language that is their own and not their own, and how at first they have been slightly irritated and then have become tolerant of what Mr. Mencken calls the American Language. Equally, that they have come up against a people that is their own and not their own, so that they write of this people as they might write home about the ways and lives of blood relations. And I commend this book for another reason also. It may teach the Americans something about their own country. Not all Americans have seen as much of the United States as their visitors; and the book contains pictures which, written many years ago, are still recognizable by the traveler of today. It is altogether to be commended because it is in a high degree readable, and is thus a work of entertainment; while it also is a book of a kind to do more toward cementing the friendship of Britain and the United States than most books more obviously aimed at that target.

American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers. Compiled by Allan Nevins. Henry Holt and Co.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

OTIS SKINNER'S REMINISCENCES

By Alexander Woollcott

THIS is the last book review I shall ever write. For the editors of literary magazines are much too like those hostesses who put each guest in a handy pigeonhole and firmly keep him there despite all his feeble struggles to escape. Such a hostess turns to the sombre fellow on her left, murmurs "Engineer" to herself, and asks him brightly about Muscle Shoals, when, as a matter of fact, the poor fellow seethes with ideas about the later poems of Paul Verlaine. She turns to the playwright on her left and taunts him laughingly about the success of "Abie's Irish Rose" the while his mind happens to be engrossed with many fascinating facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

In this wise the editor of THE BOOKMAN passes by Ring Lardner's "How to Write Short Stories", which seems to me a masterpiece of truth and insight and flawless craftsmanship, before whose author all ink stained wretches should make obeisance. Likewise the editor, when thinking (however fondly) of me, does not by any chance suggest that I write a piece about "These Charming People", that mad and beautiful book by the Oxonian (and Armenian) Michael Arlen — a book which not even "Bunker Bean" nor Plato's "Republic" nor Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" nor Marcel Schwob's "La Lampe de Psyché" shall displace from my personal shelf. I could dance in the streets after reading "These Charming People", but that would necessitate an awkward and conspicuous descent from my pigeonhole. So I find myself reviewing "Footlights and Spotlights" by Otis Skinner.

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Fortunately my natural resentment does not so cloud my perceptions that I cannot see its manifold excellence. A stalwart actor of the old school, a battle scarred trouper thick with the dust of the road, has here set down the print of his remembrance. It is the good story of a good life, simply and agreeably told. It is almost the last of those reminiscences which have covered so thoroughly that golden time when a good director had a good company in a good theatre and, thus fortified, had the sense to stay there. It will be, indeed, the last of the Augustin Daly reminiscences, unless Clara Morris should take up the tale again or Kitty Cheatham write of the time when she played with Drew and Ada Rehan at Daly's Theatre. To be sure, there is always the danger that Willie Collier and May Irwin may burst into reminiscence. For who would put it past them?

In the Skinner tale, I shall remember longest two stray morsels of fact and memory. One is just the plain but somehow engaging fact that, when Otis Skinner was a freshman at the high school in Hartford, Connecticut, he looked up enviously toward the senior class, which had a dramatic club. And the star of that club was a lanky youth named William Gillette.

Then I shall remember long the account of that night in 1873 when John Wilkes Booth's trunk was delivered to his brother at the latter's theatre in New York. Edwin Booth bade his handyman wake him at three in the morning, and silently the two went to the cellar of the theatre and one by one consigned the contents of that trunk to the furnace. Thus the flames caught and ate the hauberk of Hamlet, the blue coat of Claude Melnotte, a girl's satin dancing slippers, a packet of letters in some woman's handwriting. Mr. Skinner tells the tale in the words of an old property man he knew, for this Garrie Davidson had been basket boy at Booth's Theatre and it was he who tended the flames that night in the cellar.

"Presently he [Booth] drew out a long, belted, purple velvet shirt, ornamented with jewels, and an armhole cloak trimmed in fur. Both garments were creased and worn in places. He sat down on the trunk with the things on his knee, and for a while he didn't move — just sat looking at the costume; then he broke down and cried like a child.

" 'My father's', he said. 'Garrie, it was my father's *Richard III* dress. He wore it in Boston on the first night I went on the stage as *Tressell.*'

" 'Don't you think you ought to save that, Mr. Booth?' I asked.

" 'No, put it in with the others', he said.

"By and by it was nothing but ashes. I felt as if I had assisted at a crime."

It was three hours later when those two came out of the cellar and it was years after the death of Edwin Booth that the basket boy told the tale to Otis Skinner. He has recaptured it with great skill, and those who compile the school readers for the youngsters of this land might look further and fare worse.

Footlights and Spotlights. By Otis Skinner. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A MISCELLANY OF SPORTS

By T. R. Coward

WITH the first buds of spring and the smack of the ball in the glove come books on fishing, on camping, on horses and dogs, on baseball, indeed, on all manner of sports. By the time summer is in full swing each year's output would make the start of a respectable library. The wonder is, not that most of the books are ephemeral, but that so comparatively many say so

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much that is worth the saying. From the most objective of all sports, baseball, to the most subjective, fishing, a hundred authors have written well.

This sporting year is particularly significant, marking as it does the first Olympiad since 1912 unshadowed by the wars of nations. That competitive sport offers compensation to the primitive in man for the lack of war, there can be small doubt, and now that the factor of personal combat has been eliminated to such an extent from modern warfare, perhaps it will do as well as any other panacea offered for the prevention of war. At any rate, the nations gather to do harmless battle, and whichever nation wins will probably have proved as much as the winner in a real war. If it is impossible to get the diplomats and the munition makers in the trenches by themselves — a hard task — why not decide national differences, not by guns and poison gas and such horrors, but by pitting the athletes of one nation against those of the other on the track and court and links? A Paddock for a Pershing; a Sweetser for a Sims!

Curiously enough, in this year of track and field importance there is not a single book dealing with any branch of the sport. Indeed, technical books on our more popular amateur games are notably absent. Not a new golf book of note has been announced by the publishers, despite the phenomenal growth of the game. No book on tennis, even by the prolific Mr. Tilden, has been published this year. But baseball, prizefighting, fishing, horses, dogs, and sailors have their chroniclers.

The love of fishing cannot be explained. Either you like the sport — and then it rivals love of women — or you don't and it is an unmitigated bore. For the rod enthusiast "Black Bass and Bass Craft" by Sheridan R. Jones will prove good reading. The bass is one of the gamest fish of all the fighters, and if there is better sport than a fighting fish at the end of a light rod, this writer is from Missouri. If you want technical advice on rods and bait Mr. Jones will give it to you, and much good bass lore besides. "Angling Adventures of an Artist", charmingly illustrated by the author, John Shirley Fox, is an entertaining volume of fishing tales bearing the stamp of considerable individuality.

A typical British production is William Allison's "Memories of Men and Horses", which is probably entertaining and instructive enough if one knows the great turf characters, human and equine, past and present, of the British Isles, but which is hardly for the casual reader on this side of the water. "Dogs and I" by Major Harding Cox, the well known sportsman, contains all manner of material about the breeding and showing of dogs. Being a true Englishman, Major Cox regards the fox hound as the noblest work of God in the canine world, but his heart has room for many other breeds. The book is full of good anecdotes and stories. The author's recommendations to his government during the war for the proper control and breeding of dogs, make interesting and suggestive reading. Another good book is "The Greyhound and Coursing" by Adair Dighton. A deal of it applies only to those who intend to breed and race greyhounds, but the accounts of the various champions and their coursing matches are exciting.

Edward Anthony's "Razzberry!" — the bleacher's cry of derision — is an amusing though uneven performance. The bleacher dispute with the "Old Timer" is a gem. "Fundamentals of Baseball" by Charles D. Wardlaw

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is pedagogic in tone and pretty elementary; most ten year old kids on the sand lots would scorn it. For those who like tramping "Shanks' Mare" by Charles Coleman Stoddard is recommended, and for the sailor "A Fisherman's Breeze", the log of the "Ruth S. Martin" by A. Graham Mills. The golf maniac will probably split his sides over P. G. Wodehouse's collection of amusing golf stories, "Golf Without Tears", while Samuel Scoville, Jr. writes for the wild animal lover in "More Wild Folk".

The prize ring still grips the public imagination as no other sport. For one person who has heard of Walter Hagen or Tilden there are a thousand to whom Dempsey is a personal hero. Trevor C. Wignall gives us "The Story of Boxing", a fascinating book. Mr. Wignall does not fall into the error, so common to many Englishmen, of ignoring this country. But as he writes entirely of heavyweights that would be a difficult feat, since the great John L. first strode forth from Boston. We should like a little more about the smaller fellows. And Stanley Ketchell was a great deal more than "a really good middleweight".

Grantland Rice sums up the past sporting year in "Sportlights of 1923", a handy reference book, lightened by description and verse, which may well become an invaluable annual.

Black Bass and Bass Craft. By Sheridan R. Jones. The Macmillan Co.
Angling Adventures of an Artist. By John Shirley Fox. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Memories of Men and Horses. By William Allison. Brentano's.
Dogs and I. By Major Harding Cox. G.P. Putnam's Sons.
The Greyhound and Coursing. By Adair Dighton. Brentano's.
Razzberry! By Edward Anthony. Henry Holt and Co.
Fundamentals of Baseball. By Charles D. Wardlaw. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Shanks' Mare. By Charles Coleman Stoddard. George H. Doran Company.
A Fisherman's Breeze. By A. Graham Miles. Brentano's.
Golf Without Tears. By P. G. Wodehouse. George H. Doran Company.
More Wild Folk. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. The Century Co.
The Story of Boxing. By Trevor C. Wignall. Brentano's.
Sportlights of 1923. By Grantland Rice. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE VOGUE OF THE POPULARIZERS

By Kenneth M. Gould

THERE is in the periodical press and in publishers' book lists of the day a rising tide of "popularization of science". A new profession emerges — that of mediator between the mental habits and vocabulary of the man who knows the *rerum natura* and those of the man who does not know, or perhaps, more accurately, of the man who knows something else — bonds, say, or soap making. These middlemen may be scientific originators themselves (vide William James, Beebe, Fabre), though, if they are, they seldom have time or inclination to devote themselves to a popular audience. More rarely they may be men of letters (Maeterlinck, Wells). But the creative writer is not wont to forsake his legitimate domain for a second hand authority. In the main they are a distinct species — the synthetic minds as opposed to the analytic, who are sufficiently initiated into the mysteries to know their way about, but who will never themselves be first rank contributors to the advance of research. Is their function therefore inferior to those of the great practitioners in either camp? Is this tendency toward a democratization of technical knowledge merely another of the snares of mediocrity? Possibly. But we know

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that such men are necessary to our happiness. We know that we cannot live in this specialized world without a corps of interpreters at our elbows. And many thinkers, like Professor Giddings or Professor Robinson, contemplating with alarm the widening chasm between the minority of superior minds who are in a measure conscious of the nature and interrelations of the universe, of matter and energy, of organic life, of man himself, and the compact majority who are impervious to these things, see in some bridging of the gap, some filtering down of insight, some socialization of exact science, a strait but imperative path away from catastrophe.

None of the popularizers has been more successful than Dr. Edwin E. Slosson in capitalizing the human-interest value of science. Himself a chemist by profession (his best known work is "Creative Chemistry"), he combines first hand authority in this field with a universal interest in the other sciences, and with a sympathetic grasp of literary modes. For many years he was literary editor of "The Independent", and his book in collaboration with Dr. June Downey, "Plots and Personalities", lays bare some of the mechanics of popular fiction. As director of Science Service, he exercises a profound influence both on the scientific world and the wider public.

Dr. Slosson's latest book, "Chats on Science", is a potpourri of eighty five short articles, previously syndicated through the newspapers, which reveal his method and his appeal. They are catchy of title, lucid of diction, fertile of allusion, and astonishingly ingenious of illustration. They bring all manner of complexities down to the level of everyday "chattability". In his "Einstein primer" (one of Dr. Slosson's hobbies) he has actually written a description of the theory of relativity in words no one of which is more than one syllable long. This is a gymnastic *tour de force* which proves that simplicity is not always synonymous with clarity. Some of his other Einstein papers — on the deflection of starlight in the solar eclipse photographs of Dr. W. W. Campbell, and the curvature of space — are more edifying.

An analysis of the subject matter of the chapters throws some light on Dr. Slosson's predilections. By a very rough classification (which I should not like to have to defend in detail) they group about as follows: general or historical science, 20; chemistry, 18; physics and mechanics, 13; medicine, hygiene, bacteriology, and physiology, 11; biology, botany, zoology, and agriculture, 11; psychology and psychiatry, 4; astronomy, 3; philology, 3; geology and physiography, 2. The general sketches are mainly disarming preachments to the laity on salvation by scientific method. Throughout the papers Dr. Slosson throws his spotlight upon the creative figures of science or letters. Such moments are the stories of Kekulé, and how in a semitrance he hit upon his ring formula for the benzene molecule; of Byron's blunders in prediction; of Franklin and the two forms of electricity; of Dr. Spaeth and his "iron nerves". The patina of antiquarianism encrusts many of Slosson's pages. He has delved into forgotten documents and is never so happy as when exposing some irrational opinion of the past, often with a satirical twist on the complacencies of the modern mind. On occasion there crops out a vein of ethics. It is the popularizer's justification for translating science into the vernacular:

"The eugenist says to the infatuated youth, 'That girl is no fit mother for

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your children.' And he answers, 'What of it? I want her.' "

Science can supply the facts, says Slosson. But it is not her business to thwart the abuse of poison gas or the waste of natural resources. Religion must supply the motive.

The Slosson of Great Britain is John Arthur Thomson, regius professor of natural history at Aberdeen University (not to be confused with Sir Joseph John Thomson, the great Cambridge physicist). Professor Thomson's four volume "Outline of Science", following in the wake of Wells's "Outline", has put within the reach of many thousands of English speaking readers the "stuff of respectable thinking". In his new book, "Everyday Biology", one of Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf, he returns to the field of his own study — natural science. It, also, is a collection of papers from periodicals.

"Everyday Biology" would not qualify as a college text. It aims to inculcate what might be called the biological habit of thought in the average man. Life, it says, is a unity, marked by the same properties that distinguish it from the inorganic on each successive plane from the unicellular animalcule, through the metazoa, mollusca, vertebrata, aves, mammalia, and primates, to Homo Sapiens. The "irritability" of the sponge is of a piece with the sensitivity of the receptors in the nervous system of man. The stoking of the human engine with predigested fuel generates the same process of oxidation that takes place in the amœba: one merely utilizes more highly organized fodder than the other. The book would be an ideal tract for the heathen sunk in the degeneracy of Bryanism, could they be induced to read it. It should be impossible for any halfway honest and literate person to read this primer without a consciousness that man is made of the same dust as every other living thing, that his higher powers of speech, conceptual and abstract thought, and control of his environment are different only in degree, not in kind, from those of creatures he is pleased to look upon as "lower". The book attains this effect without exhortation or assertion. It is simply a statement of known facts about living matter and its behavior. Its language is that of the farmyard, the trout stream, the kitchen, the shop, assuming no background but that of interest.

If there were needed arguments for the essential truth of the laws of heredity, nothing more convincing could be adduced than the family history of the biological prophets. The genius of the Darwin-Galton-Wedgewood tribe is well known. The family of Darwin's great interpreter, Thomas Henry Huxley, deserves equal publicity. His son Leonard is a distinguished classical scholar of Balliol and St. Andrews. The third generation consists of Aldous, creator of "Crome Yellow" and "Antic Hay", and his elder brother Julian. Julian Huxley is compounded of about equal parts of biological student, man of letters, and social philosopher. He lectures at Oxford, but was for several years on the faculty of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

His "Essays of a Biologist" transcend the realm of elementary fact and venture forth into the wilderness of philosophic speculation, though always within the capacity of the general reader. Progress, religion, sex psychology, the hierarchy of the social sciences, and relativity are typical of the themes that attract him. Each essay is preceded by an original Huxley poem, revealing a pretty talent for lyric feeling, subtle irony, and a

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feathery touch in subjects ordinarily thought insusceptible to versifying. Traces of the academic paraphernalia appear in footnote references and bibliographies.

The quality of Mr. Huxley's ideas is not so profound as it is inclusive. He is alive to the best thought in the files of time, from Socrates to Jung. He is fortunately aware that creditable scientific work has been done in countries other than England. He speaks for no sect or ism. He belongs, in fine, to that engaging but seldom realized category of "humanist".

Huxley's fundamental passion is for a spiritual rationalism. The modern disciplines have made untenable to most scientific men such long established concepts as a personal God. Huxley would hasten, rather than hinder, the pruning process. But he is conscious of values the loss of which would impoverish life. Religion has escaped the bounds of prayer, sacrifice, "conversion", ritual, and communal worship. Much of its service to man is being realized by increasing numbers through cognate experiences — love, the arts, intellectual discovery. Science must construct the intellectual scaffolding, the common vehicle, for the religion of the future. But the human species is yet near the beginning of its evolutionary career, and man has before him vast tracts of time to set against the vastness of his tasks.

The acid test of the worth of all this predigested knowledge lies, as Slosson has suggested, in conduct affecting the future of the race. It is no serious dilemma to decide between alternating and direct current as the more desirable for a particular electric circuit. No emotions are involved, no latent instincts, no prejudices (though this could not have been said when alternating current was first introduced in the Nineties). The process is mathematical. But when the individual, in his intimate relations, or as arbiter of group destinies, is called upon to apply the same scientific temper, both technique and sentiment break down. Albert Edward Wiggam has the courage, in "The New Decalogue of Science", to take the average "practical" type of man, in the guise of an anonymous statesman, stand him in a corner, and compel him to face the implications of psychobiological science. Mr. Wiggam has not the attainments in science of Slosson, Thomson, or Huxley. But he knows biological literature, and his pen is vivid, entertaining, and provocative. Readers of his article in "The Century" for March, 1922, on which the book is based, will be interested to see how it has proliferated. The "Five Warnings" and the "Ten Commandments" of science have become as many stalwart chapters, cemented by ethical entr'actes. There is much effusive encomium of Glenn Frank, Raymond Pearl, and others who happen to have coincided with Mr. Wiggam's notions of what a great statesman or scientist ought to be. The one page letter from Mr. Shaw, dragged from him by main force and witheringly answered in twenty pages, adds nothing to the argument, and its printing is in questionable taste.

But I am far from wishing to appear destructive of Mr. Wiggam's effort, for the book is the most stimulating and salutary discussion of eugenics that has appeared since Johnson and Popenoe's "Applied Eugenics". Further, Wiggam sees the industrial problem realistically in the spirit of Carleton Parker, Whiting Williams, and Arthur Pound. He knows that art is a prime essential of life. He is a modified Nietzschean, but against war. His three chapters on the duty of phil-

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osophical reconstruction get further toward finding a clue to the modern labyrinth than whole libraries of academic philosophy.

On the main thesis — that heredity is "the chief maker of men" — it is permissible to raise a few queries, however sympathetically one views Mr. Wiggam's position. First, the agreement among students of the genetic sciences on these questions is by no means so perfect as Mr. Wiggam appears to believe. If we could call all his authorities in convention, they would break up in chaos without formulating a practicable program. Politicians, employers, and workingmen should go to school to modern science, he says. And in the same breath suggests such opposite mentors as, on the one hand, Bateson, Davenport, and Frederick Adams Woods; on the other, Walter Lippmann, Bertrand Russell, J. McKeen Cattell, and Thorstein Veblen — environmentalists extraordinary! He uses Havelock Ellis freely to substantiate some of his points, without admitting that Ellis would throw out half his unqualified Weismannism. Even among the biologists, a moderate like Guyer or Conklin can scarcely be said to see eye to eye with Edward East and Thomas Hunt Morgan.

Like most professional eugenists, Mr. Wiggam is long on generalization, short on ways and means. Granted that his diagnosis of civilization is accurate, that his "duties" are worthy heuristic principles, what, specifically, shall we do to bring about a differential birth rate in favor of superiors? Mr. Wiggam has no definite suggestions. Birth control may help in the lower strata. It is not helping in the upper. The thrust of economic and psychological pressure is against the best interests of the race. The givers of the "New Decalogues" must give us more than categorical imperatives.

Chats on Science. By Edwin E. Slosson. The Century Co.
Everyday Biology. By J. Arthur Thomson. George H. Doran Company.
Essays of a Biologist. By Julian S. Huxley. Alfred A. Knopf.
The New Decalogue of Science. By Albert Edward Wiggam. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

LARDNER TELLS SOME NEW ONES

By Thomas Boyd

WHY we laugh is of little moment so long as we do laugh, but the cause of our contemplative mood is, perhaps, of more importance. For laughter is a nervous reaction whereas contemplation employs the mind. Therefore, it would be of greater interest to discover why we are silent and thoughtful after we have read Ring Lardner's recently published volume than to seek out the reason for our mirth.

Each Sunday Mr. Lardner amuses millions of people; critics have praised the accuracy of his American vernacular, the sharpness of his satire, and the spontaneity of his humor. But scant attention has been given the bearing these qualities have upon his stories. People ask: "Does Ring Lardner talk like that? Is he always such a circus?" The critics say: "Yes, he has satire, but it is often misdirected; he hasn't complete control of it." And Mr. Lardner, whose own grammar is faultless and whose manner is shy, serenely continues to write of the things he hears and sees and feels and to make his readers share these experiences.

By itself, his practised illiteracy is

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unimportant except as it contributes to the wealth of Americanisms. But in clothing his stories this vernacular creates a perfect style, less melodious than Moore's, less colorful than Cabell's, less conscious than Doughty's, yet fully as agreeable and perhaps not so tiresome as that of the last two named. For Mr. Lardner takes his characters from the great mass in which he, himself, is rooted. Each is a sharp separate entity to him, not representative of a type but of humanity. He understands his people as Galsworthy understands the English upper middle class. And instead of their minds' becoming his the condition is reversed and the flow and stem of those curious, misspelled, misapplied words round out his creations marvelously. Thus he is enabled to write such a story as "The Golden Honeymoon" in which every word, every abbreviation is a revelation of this old man — past seventy — who goes south for the winter with his wife. It is a simple and unique story, having a complete existence in itself. A lifetime is summed up in those few pages which would be barren if written in any other way; those short sentences, added as though they were afterthoughts; that record, so minutely kept, of the arrival and departure of the train; and the confession, "I used to pitch a pretty fair shoe myself, but ain't done much of it in the last twenty years."

Then there is "Some Like Them Cold" with its boastful beginning and the sure tapering down to the end, enshadowing abandoned hopes and dulled desires. Not literally, it tells of a man and a girl on a treadmill, seeking to rise from it, but being drawn more firmly to it in their attempt to escape. It evokes a greater feeling of the uncertainty of existence and of active sympathy than all of Charlie Chaplin's pathetic shoes.

Save one, all of the stories are amusing. That is "The Champion" and it reads as if it had been born under a cloud of indignation. Like Arthur Morrison's "Mean Streets" it strikes too rudely upon the senses. It is veracious enough, but that very honesty results in a lack of verisimilitude at the close. This objection may be only the posture of "seeing life steadily and whole" over again but yet, as in O'Neill's "All God's Chillun", the raw stuff of the study is so offensive to inherent prejudice that a sense of drama is bound to follow even if the author, toward the end, had his characters throwing custard pies. But "Horseshoes", "A Frame Up", "The Facts", "Alibi Ike" and, assuredly, "Some Like Them Cold" are for laughter as they are being read; though they leave you silent and thoughtful long after the merriment is gone.

How to Write Short Stories (With Samples). By Ring W. Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR DEBT TO THE CLASSICS

By H. L. Pangborn

IT is a truism to say that the vital elements of most of our modern literature, art, philosophies, religion, and — one may almost say — science, are rooted in the thinking and the achievements of the ancient Greeks; and that our politics, law, government, and finance derive chiefly from Roman experience. But it is difficult to demonstrate that fact to anyone who is unable to read the ancient originals or who is not equipped for first hand study of comparative literature. No translation is ever entirely adequate. Even the stumbling, fragmentary acquaintance of the average

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college student with the classics is better than the best translation. "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but why call it Homer?" It is true that we have advanced greatly beyond Pope's method, in such admirable versions as those of the Loeb classics, but the difficulty remains. There is still need of interpretation of the ancients and of explanation of our relations to them.

The series of monographs issued under the general title of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" aims to meet that need, its primary purpose being to show the continuing influence, throughout the ages, direct and indirect, of Greek and Roman thought, and to connect it with the thinking of today. The undertaking is in the hands of competent scholars, and most of the score or more of volumes already issued are highly successful; some of them, such as Professor Abbott's "Roman Politics" and Dr. Henry Osborn Taylor's "Greek Biology and Medicine", being works of scholarship of primary importance, of value to the expert as well as to the inquiring layman.

The chief benefit of the undertaking, one ventures to hope, may be in the stimulation of the study of Greek in the schools, as a result of the possible enlightenment of parents and school authorities. There has been, recently, a very marked trend in that direction at some of the colleges; in one case the unexpectedly large registration in Greek courses nearly swamped the faculty. But the American practice of "beginning Greek" in freshman year is a manifest educational ineptitude. A deeper lying reason for some hope of a Greek renaissance is the growing consciousness that modern scientific, rational thought cannot live in an atmosphere of mediæval mysticism but must go back to Greek clarity, precision, and freedom of thinking for its metaphysics. It is still more obvious that the literature and art of tomorrow, if it is to represent the spirit of a rational, scientific age, will find its models in Athens rather than in Gothic romance.

The excellent study of Euripides by Mr. Lucas, who is a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is a model of what the work of such a *liaison* officer should be. It does not attempt too much; it is rather a whet to the appetite of the reader than a full statement, but it does give a surprisingly comprehensive view of the life and work of Euripides, of his tremendous influence in antiquity, his emergence during the Middle Ages and in the neo-classic period, and, especially, his immediate, primary value to the reader of today. Of course, he is the most "modern" of the dramatists: Mr. Lucas's task was easy compared to that of Professor Lane Cooper (of the Cornell faculty) in the attempt to expound Aristotle's "Poetics", yet Professor Cooper has attained clarity in the treatment of his very thorny material. He does well to emphasize, as his main point, that the "Poetics" is of the greatest value as an "antidote to anarchy in criticism".

Dr. Kent is professor of comparative philology at the University of Pennsylvania. He is somewhat hampered by the severe limitation of space in a treatment of the debt of English to Greek and Latin, and by the need of much detail by way of illustration; but he amply proves his case, and he has also made an astonishingly readable book out of rather refractory material. His concluding chapter, demonstrating what happens if you try to make "Latinless" English, is maliciously neat. The plain truth is that not one writer in a thousand is capable of writing "good English" if he is ignorant of Latin and Greek. That is

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demonstrated in every daily newspaper, in most magazines, and in a vast majority of books.

To interpret Catullus, the "poet's poet", was also a difficult undertaking, since he is peculiarly "antique" in thought and feeling. But Professor Harrington (of Wesleyan University) succeeds in showing his fundamental humanness, and in explaining something of his consummate art, though, as to that, acquaintance with the original remains necessary for full appreciation.

Euripides and His Influence. By F. L. Lucas. Introduction by R. W. Livingstone.
The Poetics of Aristotle; Its Meaning and Influence. By Lane Cooper.
Language and Philology. By Roland G. Kent.
Catullus and His Influence. By Karl Pomeroy Harrington.
In the series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome", edited by George Depue Hadzits and David Moore Robinson. The Marshall Jones Co.

POETIC HARVESTS

By John Donelson

HERE are four books of poems by women — and one by a man. In this case, the man leads. David Morton's "Harvest" shows him again to be one of our finest sonneteers. Forty five in all, these sonnets are of an even excellence and a sure beauty more mature than that found in Mr. Morton's earlier volume, "Ships in Harbour". His rhythms are soft, his colors are soft, and his thought is quiet; but individual lines stand out and build to fine, effective poems. Take this sestet, for example; it is memorable:

The moon comes like a lover from the hill,
Leaning across the twilight and the trees,
And finds them grave and beautiful and still,
And wearing always, on such nights as these,
A glimmer less than any ghostly light,
As women wear their beauty in the night.

Or another:

And one, remembering with them, other days
When he had come to her and gone again,
Her beauty by him in all desolate ways —
He will be silent, having learned by then,
There is no word that men may give to fame,
For what the heart knows better than a name.

Helen Hoyt's revelatory poems of feminine passion, of love and regret, tell their own story swiftly and with some degree of beauty. They are quite different from any love lyrics we have had recently in America. They are more frankly physical than those of Edna St. Vincent Millay, yet in spite of that they are sprung from a more conventional viewpoint. Miss Millay writes of light and passing loves with cynicism or quiet remembrance; Miss Hoyt's is one deep and all effacing love. Her book contains excellent lyrics and excellent lines.

Dorothy Dow's "Black Babylon" is less mature than Miss Hoyt's book; but it has a nice eagerness, an ability to note the unusual object or emotion and to catch it in a phrase. Those of her poems that are best as writing are apt to be those that are most conventional in thought and rhythm. Her book is cleverer than it is profound; but there are lovely, youthful things, of much promise.

In "The Crimson Cloak" Lois Montross, she of the "Town and Gown" collaboration, turns poet. Here is verse filled with ideas and with spirit; but it is, much of it, very conventional both in form and in thought. Mrs. Montross has found no real poetic expression. Her work varies from sentimental lyrics to attempts at dramatic realism. There are single lines worth quoting, stanzas

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—but the poems do not gain their own effect either singly or as a book. Their author undoubtedly has a poetic gift; but it seems to be scattered and uncontrolled in this first volume.

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth is more difficult of discussion. She has much equipment that no one of the other poets discussed possesses; but she lacks the one thing, curiously, that they all possess in spite of their faults — a singing line. Miss Coatsworth has ideas and a gift for piquant description. I should think that she would write splendid prose. I quote one poem from "Atlas and Beyond" which I like very much indeed, but which seems to me to be filled with the rhythms of prose. It has no patterned rhythms. It is not really free verse. It can be scanned; yet it is rough. Miss Coatsworth seems to me to be a writer of distinction, not yet a poet.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

I see him passing slowly down the pages
In crazy armor on a scarecrow horse
More gaunt, more mad, with every passing day
Peopling the wastes with giants and magicians,
And in the peasants of the bare white towns
Finding the stuff for queens and knights and ruffians.
I see him buffetted by unknown fates
And quite material hands, standing amazed,
Unflinching in the universal laughter.
And envying him his wild serenity
I close the book, believing he was wise
To slough his hum-drum life, put on his armor,
And let old Rosinante pick his path
Into some new chimerical adventure.

Harvest. By David Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Apples Here in My Basket. By Helen Hoyt. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
Black Babylon. By Dorothy Dow. Boni and Liveright.
The Crimson Cloak. By Lois Montross. Boni and Liveright.
Atlas and Beyond. By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth. Harper and Bros.

BREAD AND FIRE

By Louise Morey Bowman

BELOVED FRIEND,
I write this verse to you
As if it were a letter I could send.

It seems to me sometimes my heart slips through
The purple barriers between us two,
And finds again your fire, your sacred bread:
Their warmth and wholesome sweetness. . . .
Fire and Bread!

Beloved, these symbols nourish Life anew. . . .
You are not dead!

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

CORRA HARRIS called the Psalms of David a "singing autobiography". We cannot at the moment think of a better way to describe her own "My Book and Heart" (Houghton Mifflin). Like the stories in "A Circuit Rider's Wife", this personal account is torn from the very fibre of her homespun existence, and it possesses her rare scriptural exaltation tempered by unfailing humor. In a mischievous instance, she admits that it has all been "cheerfully expurgated", but readers will not find her evading those crises of life in which the soul quails before the awful realities of existence. So closely webbed are the substance of the book and its form that it is impossible to divorce style from the incidents recorded. Like her personality, Mrs. Harris's idiom is wise and witty; like her life it is warm and vital with a marvelous shuttle of images that sparkle with the freshness and charm of homely actuality. For the reminiscences of a woman whose work has taken her often into the camps of the literati and their publishers, this chronicle is singularly devoid of the usual chitchat about writing personalities. As we read the sprightly and tender account of her spiritual meanderings, we have a growing belief that Corra Harris is far more interested in the heart than the book.

In these degenerate days when the chain newspaper and the news and feature syndicates have made American journalism perilously monotonous, it is good to have flourishing among us one form of personal journalistic effort — the "column". "The Bowling Green" (Doubleday, Page) is a kind of monument to one of these columns. It is an anthology of verses contributed to the column of that name founded by Christopher Morley in 1920 in the New York "Evening Post". The verses, selected from the column's "clients" by Mr. Morley, include the work of several writers of eminence — Hilaire Belloc, Stephen Vincent Benét, William Rose Benét, Vachel Lindsay, John Macy, William McFee, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Genevieve Taggard, and Elinor Wylie — and follow, in the main, the antiquarian and bookish interests which identify Mr. Morley and his "kinsprits".

Herbert Adams Gibbons is not the first to cite Washington's Farewell Address as the basis for America's foreign relations. Interpretations of the words of the Father of his Country vary — and in "America's Place in the World" (Century) the author throws his own light on the speech delivered in Fraunces's Tavern. Isolation is a position which Gibbons regards as growingly untenable. On the other hand, to enter a League of Nations he regards as dangerous until we have cut our diplomatic eye teeth. A wary participation in international affairs, with a reasonably far sighted self interest as our avowed aim, is what he urges. America has overestimated her moral influence, and the value of her disinterestedness. We have become partizans of that nation and this, regardless of where our own advantage lay. But such a summary must make Mr. Gibbons's reasonable and plausible book seem dogmatic and overassured. As a matter of fact, it presents an ex-

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cellent analysis and solution of a problem America must work out.

A very special prize should go these days to the young writing man who is not ridden by the urge to be cynical or smart. Alec Waugh's "Myself When Young" (Brentano) is a wise and humorous book of such a young man's thoughts on cricket, love, literature, London, and — more cricket. To us the charm of the English pastime can never quite justify so many pages devoted to its praise. But we are reminded, at the same time, that Heywood Broun's raptures over Babe Ruth would doubtless be equally incomprehensible to an English reader. To say that Mr. Waugh's style is smooth and delightful is to underpraise it. Journalistic writing, hasty, amusing, and sometimes brilliant, but too often assembled with little time for form, has largely displaced the familiar essay. We are grateful, therefore, that this form has come into its own again in such expert hands. Perhaps, too, the author's ability to put a story together has lent to some of these sketches the added intimacy of fireside tales that have a rambling, meditative quality. The word "confessions", used to describe the book on the jacket blurb, is misleading in that these revelations of a young man's heart and mind are never guilty, though couched in the idiom of sophistication. It is a keen, wideawake sophistication, much to be preferred to the weary world-knowledge of the younger generation.

The canon to the effect that an author should be as facile in the art of omission as in that of inclusion seems ever too bitter a pill for the ailing recorder of personal experiences. "Adventures in the Near East" (Dodd, Mead), by that doughty English soldier Lieutenant Colonel Rawlinson, runs to 353 large pages. Condensed with some selective skill to about 250 small ones, it might become an exceedingly interesting and informative exposition of the delicate problems that England has been attempting to solve in those restless regions around the Bosphorus. That it could, with any amount of revision, become something more than an exposition, remains highly doubtful. The author has been at some pains to give his alarums and excursions the poignantly intimate touch; in so doing, he has succeeded only in impairing the value of the work as an historical document. For the rest, it throws revealing light on Near Eastern geography and the Terrible Turk's inhumanity to man.

J. E. Spingarn, literary critic, controversialist, æsthetician, and ardent exponent of the philosophy of Croce, comes before us with a mildly surprising volume of "Poems" (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Spingarn's verses are as dextrous as a disciplined intelligence can make them, and they breathe with a livelier, if not a purer, flame than the austere *Lux et Veritas* of the scholarly ideal. Full blooded, frank, and jaunty as he is, however, Mr. Spingarn seems even in his best moments to translate emotion, passion, sensibility, into what is, after all, various states of intellectual excitement.

Despite the example of Lincoln and Disraeli and a number of others, it is not every successful politician who is capable of expressing himself with even a gleam of literary quality. But Premier J. Ramsay MacDonald of England proves an exception to the rule. In his biography of his deceased wife, "Margaret Ethel MacDonald" (Seltzer), he displays a beauty of style and

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of sentiment that at places verges on the poetic. Such gorgeous patches, it is true, are not to be found on every page, for the greater part of the book is devoted to matter of fact exposition; but there are some passages that are memorable, as for example when Mr. MacDonald observes with picturesqueness and feeling:

> The uncertainties of life and the vanity of men are often proclaimed by an edifice that is crumbling before it has been built. A confusion of broken pillars, of grass-grown courtyards where the foot of the possessor never fell proudly, of rooms never sheltered from the wind and the rain, of windows through which only the yellow dead moon has shone, of silence where there was to have been gaiety and feasting — such are the home and the temple that it is the fate of many men to leave behind them.

Hilaire Belloc is interested in distinctions. "My thesis is that the New World is wholly alien to the old", he says in his book of new reflections upon America, called "The Contrast" (McBride). Obviously, Mr. Belloc isn't about the tasks of the Anglophile. What he is about is the compilation of impressions and reflections upon society, politics, literature, and geography. "The Contrast" is too fluid, too easily journalistic, to have caused Mr. Belloc much labor. But if it is a light book, it is not a bad one. Mr. Belloc is too accomplished a craftsman for that! It is, rather, an affair of pippins and cheese in which Mr. Belloc (purporting to be addressing his countrymen) really talks over his shoulder to us about that most interesting topic — ourselves.

A large part of the American music loving (i.e. opera going) public is interested primarily — and breathlessly — in the personalities and private concerns of musicians; and musicians, in turn, are quite willing to capitalize their personalities and private affairs. The periodic result is a "life" of this or that soprano, indistinguishable from the life of any other were it not for the name and the photographs. Maria Jeritza is the latest object of interest, and "Sunlight and Song" (Appleton) the latest of the "lives". For so and so many pages Madame is all that a public character must be — successful, generous, forgiving, humble, and wholly innocuous. In this one sees that she is also quite ingenuous, and presumably the most interesting parts of the book were not written. Madame's obiter dicta on matters extra-Jeritzian are most charitably not quoted.

Between 1878 and 1881 Lafcadio Hearn was an assistant editor on the New Orleans "Item". Some of the newspaper articles he wrote during that time have been gathered in "Creole Sketches" (Houghton Mifflin). The fifty or more pieces are of a varied character — odd and rather stilted essays on a multitude of topics, dialect conversations, songs and street cries in the Orleans patois, editorials, recipes, and even a review of Cable's "The Grandissimes". There are a few wood block illustrations, drawn and cut by Hearn himself. It is seldom enough that the early journalistic pieces of even the most famous have sufficient merit to make their perpetuation justifiable on literary rather than documentary grounds. It is a real tribute to the genius of Lafcadio Hearn that these pieces are worth reading for their own sake.

This time it is the editors of "Vogue" who have compiled a book of etiquette. They seek to present not only "Etiquette's commandments, but Etiquette's philosophy", and take pains to state, for the benefit of the skeptical,

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the reasons underlying such of custom's usuages as are based on reason. The chapter on "Speech and Its Vulgar Refinements" might well be taken to heart. As for "The Unmarried Man in Society":

> He must not allow his good nature (if he has a good nature) to leave him helpless in the clutches of lovely ladies who insist upon his doing things he can not or should not do, like playing for higher stakes than he can afford or taking beauty to places where beauty has no business to go, but insists on being taken.
>
> . . . the gayest Cavalier might easily say: "My dear fellows, I'd be with you like a shot if I could afford it; no one loves play more. But I have not a penny to jingle on a tombstone."

No gentleman, we learn, "permits himself to drink to excess, nor to be ever in the slightest degree intoxicated before a woman". Careful scrutiny of the corresponding chapter on "Bringing Out the Daughter" fails to reveal a similar injunction for the young lady of today. We suggest that this equal rights amendment be incorporated in forthcoming editions of "Vogue's Book of Etiquette" (Condé Nast).

Upton Sinclair often lays himself open to ridicule and, unlike most reformers, is sensitive about it. This is a pity, because though he is often wide of the mark most of those who make fun of him are as incapable of his abilities as they are of his capacity to feel. Mr. Sinclair really *cares* about things; he hates injustice, poverty, and suffering, and, believing the capitalistic system is responsible for these evils, he goes for it tooth and nail. His latest book "The Goslings" (Sinclair), a companion volume to "The Goose-Step", is an inquiry into our secondary schools which, according to the author, are the prey and instrument of Wall Street, grafters, and professional one hundred per centers. He is probably wrong in a hundred details, but perhaps not entirely so in his conclusions. American opinion is becoming dangerously regimented and the suspicion sticks that the schools, both public and private, instead of encouraging independence of thought and individual search for truth, are laying down dicta which teachers and pupils question at their peril.

A good thesis doesn't always make a good book. Indeed, their purposes are quite diverse, and often inimical to each other. For example, Alexander Kaun's critique, "Leonid Andreyev" (Huebsch), is ineffective as a book at precisely the points where it is strong as a doctor's dissertation; it is copiously annotated in several languages, minutely indexed, and carried off with the profound pedestrianism of the modern literary specialist addressing his fellows from the rostrum, say, of the convention hall of a learned association for the promotion of Slavic scholarship. Mr. Kaun — and this is our quarrel with him — has not emended his book sufficiently for general circulation. It still smacks of the fine chirography of fat packs of library cards, of bibliographies, and of the august committee which inquired into Mr. Kaun's mind before certifying its soundness and erudition. It's a pity!

Most critics of the drama retain, side by side with a keen perception of the beauty of stage values, a quick and accurate knowledge of the dramatic in everyday life. And no phase of existence exhibits such a continuous first night quality as the human comedy of the tourist. In "The Three Fountains" (Scribner), Stark Young contemplates certain comic nuances of the Anglo-Saxon character abroad in the Continent, and perceives with a whim-

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sical and often profound penetration the true nature of the Latin. He has observed satirically how the average tourist misses the significance of beauty with almost uncanny accuracy. These people do not suffer from what his delightful "Monsignore", in the sketch "County Matters", calls "the weakness of the long vista, the malady of horizons". We have a notion that too few of the critics themselves are afflicted with this disease, which has, by the way, left the author with so satisfying a background for his æsthetic interpretation. There is much of Italy here: colorful studies of places and people. There is something of Spain, and a great deal of England and America — on tour, of course. And through the book runs a sympathetic picture of the Latin mind subtly contrasted with the Anglo-Saxon, all done in Mr. Young's characteristic, finely chiseled prose.

"A biography is that form of history proper which relates the facts and events of individual experience." While most biographies fall far short of this definition, William Sloane Kennedy, in "The Real John Burroughs" (Funk, Wagnalls), writes "the whole truth". Mr. Kennedy and Burroughs were friends. While he gives the naturalist full credit for his remarkable achievements, he also calls attention to his mistakes, his failings, his failures, his prejudices; his differences with Long, his friendship for Whitman (with whom he worked as a fellow clerk in the United States Treasury Department in Washington); his admiration for Roosevelt, his jealousy of Thoreau. The book has interesting illustrations — some of them amateur; it is well indexed for ready reference and contains an æsthetic study of "The Nightingale", the only thing of its kind in English literature, written at the request of Burroughs. There are also favorite poems and early prose writing of that grand old man.

"A Miscellany of Sense and Nonsense" is an appropriate title for the collection of choice bits from the writings of Jerome K. Jerome, selected by the author (Dodd, Mead). The book ranges from the most ludicrous and delectable nonsense to wit edged with a sharp point and covering a substratum of hidden meaning; it contains fantastic tales, amusing character sketches and caricatures, and comic and whimsical comments on things in general, from cats and dogs to marriage, from vanity to babies, from fishermen to camping excursions. Altogether, it makes delightful reading not entirely without substance, and will appeal to that large body of readers who have found entertainment in Mr. Jerome's previous books.

De Maupassant has suffered in our country as a college erotic. Added to this he has never had a competent translator, nor a decent edition. The publisher Knopf has decided to remedy this state of affairs, and if the other volumes are up to the mark of "Yvette" he will deserve well of the reading public. The brilliant Ernest Boyd is the editor and translator, and his part is almost more than first rate. The press work and binding are worthy of possibly the finest short story writer that ever graced this modern world.

In a small volume of 207 pages Anne Carroll Moore, the director of activities for children in all the branches of the New York Public Library, and recognized authority on children's books in America, gives us "New Roads to Childhood" (Doran). Miss Moore is optimistic about children's literature;

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she furnishes many instances of well known adult writers who are producing artistic "juveniles". One of the "Roads" in this new collection leads through the David Copperfield Library in England, recently placed in Dickens's boyhood home. Such a charming road does Miss Moore picture, that reading of it will make any grown up wish to start at once back along this route. Always Miss Moore insists that the best illustrators, the greatest poets, the cleverest cartoonists, the subtlest playwrights, should give only of their finest productions to the little "fathers of men". She has an unusual gift for inspiring and stimulating the best of us to take pride in writing for children.

"The East Window and The Car Window", by Bert Leston Taylor (Knopf), expresses a strain of reflective sentiment quite as delectable as the famous columnist's astute and versatile humor. Fragments of the American scene are framed in the Car Window with somewhat strained jocularity. Through the East Window one glimpses a rarely beautiful country of the mind, finely patterned and thoroughly cultivated. In this section "B. L. T." writes with appreciative discrimination that is both sincere and delicate, of nature and the stars, of poetry and music. The essays are like tiny bottles of an exquisite and potent essence. They are very brief and of a lustrous clarity, and doubly effective because their thoughts are quietly harbored in perfect simplicity.

"Culture and Democracy in the United States" by Horace M. Kallen (Boni, Liveright) demolishes the melting pot theory and explains, while it defends, the hope of cultural pluralism, which is based on the cooperation of free and varied groups, unassimilated and unified only by the ideal of democracy. The history of the dislike for hyphenated Americans which the native American of British ancestry today nurses is traced lucidly and comprehensively; it forms an interesting recapitulation of the development of the United States. The chapters dealing more exclusively with literary manifestations of the American spirit are neither so vital nor so clear; they obscure, by conjectures, attacks, and comparative trivialities, Mr. Kallen's original excellent statement of his interpretation of *e pluribus unum*. Redundancies are inevitable; but the book is remarkably free of academic tedium and propagandist rhetoric. Its contention, moreover, deserves serious thought and approbation.

Edward W. Bok confers a distinction upon himself and the "Great Hollanders" series of short historical handbooks he is editing, by issuing again Frederic Harrison's "William the Silent" (Scribner). This little book exhibits admirably Harrison's faculty for clarity and simplification in presenting a complex historical (or literary) subject. It has, too, that added interest which attaches to a last opus — Harrison died shortly after having put this book in its final shape.

Unlike many theatrical reviewers, mere journalists who sweep their swiftly gathered judgments into the great hopper of public curiosity, James Agate, staff critic of several London periodicals, considers himself an artist. He believes in thinking and writing carefully, even fastidiously. But for some strange eccentricities and affectations of approach that somewhat interfere with the balance of the whole, his book, "At Half-Past Eight" (Rich-

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ards), would be a real work of art. As it is, these reprinted critical essays are stimulating, epigrammatic causeries covering a wide range of dramatic experience that includes "Punch" and the music hall as well as Barrie and Ibsen.

"The Best Poems of 1923", selected by Thomas Moult and decorated by Philip Hagreen (Harcourt, Brace), is an anthology gathered from American and English periodicals. Although there is a wide differentiation in temper and treatment, most of the poems are standardized in content and conservative in form. The utterance of the comparatively older poets is fresher and more vital than that of the serious minded and too imitative newcomers. Competence and pleasant but uninspired conventionality prevail; echoes of individuality and lyrical beauty are few. The work attains a fair average of merit, but it approaches distinction only in its technical aspect. The book is very attractively bound and printed, and the decorations are so many grace notes of a demure and charming gaiety.

Nothing new can be said by this reviewer of "L'Assommoir" by Zola (Knopf). Havelock Ellis, in an article originally published in his "Affirmations" which here serves as an introduction, says beautifully and to the point about all there is to be said of the novel's rugged author. As literary art the book is lacking in a hundred details, but its amazing and tremendous vitality transcends its obvious limitations. The translation is good and, like the other volumes of the series, is finely bound and printed.

"Where and How to Sell Manuscripts", compiled and arranged by William B. McCourtie (Home Correspondence School), is a classified directory, Who's Who, and social register of literary markets; a guidebook and book of etiquette and knowledge for writers. Though it is neither infallible nor all inclusive, its inaccuracies are yet very slight, and the most regrettable omission is failure to state the rate of payment of the various periodicals. Magazines, newspapers, class and trade publications, British and Canadian markets, publishers and producers are listed in appropriate groupings and their several wants succinctly reported. Copyright, authors' rights, and general rules are expounded. Whether the book prove a tome of impractical fascination or a mine of potentially lucrative information depends on the individual's use of it; it is, at any rate, an invaluable storehouse where facts are neatly shelved and easily accessible.

Dependable treatises on "Practical Musketry Instruction" and "The Visual Training of the Soldier" have proved for John C. Goodwin no mean approaches to his third and fourth books, "Sidelights on Criminal Matters" and, now, "Insanity and the Criminal" (Doran). Detailed, in the main dependable, readable, *distant* (fortunately for our national bigotry these inquiries probe into England's sores, not ours), the volume presents a minimum of statistics, a maximum of appropriate — many of them even illuminative — anecdotes. Here is a book for any "layman" of sufficient intelligence to recognize that we as a nation, too many of us, undermine Constitutional amendments right and left; find traffic in drugs (and oil, etc.) too personally profitable to give o'er; and with much smug satisfaction selfishly acquiesce in our national inclination to persecution rather than education and cure (if possible) of our

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criminals, pacifists, revolutionaries, "social misfits" in general (we group them all as one looming impediment to our personal comfort and success). No more technical than necessary, as frank as necessary too, more in the manner of the public speaker with no particular ax to grind than in the manners of statisticians, the usual Freudians, and noisy reformers, this inquiry carries an excellent if unspectacular punch for all of us no longer our brothers' keepers.

Even aside from the valuable glimpses it affords one into the author's spiritualistic views and his interpretation of spiritualistic phenomena, "Our Second American Adventure" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Little, Brown) is interesting as a narrative of travel and as a record of the impressions and observations of a keen sighted Englishman upon a tour of America. Sir Arthur expresses unreservedly his opinions regarding American traditions and institutions, regarding cities as far separated as New York and San Francisco, San Diego and Vancouver, regarding the jails of Chicago, the motion picture studios of Hollywood, the advantages of baseball over cricket, the scenic grandeur of the redwoods; altogether, his book will be found to offer not a little interesting information along with much entertaining narration.

Perhaps Hilaire Belloc's name does not suggest to the majority the austerities of the sonnet so much as other more wayward manifestations of his Happy Muse, and yet Mr. Belloc has given this form the place of honor in a volume wherein are collected all of his poems which he wishes to preserve except the priceless jingles of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" and similar works. "Sonnets and Verse" (McBride) begins with a series, rather than a sequence, of thirty one sonnets, all in solemn and sometimes exalted vein, except the last three which, although they are the delightful ones beginning, "The world's a stage", a more finicking editor would have set by themselves. The opening sonnet, presumably a favorite with the author, strikes the classic note, and the customer has only himself to blame if he mistakenly reads a touch of Bellocian rakishness into the first line:

> Lift of your hearts in Gumber, laugh the Weald.

Poems lyrical, didactic, and grotesque, songs, ballades, epigrams, and the longer piece "The Ballad of Val-Es-Dunes", furnish forth a generous and representative volume. Mr. Belloc's task will be easier when he collects his cautionary tales for the young. He should be permitted, or forced, to include them all.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Three new books in the May fiction list! Two in the general!! This is the first time in many months that there have been as many as five new titles to record among the preferred reading of library borrowers. Things are looking up.

"Lummox", of course, was sure to break in. Fannie Hurst has reached the stage where she must always be reckoned with when popularity is the test. Sabatini's swashbuckling romances reflect a movie-ish speed which would insure them the favor of the younger set in the circulation department at any time, and especially since the filming of "Scaramouche". And Rose Macaulay seems, if the library reports are the criterion, to have a following among American readers which is shared by no other English woman now writing, not excepting Elinor Glyn. How long ago it seems, the time when the only woman novelists who could be said to have widespread popularity in America were all English!

The only surprising thing about the appearance of "Galápagos" in the general list is that it didn't show up in the March or April reports. With its pictures of fantastic creatures and the current general interest in popular science it is irresistible, while its high price drives many who would otherwise buy it to borrow it from the library. The same highly stimulated scientific interest, unsatiated apparently by the "Outline", accounts for the growing demand for the "New Decalogue". — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Call of the Canyon	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
4.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	LIVERIGHT
5.	Told by an Idiot	*Rose Macaulay*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Bread	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
7.	Lummox	*Fannie Hurst*	HARPER
8.	Mistress Wilding	*Rafael Sabatini*	HOUGHTON
9.	The Midlander	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	Never the Twain Shall Meet	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
4.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
5.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
7.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
8.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
9.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
10.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

I was irritated by Floyd Dell's article in the May BOOKMAN. Whether you will be interested to hear what I have to say or not, I do not know, but my own honesty and peace of mind demand that I get my thoughts out of my system.

It just happens that, two weeks ago, I read Emerson for the first time, grateful to any whom it may concern (although I suspect it a matter of accident) that I was not fed him by the teaspoonful at the age of fourteen or so. In his superficial treatment of his subject, it seemed to me that Mr. Dell made it painfully apparent that his subject was greater than he. Who is he to patronize Emerson, to pat him on the head with a "There, there, Ralph, not so bad, old boy. You're almost in style, you know. But no use getting so 'het up'; — you won't be 'in it at all' a generation from now; then you'll be 'tame stuff'" ?

Perhaps I am too close to my own reaction, which I take too seriously, to be fair, but I felt that, although he meant his interpretation to be sympathetic, Mr. Dell became too pleased with himself to be deeply enough concerned with Emerson.

To me there is a colossal arrogance, a kind of divine impudence of spirit about Emerson which yet fails to arouse indignation because it is so just. He is great. He recognizes his own inherent spiritual strength. How could he have helped but recognize it? Without apology, he reckons with it, takes it for granted, and expects others (of any quickness of perception) to do the same. He does not discuss it, defend it, or try to prove it; he asserts it, as one stating a self evident fact. When he says, "If I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil", he is asserting again his absolute sureness of this inherent spiritual strength. What others called it —"the Devil" or "God"— made no difference to him. Why should it have?

Emerson fails to antagonize the sensitive reader, I think, because the reader has not far to read before he realizes the nobility of the mind which is recording itself. His definition of genius is very true of himself — "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men, that is genius." Therefore he speaks out his own thoughts with a burning eloquence born of his absolute sincerity. This eloquence is bound to stir the youth of all times by its fervor.

It is not that rebel youth wants to follow a guide who says to it, — "Go to; follow your own impulses; do as you please. Let the world 'go to the Devil', say what it will." It is to the eager idealism of youth that Emerson appeals. They will never turn to him for an excuse for license. They are his ready followers, for he preaches the overthrow of hypocrisy, and voices a plea for truth.

> I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true.
>
> Nothing is at last sacred, but the integrity of your own mind.

He believes implicitly in the dignity and fineness of man, and with a comprehensive generosity is inclusive in his statements: —

> In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.
>
> . . . for all men have thoughts whereof the universe is the celebration.
>
> The great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Is it any wonder he wins youth to him? They trust his sincerity; they respect and understand his aloofness; their own ideals receive from him the breath of confident life.

He uses ordinary words, but words which to others are but dead leaves tossed idly by the wind, are swept up by him in the tremendous fire of his sincerity. There is about his prose a great purposeful energy, caught alive and held in a sure repose. I have found no other form of expression that has given me the same sense of satisfaction, except the sculpture of Rodin.

Sincerely yours,
FLORENCE S. SMALL.

DEAR SIR:

In your May issue "Simon Pure" in "The Londoner" emits a piercing miauw on the subject of a review he alleges I wrote of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Riceyman Steps". I am depleted by a lecturing tour in your vast country; I am perhaps not naturally bright; but I have never written anything quite so silly and vulgar as the review that "Simon Pure" ascribes to me. "Miss West", says "Simon Pure", "after beginning her review with encomiums upon the beauty of the female body, settles down

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to Elsie." I began the only review of "Riceyman Steps" I wrote (in the January "International Book Review") with the opening paragraph:

"There is an idiosyncrasy about the work of Mr. Arnold Bennett which is an idosyncrasy also of many modern practitioners of the graphic arts. Frequently today one finds a painter who is flatly incapable of making a beautiful subject anything but obscenely ugly, but who can make the ugly the basis for a work of the most delicate and abundant beauty. Give such a one some classic type and symbol of the beautiful, say the nude female body; he will produce a lumpish, one-coloured warning against eating bread and potatoes. But give him a clinker heap in the foreground, three smokestacks in the foreground, and a tramp leaning against a wall in the middle distance, and he will produce the most convincing assurance that since form and color can look like this and this, life is worth living."

I leave you to judge how far this can be justly described as an (by implication irrelevant) "encomium upon the beauty of the female body". But "Simon Pure" goes on to say: "And her objection to Elsie is that Elsie no longer exists. She is something belonging to olden times, Miss West says. Erudite Miss West! She has studied the servant problem, and she knows that good, disinterested servants are creatures of the past." He continues with an air of having recently discussed me with my discharged cook over the back garden wall; though this I know to be impossible since I have no cook and no back garden. "There are some people who discover all the worst qualities in servants, and some who discover all the best; and so it happens that the word 'servant' means many different things to many different people . . . Perhaps Miss West has never enjoyed good servants. . . . I shall not introduce Miss West to my own servants . . .", and so on.

I feel sure, sir, you will be surprised to read what I actually wrote of Elsie.

"But the real subject of the book comes later on, in the character of Elsie. This slatternly young woman in the cooking apron is a Madonna; in her bosom she houses like a babe whatever aspect of beauty can be discovered in the sordid life of which she was a part. She is a victim of the misers' passion; they make her live in cold rooms by grudged candlelight and dole her out starvation rations. The account of her maltreatment is indeed preposterous. There has been no English servant since the war who would endure such conditions, but here we stumble on the invincible disposition of the novelist to describe as contemporaneous the conditions that existed in his youth and childhood. Mr. Rudyard Kipling described in 'Soldiers Three' a type of soldier that had disappeared from the English Army at the time he wrote, but which nevertheless he may have observed when he was a child and the English Army was by twenty years nearer the heroic and uncivilized traditions of Wellington's time. Mr. Bennett has done exactly the same thing in describing a servant of today as being subject to conditions that were swept away in the war, when the call for women's labor in factories forced the employing classes to pay the servant adequately, and the separation allowances and high wages raised her and all other workers' standard of food. Nevertheless, this is the only flaw in a magnificent achievement."

"Simon Pure" has, it will be seen, totally misrepresented my attitude. I pointed out — what any servants' registry office superintendent in London will tell you — that Mr. Bennett represents the misers as giving Elsie wages and food that they could not have offered any normal adult since the war. "Simon Pure" alleges that I declare that "good, disinterested servants are creatures of the past", and deny the possibility of Elsie's sweetness of character, and more than hints that I have come to that conclusion because of the acidity of my own. In other words, he turns a perfectly definite and substantiable accusation against the accuracy of an author he likes to logroll into an innuendo against the disposition of an author he happens to dislike. This seems an unpleasant way of leading the literary life.

Yours, etc.,
REBECCA WEST.

DEAR SIR:

Who is Hamlin Garland that he can say what is good literature and what is not? Who am I that I can declare that Joseph Conrad is good and that Zane Grey is a waste of time and that publishers who will accept a story of the Zane Grey type in preference to one of the Joseph Conrad type are panderers to a lower taste? If my stenographer (who by the way is not a "half assimilated European" but an American girl with a good New England name) could not get a MacFadden publication to read does it then follow that she would be reading sketches from the Contributors' Club in "The Atlantic Monthly"? Are those in control of our present day trade bulletins committing any greater sin than to put more effort into the campaign which Hamlin Garland admits the magazine editors of 25 years ago were pushing to in-

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crease their circulation to 200,000? Is not the sin more of degree than of principle?

Yes, Mr. Editor, it looks as though the author of the first article in your May BOOKMAN has put himself into the same class with the all knowing Mr. Sumner, with this difference, that he is attempting to say that he is the judge of what is real literature, but the taste of the great mass of Americans is not to be trusted. He has further tempted us to ask how many writers of 1890 (name the ones of that date who are still read please — and the commercial publishers have not suppressed their works either) will be remembered 100 years hence as compared to the ones who are writing in 1924. What is wrong with the literature of today? Plenty. We do like our Emerson, our Longfellow, and our Hawthorne but how many of us would read Howells and even James were they as writers of 1890 writing today?

Yours very truly,
CLAUDE L. PEAKE.

TO THE EDITOR:

In a recent number your Gossip asks that readers list the ten books that have influenced their lives most. Here is my list:

1. The "King James" Bible
2. Robert Browning's poems
3. Shakespeare's plays
4. Palgrave's Golden Treasury
5. Carlyle's Sartor Resartus
6. Emerson's essays
7. Longfellow's poems
8. Grayson's Adventures in Contentment
9. Dickens's David Copperfield
10. Woodrow Wilson's speeches and other papers, 1912–1919

I wish he had taken his readers into his confidence, had been more specific in naming his titles and in telling why he named them. I want a peek *in*. Here is what I mean. I put the Bible first in my list, and the so called King James Version of 1611, because of its moving poetry; although the later versions have gained a little in scientific accuracy, in translation, and in modernness of diction, they have, for me, lost more in poetry. Again, the Old and New Testaments have influenced me somewhat differently. I like the eloquence and sure power of Moses and the prophets; I like the deep rhythms and the quiet greatness of the primitive narratives and the histories; I like the idyllic love and poetry of the Song of Songs and of Ruth, I like especially the lyrical grandeur and elevation of the Psalms. I like the stirring drama of the New Testament, as one moving piece of action around its central figure the Hero; who, though stabbed in the third act, like one Julius Cæsar, dominates in spirit to the end of the play. And will, I think, to the end of the human drama, the world being the stage! I like the Hero, His quiet, simple dignity, His will power and self control, — His winning qualities. I like the Gospels for their transparent story, for their mirror of men and of life of all time, for their satisfying philosophy of life.

I put Robert Browning second in my list. But I do not like the whole of Browning. I like "Paracelsus" and "Pippa Passes"; I like the "Dramatic Lyrics", nearly all, and there are forty six of them. My favorites of the "Dramatic Lyrics" are: "The Lost Leader", "Cristina", "The Lost Mistress", "Meeting at Night" and "Parting at Morning", "Evelyn Hope", "Love Among the Ruins", "Up at a Villa — Down in the City", "Saul", "One Way of Love", "The Guardian-Angel". I like the play, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon". Of the twenty four "Dramatic Romances" I especially like nine: "My Last Duchess", "Count Gismond", "The Glove", "The Italian in England", "In a Gondola", "The Last Ride Together", "The Pied Piper of Hamelin", "A Grammarian's Funeral", "The Statue and the Bust", and for good measure I put down a tenth, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came", for part of the time I like it, sometimes when I think I know what it is all about and sometimes when I am sure I do not know what it is all about.

Of the twelve poems in "Men and Women" I like these five: "An Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish", "Fra Lippo Lippi", "Andrea Del Sarto", "The Bishop Orders His Tomb", "One Word More". Of the twenty poems in "Dramatis Personæ" I especially like only these four: "Abt Vogler", "Rabbi Ben Ezra", "Prospice", "Apparent Failure". Then there is the long poem, "The Ring and the Book", a whole volume in itself. "The Ring and the Book"! Here is a poem, rightly understood, to match the greatest of the great. And then there are a few short pieces I like here and there among the later poems, which I will not mention here.

I must again disturb the bones of Mr. William Shakespeare. For here your Gossip again fails me. I cannot see why anyone, on this side the River Styx, should gulp Shakespeare whole, any more than he should another author whose work is as unequal in merit as that punning piffle "Love's Labour's Lost" and the unrivaled "Lear", to mention two plays. For me, Shakespeare chiefly exists in the rollicking romantic comedies, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", "The Merchant of Venice", "Much Ado About Nothing", "As You Like It", "Twelfth Night", and the autumn romances "A Winter's Tale"

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and "The Tempest"; in the comedy histories "1 Henry IV", "2 Henry IV", "Henry V", which present in epic trilogy the fortunes of Prince Hal, and that other prince, of comedians, Jack Falstaff; and in the eight glorious tragedies "Romeo and Juliet", "Julius Cæsar", "Hamlet", "Othello", "King Lear", "Macbeth", "Antony and Cleopatra", "Coriolanus".

And, h-m-m-m- ahem! who does not relish the wit of "The Merry Wives" and the crash of the tamer of "The Taming of the Shrew"!

It boots me little to enter my praise of a book that needs none. I will remark only that I like "The Golden Treasury" so well that I have worn out three copies! I like the poems in books One, Two, Three, except two and a half, and in book Four I like in particular the poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. I've changed my mind, I will call names in the first three books, too. Shakespeare, as ever, comes first in this Treasury, his rollicking lyrics more than the sonnets. Philip Sidney I should mention, Thomas Campion, of all others Robert Herrick, Andrew Marvell, Robert Burns, Thomas Hood, and the lovely poems by the well known Mr. and Mrs. Anonymous.

Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus", or so to say, his "Inward Ho!" I like a pounding pen, and Carlyle's volcanic rumblings and Hebraic discharges at "these dastard new times" is enough for the most bellicose. This little volume contains the biography and the history of the pugnacious in all persons, and in it — egotistical individual that I am! — I like to think I see my own biography and my own history. This is why I like it.

Emerson's essays. Not all of them. Though as a rule I do not know what Emerson is about, I think I "get the connection" better in these: "Gifts", "Friendship", "Self-Reliance", "Compensation", "Heroism", "The American Scholar", "Nature", "The Over-Soul", "Uses of Great Men", "Plato the Philosopher". The "connection", you ask? I mean what the good English lady meant when, at the close of one of his lectures on Plato, she came to Mr. Emerson and asked:

"Mr. Emerson, would you mind telling me the *connection* between your lecture and Plato?" She had listened with patience and all the intelligence she possessed, and was plainly disturbed at her failure to penetrate the lecture.

"Madame," Emerson replied, full of assurance, "the connection is God!"

Longfellow's poems, especially "Hiawatha", "The Courtship of Miles Standish", "Evangeline". Years ago when I first came across "Hiawatha" I read it day and night, and when I fell asleep I still rocked in the ever recurring rhythms. These lines rang through the night:

> Homeward now came Hiawatha
> From his hunting in the forest,
> With the snow upon his tresses,
> And the red deer on his shoulders.
> At the feet of Laughing Water
> Down he threw his lifeless burden;
> Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
> Than when first he came to woo her,
> First threw down the deer before her,
> As a token of his wishes,
> As a promise of the future.

In response would come these, to me then, inexpressibly sad lines:

> "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
> Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
> All my heart is buried with you,
> All my thoughts go onward with you!
> Come not back again to labor,
> Come not back again to suffer,
> Where the Famine and the Fever
> Wear the heart and waste the body.
> Soon my task will be completed,
> Soon your footsteps I shall follow
> To the Islands of the Blessed,
> To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
> To the Land of the Hereafter!"

A little later "Evangeline", then "The Courtship of Miles Standish", came into my hands. I thought they were the most beautiful poetry I had ever read. I read them and reread them as a precious find. Their sweet stories and beautiful language haunted me wherever I went.

David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment" came to me very much later. As it happened, I was born and reared on a farm, and though I had had many feelings and notions respecting the country, I had not given form and expression to them, and until now no one else had for me. What this book did for me was to say in clear tones what I had felt and thought many times, what I had not said, could not quite say, for myself!

Dickens's "David Copperfield" used to be for me a very great book, is a great book yet, but not now so great as others, say Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina". I used to think that "Copperfield" was not merely a story of a few dozen Englishmen of the author's time, but somehow a picture, a great painting, of humanity everywhere. I saw the world in his story, the comedy, the pathos, and the tragedy of it all. I was a part of it, a very insignificant part it may be, though a part nevertheless. The whole was very big and very great, and led to I knew not where, but it was going somewhere!

Woodrow Wilson's addresses, papers, and speeches. I wonder if one should speak of Woodrow Wilson's writings so soon. For years I had heard the word "politician", and somehow those who spoke it always connoted something that was not what it

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should be. A politician, I learned, was somebody with dark shades about him, and yellow if you could see through the darkness. Later I heard Mr. Wilson deliver two somewhat formal university addresses, one on Lee's birthday, in 1909, the other a commencement address, in 1911. And in both of these my former friend the enemy, politician, crept in. But here was a man who had great respect for politics, who distinguished sharply between politicians and politicians; he was convincing, he was eloquent, and he was pointing somewhere. And it seems to me now, after it all, that one thing Mr. Wilson has done is to distinguish sharply between politicians and politicians, that in his own life and usage he has elevated politics and politicians of one sort, and by contrast, has lowered the standing place of politics and politicians of another sort, by so much. He has done it through the written and spoken word. In his speeches and papers, wherever I read, I find beauty and poetry and idealism, in such purity as one may find in the writings of one or two other statesmen only. If one wants the poetry of politics, let him gather for his library the speeches and papers from 1912 on to the end of Mr. Wilson's career.

J. LAWRENCE EASON.

THE TREE

By Dana Hill

WHEN the winter winds
Race over the ground,
Drunk with cold and strength,
When the granite rocks
Hide in the deep snow,
The tree is there,
Alone on a high hill,
Combing the icy gusts
With grinding frozen boughs.
Or,
When the gentle winds
Slide across green fields
In a summer sun,
The tree is there
To wave cool shadows
Over the thirsty grass.
The tree is there,
Etched against a moonlit sky,
Singing hush, hush.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Soil and Soul

IT is no mere accident that Knut Hamsun has written two altogether different novels in the title of which the word "soil" occurs: "Shallow Soil" and "Growth of the Soil". For Hamsun is a profound student of the human soul. He knows that there is an immediate connection between the soul of man and the soil of the earth. Indeed, we all should know that the soul is to man what soil is to the earth, with this difference: the one is on the outside, the other on the inside. The very existence of a soil proves that the area covered by it has gone through long years of experience during which vegetable matter has come forth and gone the way of all life holding substances. And show us a mortal man of whom it can be said that he has a soul, that is, a soul that makes him stand out not merely from his fellow men but from, say, crows, and we shall show you a man who has experienced things, who has lived, and whose life has left its spiritual deposit.

This theme is forced upon me by the translated books before me. In four of them the souls depicted are the immediate creation of the soils across which their human holders made their pilgrimages through life. I begin with "The White Ship", this singularly virile collection of eighteen short stories that takes its title from the last tale of the lot. It is the first batch of creative literature to have come to us from that little Baltic province which we know as Esthonia, and which managed to slide away from Russia a few years ago.

The author, Mrs. Aino Kallas (I see no reason for following the absurd custom of John Galsworthy and millions of others to the extent of calling this good woman "Madame" merely because I chance to be unfamiliar with the Finnish word for "Mrs."), admits that the "majority of the stories" are based on actual facts. I speak of it as an "admission", for these are terrible tales. The sole comfort to be derived from them, apart from their unquestioned literary merit, is the comfort that comes from knowing that the conditions herein set forth no longer obtain. This, however, is a colossal consolation, for they did obtain up to February 24, 1918, when Estonia — as Mrs. Kallas's translator spells it all the way through — gained its independence and set about becoming the truly flourishing republic that it is today.

In each of these tales — six of which John Galsworthy has singled out for special commendation, though I (due probably to that independence that seizes upon the mind of any of us when some critic tells us what to read) found others that I felt were better — there is proof of the contention that these episodes could not have happened elsewhere, and would not have happened in Esthonia had it not been for the peculiarity of Esthonian soil. By this I mean not merely the loam that covers the upper crust but what in default of a more original term might be called the lay of the land.

I choose for illustration the one entitled "A Love Story". Laur loves Maret and she him. But Laur is hired by the Vicar as his coachman,

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who in time forces him to marry Epp the maid because of an indiscretion. Years pass. Maret takes a position with a chemist. One day, Epp calls and says Laur wants to see her; he is dying. Laur tells Maret that he has never loved any woman but her; she makes a similar confession and shows him the flowered shawl and the ring which he had given her in lovelier days. Laur dies, and Maret, having rejected suitors without end, is now eighty years old, unmarried, gouty, alone, and ready to "leave this world and its vanities whenever God in his wisdom sees fit".

Smile who will, but lives of this kind are lived only in a land where the country life is disciplined as it was in the parish of Kärla, Esthonia, until a few years ago. This is a farm story. When Laur married Epp, Maret's hair fell out, when she combed it, "as hay clings to a rake". The birch and juniper play their separate parts, as do the berries and the dogrose. To this day the fuchsias grow in the aged spinster's window — it is all of the soil; and it is the story of three strong souls. Of these stories, John Galsworthy writes in his foreword: "Reading them, one is conscious of a new dish, of a strange flavor, and of coming very close to primal things." One might say: Mrs. Kallas has unearthed a new field.

Turning to "God's Orchid", one of the recent and unqualifiedly meritorious importations from Sweden, we have still more of the same species, with modifications. Harald Hilding Markurell swoops down one day on the town of Wadköping and, morally unkempt booster that he is, makes the town. In fact he would have unmade it had it not been for the solemn fact that "his" boy, Johan, turns out to be the son of another father. H. H. Markurell had done everything, including the donation to the high school of an enviable sum, to the end that the potentially venal masters might pass Johan on that fatal day on which everything happens, June 6, 1913.

And the orchid? Over in Holland a man had spent an immense fortune developing a freak orchid, "the ugliest, the most miserable, the most insignificant plant" that the human eye had ever beheld. It was the scientific pride of Holland, just as H. H. Markurell was the sociological curiosity of Wadköping, a town that had been allowed to boom in order that his baroque whims might come to full fruition unpinched. It took a special soil to produce the Dutchman's orchid; it took a special town to bring out the full tone and pitch of the Swede's soul.

Concha Espina's "Mariflor" is also a love story with three characters: Rogelio Teran, the poet who falls in love with Mariflor and promises to marry her, only to go his way, footloose and without conscience when he learns that the object of his affection is bound by an excess of obligations that spell poverty; Mariflor herself; and her rustic cousin, Antonio, whom she marries, on the last page, in order to save her entire family, including her cousins and her sisters and her aunts, from the indigence that spells unrelieved shame. There are, of course, many other personages, for this is in every sense of the word a big novel, but it is around these three that the motivating incidents turn.

This novel might be called "Growth of the Soil", for the natives in it are the outcome, the product, the creation of that bleak, dreary steppe in central Spain which the Maragatos inhabit, that misery belt in Spain where the men do nothing and the women everything, where dirt is as common as

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bailiffs are in Mrs. Kallas's stories, where alien blood is as rare as it is in Esthonia, where the soil is as responsible for the souls that live upon it as the soil of Russia is responsible for the souls that people Russian fiction, including even such Russian fiction as has a distinctly urban background. And if corroboration of the general thesis under consideration were needed, it could be supplied from the dénouements we have before us in Concha Espina's Valdecruces and Aino Kallas's Järvamaa, the parish that furnished the peasants of her titular story.

And suddenly we come to Anker Larsen's fertile Denmark. If there be truth in our proposition, this must be a fertile novel, for Denmark is the garden spot of old Europe. And of the works before us, "The Philosopher's Stone" is the most fertile of all. It sets forth an exceedingly common, though frequently unrecognized, activity — the search after God. When the students of Germany returned from the front and once more settled down on the benches of Berlin University, the professor of philosophy opened his course with a question: "What shall I tell you about?" To a man they replied: "Tell us about God." Gamaliel Bradford has a little poem in which he says that though he talks of many things, his mind is always on God. Mr. Bradford's researches in the domain of damaged souls all have to do with the quest of God. And Jens Dahl, Holger Enke, Christian Barnes among the young, and all the leading characters of "The Philosopher's Stone" among the old, are seekers after God.

The very soil of Denmark makes for such activity. Near the beginning of the novel, Herr Larsen writes apropos of one of his many, many characters: "A smile of devotion lighted up his whole face, the smile that may be seen on peasants' faces when they discover that the land which is rich and fertile, and well cultivated, is at the same time beautiful." That is Denmark. But let no man fancy that, on this account, the religious life of contemporary Denmark is only beautiful; for the Danes are rent, and they are struggling, debating, fighting, and yet believing, quite after the fashion of the great nation that may well be benefited by a careful reading of "The Philosopher's Stone".

I include in this list Pierre Loti's "Notes" merely as a study in contrasts. The references to nature in Loti's works are superabundant, but the man never had his feet on the ground in the work before us: he was on a ship that sailed along the seas. What a difference between him and the hard souled realists of Esthonia, Sweden, Spain where Spain is bleak and the Spaniards blighted, and the beaten ball fields of Denmark where Denmark is academic and theological! If there be one similarity between Loti and those with whom he is here thrown, it is that he takes us into out of the way places. Otherwise he traverses, not the soil of the land in which he chances to be, but, if we may be pardoned the pun, the stratum of its society which has been soiled through the undisciplined indulgence in soft æsthetics and still softer ethics. This is, so far as my acquaintance goes, however, pretty general with M. Louis Marie Julien Viaud de l'Académie Française. Leaf through the two dozen or so volumes by him in the Calman-Lévy edition — it runs 848.8-L 88 in every Dewey library catalogue — and search for passages that have their roots in the soils of the many countries he visited; the search is in vain. Flowers you will find in

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roseate profusion but not much about the soil. And his characters have souls, but they are not the type of souls that come from lands where the peoples are stamped by the soils on which they live, move, and have their deaths. Yet it takes all kinds to make up a great literature, and every time a book of the sorts before us is translated, our own number of kinds increases. And such increase is good for our national soul.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

The White Ship. Estonian Tales by Aino Kallas. Translated from the Finnish by Alex Matson. With a Foreword by John Galsworthy. Alfred A. Knopf.

God's Orchid. Translated from the Swedish of Hjalmar Bergman by E. Classen. Alfred A. Knopf.

Mariflor. By Concha Espina. From the Spanish "La Esfinge Maragata". Authorized translation by Frances Douglas. The Macmillan Co.

The Philosopher's Stone. By J. Anker Larsen. Translated from the Danish by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf.

Notes of My Youth. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Rose Ellen Stein. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Kant and Other Philosophers

FOR a couple of weeks, all German newspapers have been delivered over to a Kantomania in its acutest form. Articles on Kant's influence, articles on Kant's friends, on Kant the man, speeches on his importance, his philosophy, his neighbors, and his new gravestone, fill their columns. Portraits appear, and professors from all parts of the country have journeyed to Immanuel Kant's native town of Königsberg to take part in the bicentenary festival. The actual birthday celebration speeches in the University there lasted five hours. Then came a peculiar ceremony, the "*Bohnenmahl*" or "Beanfeast", at which a speech was delivered between every two courses. Afterward a festival performance was given in the theatre. By special permission from the police to keep open the theatre for an hour longer, the performance lasted until two o'clock. Numbers of foreign students and professors of philosophy attended these ceremonies.

One industrious journalist has dug up an account of Kant's inspiration, the fair Ulrike, another has discovered an ingenious riddle of Kant's invention, a Dr. Wilhelm Stapel has written a "translation" of Kant's unusual German into more normal speech, accompanied by an exhaustive commentary. At the same time a journalist takes trouble to prove that this style was nothing so forbidding after all, and that its peculiar form was necessarily invented by Kant as a new form for new thoughts. Herr Max Epstein has completed the formidable task of rendering the entire "Critique of Pure Reason" into very readable verse — a rather appalling idea, but much more successful, and above all much more readable, than one would imagine.

Strangely enough, no important works upon Kant have been issued to mark the bicentenary. The only solution of this phenomenon in such a book writing land is the assumption that every possible book about Kant and the philosophy had already been written long before the event.

Byron's centenary has been well and worthily celebrated with articles in all newspapers and magazines — thoughtful, understanding, loving articles. Next to Shakespeare, and in the last few years hotly rivaled by Walt Whitman, Byron is the poet whom Germans would most dearly love to annex as their own.

The philosopher Alois Riehl, who has reached the respectable age of eighty, is receiving the customary ovations.

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He is valued not only for the unusual clarity and precision of his philosophical speculations, but also for his genius as a leader of youth and for the literary excellence of his style. As a prose poet, he is ranked with Nietzsche. Riehl has written studies of Spinoza, Kant, Galileo, Plato, and many other thinkers, but his principal work is "Philosophischen Kritizismus".

Another great man, whose fame is spread only among the initiate, is Hermann Stehr, the author of grandiose and tragic romances. His name, never heard in the popular mouth, suddenly sprang into prominence on the author's recent fiftieth birthday, and long articles upon the work of Stehr appeared in the whole German press. His new book, "Peter Brindeisener", said to be full of aphoristic worldly wisdom, is being published by the house of Friedrich Lintz.

A large, very fully illustrated, and most fascinating book is the "Kultur und Sittengeschichte Berlins" by Hans Ostwald, published by Hermann Klemm, Berlin. The work is a veritable mine of treasure for those who like to delve in the past and reconstruct a vanished era from the little intimacies of its daily life. Interesting too is the cultural comparison between the Berlin of the early, middle, or late nineteenth century and the corresponding life of London. The broad similarities are often as astounding as the dissimilarities. Ostwald, a frequent contributor to the current press, has the gift of easy and entertaining writing and blows all the dust from his historical reminiscences before he presents them.

The life of Goethe offers such a grateful wealth of material to the novel writer that it is a wonder far more authors have not evaded the search for a plot by seizing this ever available material. Zdenko von Kraft's fine stylistic trilogy has now been followed by a Goethe romance in four volumes by Paul Burg.

This work is perhaps less dynamic than von Kraft's, but it is richer in detail, more human, and probably truer to its originals. Herr Burg has spared no pains in the recreating of the many minor historical characters who go to make up the vast mosaic of Goethe's life. It is interesting to compare his picture of Wieland, the poet pedant with the houseful of children, with Walter von Molo's vivid pen portrait in the "Schiller-Roman". Paul Burg gives his Goethe Romance the rather cheap title "Alles um Liebe" (All for Love), and divides it into volume one, "Joyful and Sorrowful", volumes two and three, "My Christel", volume four, "The Beautiful Old Man". Max Koch, Leipzig, is the publisher.

Koch publishes also an exquisite little series of better class uplift books, six of them in a rainbow of colors, each charmingly decorated with vignettes and tailpieces. Sunny little books are these, about love, friendship, joys of life, the cultivation of personality, and the philosophy of living. Most of them are by Artur Brausewetter. So much optimism is at times a little depressing. But many readers have a constitution which can absorb large doses. Koch also publishes a beautiful set of six etchings of American "Poets and Leaders", the text of which is also being issued in English. The portraits are by Carl Bauer, and include Walt Whitman, Emerson, Longfellow, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Abraham Lincoln.

The brilliant young Cologne professor, Dr. Ernst Barthel, has published a series of his lectures under the general

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title "Lebens-Philosophie" (Philosophy of Life). The subjects treated include "Immortality", "Earth and the Cosmos", "Ethical Development". The author states his ideal concisely in his preface: "To think clearly and precisely like Descartes, to retire modestly before nature like Rousseau, and to merge oneself loyally in the inwardness of things like Goethe." Friedrich Cohen, Bonn, is the publisher.

Oswald Spengler, of "Downfall of the Occident" fame, has thrown himself into the political arena, although not in a party sense, and is about to publish four political booklets (Beck, Munich) entitled "The Building Up of the New German Reich", "Political Duties of German Youth", "The State", and "Commerce".

The Bremer Press in Munich, one of the publishing houses which really has the right to call itself a "press" since it creates all its own very beautiful type fonts, is publishing two exceedingly intriguing periodicals. Magazines they cannot be called, since they appeal exclusively to the highly educated and literary classes. "Neue Deutsche Beiträge" contains in its first number an article by Hugo von Hofmannsthal on the great World Theatre in Salzburg, one by Norbert von Hellingrath on "Hölderlin's Madness", selections from Novalis, Kleist, etc. The other publication, masking itself under the modest title "German Reader", is an occasionally appearing anthology of the finest German prose. One may question the value of these anthologies, and wonder if one of the books from which the extracts are made, thoroughly read, will not give the reader more than the whole anthology of fragments. But since the reading of a fragment may always suffice to send the reader to a book which he would otherwise have passed by, they doubtless fulfil a cultural purpose. Hugo von Hofmannsthal edits these refined looking periodicals, both of them quietly bound in grey, and depending for effectiveness entirely upon the beauty of the type. The Morris notion of beginning new paragraphs without indentation, so as to secure the unbroken effect, makes the pages look somewhat tiresome.

Alfred Richard Meyer, most brilliant of parodist-playful poets, whose wicked little booklets on his marvelous hand made papers were published from a small suburban flat, has revived again and issued, as usual on superb paper but this time in large format, a slim booklet of poems by Gottfried Benn entitled "Schutt". Unfortunately, these strange tropical imaginings, stammered in unintelligible although rhythmical verse, are not worthy of their handsome dress. Meyer — who has a multitude of *noms-de-guerre*, so that it was an interesting puzzle for his admirers to discover whether a new booklet was by him in disguise or by one of his friends — may thus be welcomed back among the publishers. His "collected works", out of these dozens of little bibelots, make only a slim volume of two hundred pages.

The Sibyllen Verlag, Dresden, has added to its series of "German Figures" the "Reminiscences of Childhood" of Jean Paul Richter. It is a good book in which to make the acquaintance of this famous romanticist. Probably the reader will derive most pleasure from it if he has previously read one of Richter's works, such as the famous "Titan". Hugo Bieber edited the book, which also contains "confessions".

An amazing new magazine, which is frankly stated to be an attempt to blend "Vogue", "The Bystander",

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and "Bon-Ton", is "Elite", of which the first number has just appeared. The editor is Freiherr von Eelking. A cover in gold and the lavish use of gold, silver, and the delicate colors possible to the German book printer create an impression of extreme luxury. The text is the usual gossip, relieved by a well illustrated article on the work of Lovis Corinth by the art and music critic Oscar Bie, a pretty poem by Hans von Zobeltitz, a short sketch by the futurist Kasimir Edschmid, not in the least futuristic, and a rather feeble page of gossip by the satanic Hanns Heinz Ewers. The greater part of the paper is taken up, as is proper, with very exquisite fashion sketches. One is not particularly surprised that Germany can produce such a paper. That she can sell it in sufficient quantity to insure its further existence is a mystery of the darkest.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Notes from France

SELDOM was Pierre Hamp more powerfully inspired than in writing his last book, "Le Lin" (Nouvelle Revue Française), which continues the series of documentary novels on the various trades and industries — following "Marée Fraîche", "Vin de Champagne", "Le Rail", "Le Cantique des Cantiques", etc. "Le Lin" is the epic of the textile industry in the north of France. Pierre Hamp had practically achieved the book in 1914, when invasion came, soldiers were quartered in his house, and the manuscript was burned. After the war, Hamp (who is, by the way, one of the most forceful apostles of reconciliation with Germany) started his work over again, and succeeded in giving life for the second time to his book.

At the same publishers, a book of prose poems and stories by Alain-Fournier, called "Miracles", has just come out with a beautiful preface by Jacques Rivière. Alain-Fournier was probably one of the greatest of France's literary hopes that disappeared during the war. He was killed early in 1914, being known then as the author of a much appreciated and promising novel, "Le Grand Meaulnes" (Emile-Paul, 1913). "Miracles" has often a touch of the marvelous, and throughout reveals that gift of ample, rhythmical rendering of landscapes and open spaces which Alain-Fournier possessed.

Tagore's "Souvenirs" have appeared in French in a translation by Mme. E. Pieczynska. And from the French, a talented translation by Mrs. Bussy of André Gide's "La Porte Etroite" has appeared at Knopf's, under the title "Strait Is the Gate". It must be remembered that Gide, in the opinion of many, is the leading influence over the élite of the young generations, and that "La Porte Etroite" is one of his capital books.

A whole pleiade of books are reminding us of Lord Byron's centennial anniversary. Roger Boutet de Monvel is the author of an excellent "Vie de Lord Byron" (Plon). E. Rodocanachi has written another (Hachette). "Les Maîtresses Authentiques de Lord Byron" by F. Rabbe has been reprinted. Byron's correspondence, translated by Mme. Laroche, is soon to appear in French. And we are expecting a new Byron biography by André Maurois who wrote the very popular "Ariel" on Shelley's life.

The English Bookman Prize has been awarded to J. Kessel for "L'Equipage"; we have, in our notes, already expressed our admiration for this book.

PIERRE DE LANUX

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE BOOKMAN'S outline of contemporary drama, which began in the November issue, consists of studies of the following playwrights:

November: Augustus Thomas, Owen Davis, Edward Sheldon, Eugene O'Neill.

December: Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Rachel Crothers, Alice Brown, Zona Gale.

January: Louis K. Anspacher, Charles Rann Kennedy, Lewis Beach, George Cram Cook, Theodore Dreiser, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Richman, Algernon Tassin.

February: James Forbes, David Belasco, Eugene Walter, Elmer Rice, Jesse Lynch Williams, George M. Cohan.

March: Avery Hopwood, Langdon Mitchell, George Scarborough, J. Hartley Manners, George Ade, Mary Roberts Rinehart.

April: George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, George Middleton, George Kelly, Philip Barry, Frank Craven.

May: Winchell Smith, Austin Strong, Jules Eckert Goodman, Booth Tarkington, A. E. Thomas, Cleves Kinkaid.

June: George Broadhurst, Philip Moeller, Margaret Mayo, Cosmo Hamilton, Roi Cooper Megrue, Eleanor Gates, Clare Kummer.

The committee has met several difficulties in preparing this outline. In the first place, there are innumerable dramatists whose work should be examined for an understanding of the real theatre of America. Then, how should these dramatists be divided? After various classifications had proved unsatisfactory, the committee decided upon an arbitrary division.

A word of warning. Many clubs when they study the drama are likely to stick closely to what is generally known as "closet" drama, often historical or poetical dramas by intellectuals of one sort or another whose plays have seldom been produced with success. We urge you not to sniff at the commercial theatre. It is, after all, the root of drama.

For each of the following dramatists we give a selected list of his published plays, as well as magazine articles dealing with him and his work. As a general bibliography we suggest:

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Our American Theatre. Oliver M. Sayler. BRENTANO.
The British and American Drama of To-day. Barrett H. Clark. HOLT.
The Changing Drama. Archibald Henderson. STEWART KIDD.
The Modern Drama. Ludwig Lewisohn. HUEBSCH.
The Drama and the Stage. Ludwig Lewisohn. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Twentieth Century Theatre. William Lyon Phelps. MACMILLAN.
Seen on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton. HOLT.
The Theatre of Tomorrow. Kenneth Macgowan. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

Anthologies

Chief Contemporary Dramatists, First and Second Series. Thomas H. Dickinson. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Representative American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. CENTURY.
Contemporary American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. SCRIBNER.
Representative Plays by American Dramatists, Volume Three. Montrose J. Moses. DUTTON.
Longer Plays by Modern Authors (American). Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Modern American Plays. George P. Baker. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN DRAMA

Committee: Kenneth Macgowan, Chairman; Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Alexander Woollcott.

Ninth Group

The poetic drama — poets turned prose dramatists — has had several excellent exponents in America. Among those whose biographies are not included here should be mentioned: Sidney Howard, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Hermann Hagedorn, Olive Tilford Dargan.

CALE YOUNG RICE

David. In *Collected Poems and Plays.* DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
A Night in Avignon. In the same collection.

In spite of the discouragement which meets the way of the poetic dramatist, this American poet has steadily produced poetic plays throughout his career. They are filled with dignity of action and beauty of line. This is perhaps not the age in which a dramatist of his particular genre finds large audiences, but his is a noble and a dignified output.

Cale Young Rice was born at Dixon, Kentucky, in 1872, was educated at Cumberland University and at Harvard, and has followed the profession of letters throughout his life. He is a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences.

"Among the recent group of dramatic poets, Mr. Cale Young Rice . . . has done excellent work, particularly worthy of comment on its architectonic side. Mr. Rice has an instinctive sense of dramatic relations; his dramas move by first intent and unity of word and action is admirably maintained. His work is not without its immaturities." — PUTMAN'S, June, 1907.

"Though brief, and slight in detail, as a one-act play must necessarily be, it ['A Night in Avignon'] is nevertheless so vivid and the fusion is so complete between the dialogue and action that it embraces in small compass all the essentials of the drama." — Jessie B. Rittenhouse, NEW YORK TIMES, April 6, 1907.

"Viewing Mr. Rice's plays as a whole, I should say his prime virtue is fecundity or affluence, the power to conceive and combine events resourcefully, and an abundance of pointed phrases which recalls and half restores the tradition of the great Elizabethans. His aptitude for structure is great, too great, indeed, for the chastened contours of poetic drama; he tends to structural ingenuities and virtuosities, which make the third act of 'Charles di

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Tosca' exotic and the corresponding act in 'David' even puerile. His blank verse seems tentative and inchoate; crude indeed, but livingly crude, showing both the rudeness and the tingle that accompany experiment. There is as yet no real success in characterization." — O. W. Firkins, NATION, July 29, 1915.

"It is good to find such sincere and beautiful work as in the two volumes of 'Collected Poems and Plays' that gather together the earlier small books by Cale Young Rice. Here is a writer content to write of what seems to him worthy and with no wish to purchase fame at the price of eccentricity of form or subject. He lives up to his theory that the path of American literature lies not in distinctively local lines but will be more and more cosmopolitan since America is built of all civilizations. . . 'David', the drama of the shepherd king's career, is intensely interesting and vivid; more living tho not more picturesque than the Renaissance plays. In a collection one may trace the gain in workmanship as between 'Charles di Tosca' and 'Porzia' for instance, but for sustained power, compression and tragic meaning 'A Night in Avignon' is as yet Mr. Rice's finest work." — INDEPENDENT, May 17, 1915.

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Recent Volumes of Verse. O. W. Firkins, NATION, July 29, 1915.
Sketch of Cale Young Rice. A. S. Henry, ILLUSTRATED BOOK NEWS, October, 1909.

PERCY MACKAYE

The Canterbury Pilgrims. MACMILLAN.
The Scarecrow. MACMILLAN.
This Fine-Pretty World. MACMILLAN.

This son of a good earlier American playwright has long been known as a poet and poetical dramatist. He was born in New York City in 1875. He studied at Harvard University and in Europe. He has written opera librettos, masques, and has now turned to a study of the Kentucky mountain folk and to a translation of their peculiar dialects and manners into realistic drama. His latest play produced was "This Fine-Pretty World".

"It ['The Scarecrow'] is a play of vigorous imaginative richness and often of colorful felicitous diction. The satire may be readily appreciated but is not an essential to enjoyment. For the story and the manner of telling are in themselves highly diverting." — NEW YORK TIMES, June 6, 1908.

"Now this latest effort by the author of 'The Scarecrow' has received high critical praise from all sides. The fact remains that, to me, this melodrama of Kentucky mountain life seemed strained, unnatural, and for most of the time unintelligible. Its dialogue did move with a certain rhythmical beauty; but this cannot atone for the silly and rather slow plot and the language which Mr. MacKaye claims to be an approximation of that spoken by the mountaineers. He calls it a 'noble illiteracy'." — John Farrar, BOOKMAN, March, 1924.

"Percy MacKaye has written a play of varying interest in 'This Fine-Pretty World' — a study of manners, customs and language deep in the Kentucky mountains, a bit of folklore with certain minor digressions by the author. Mr. MacKaye, emerging from a lengthy study of Kentucky mountaineers, came to the theatre with an interesting story to tell, but he has not been quite content just to tell it. He has tried to give it a touch of cosmic significance and has thereby weakened it just a little as drama. It is, however, a play with a good deal of sturdy force, and last night's audience at the Neighborhood Playhouse received it with unmistakable enthusiasm. Mr. MacKaye has not spared his mountaineers in the writing — they are revealed as an ignorant, superstitious and immoral lot. With all his attempt to get down to the heart of them, however, Mr. MacKaye never quite dissipates the feeling that he is putting his people through their paces rather than permitting them to do their own trotting. There is the constant suggestion that his folk are being shown under glass." — NEW YORK TIMES, December 27, 1923.

"Mr. MacKaye has adapted a style of poetic swing in making his dialogue and he has employed Biblical passages quite frequently to prove and disprove the arguments at hand.

"His mountaineers are not folk to express themselves in merely freakish and simple bad grammar. They are men and women, quite abundantly equipped in vocabulary. They merely transpose their words and go ahead. They speak and act like no Kentucky mountain men and women we have known." — Q. M., NEW YORK WORLD, December 27, 1923.

"So much could be gleaned by dint of diligent listening to the dialect, laid on so thickly that at times it seemed distorted. Their talk was a weird compound of superstition, scripture and the more lurid figures of Elizabethan speech. MacKaye who has woven a play out of the Canterbury

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tales, seemed to find himself quite at home in the midst of such Chaucerian dialogue, and let his characters run on almost without stopping. It may be art but it's not pretty." — NEW YORK HERALD, December 27, 1923.

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Two Great Pageants. E. Knaufft, REVIEW OF REVIEWS, May, 1916.
Masque of Masques. E. H. Abbott, OUTLOOK, June 7, 1916.
Poems and Plays. O. W. Firkins, NATION, December 14, 1916.
Criticism. CURRENT LITERATURE, July, 1912.
On the Poetic Drama. C. T. Calder, THEATRE, November, 1914.
MacKaye and Copeau, Assassins Extraordinary. A. Herendeen, EVERYBODY'S, May, 1919.

MARY AUSTIN

The Arrow Maker. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Mrs. Austin's "The Arrow Maker" is really written in so rhythmical a prose that it amounts to free verse. She has written several plays, but of late years has confined most of her attention in writing to novels, short stories, and essays.

(For biographical details see THE BOOKMAN'S Literary Club Service, December, 1922.)

"Praise should be awarded the piece for its effort to make a genuinely American drama out of picturesque native material. It is a worthy attempt of distinct merit even if it fail of the peculiar quality which goes to make a good acting play." — Richard Burton, BELLMAN, July 22, 1911.

"A reading of the play as it now appears in book form plainly reveals that while excellent material is to be found in it, the handling is not such as to give the progression, clash, and tense moments of climax necessary to make a true drama. In sympathetic accuracy of depiction the play merits praise, the writer knows her subject-matter, and has given a faithful picture in place of the cheap caricatures so often substituted for the truth."— DIAL, July 1, 1911.

"Yet, in spite of the serious handicap she has assumed in her choice of material there is a genuine if not sustained dramatic appeal in her play, which has a distinct literary quality; and though its male characters bear all the earmarks of having been conceived in a decidedly feminine brain, they and the principal women of the drama are consistently drawn and ably pictured." — NEW YORK TIMES, June 4, 1911.

REFERENCES:

The Literary Spotlight. BOOKMAN, September, 1923.
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Mary Austin, Novelist and Ethnologist. R. L. Bacher, SUNSET, September, 1919.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Van Zorn. MACMILLAN.
The Porcupine. MACMILLAN.

Mr. Robinson brings to his plays the stern realistic psychology of his poetical nature. They are more readable than dramatic but there is undeniable power in them.

(For biographical details see THE BOOKMAN'S Literary Club Service, March, 1923.)

"Mr. Robinson gives us a tenuous but nevertheless a real story ['Van Zorn']. But he brings into the American drama today a thing it sadly lacks, and that is character." — W. S. B., BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, November 14, 1914.

"In his new play, Mr. Robinson again shows his power in the deft handling of character. In 'The Porcupine' as in 'Van Zorn', the action is deep, so deep that the mind has got to dive underneath the surface to feel it. . . . 'The Porcupine' is a tragedy, one that arouses a deep sense of pity." — W. S. B., BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, December 24, 1915.

"'Van Zorn' was written by Edwin Arlington Robinson, who has established for himself a creditable reputation as a poet. But Mr. Robinson's ability as a poet should not have been regarded as a necessary reason for publishing an utterly inefficient essay in a different art. There is a fundamental pattern in 'Van Zorn' that might have been made interesting by anyone acquainted with the practice of the drama; but Mr. Robinson has totally submerged this pattern beneath oceans of very tedious talk." —Clayton Hamilton, BOOKMAN, April, 1915.

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E. A. — a Milestone for America. Percy MacKaye, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January, 1920.
The Literary Spotlight. BOOKMAN, January, 1923.
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THE GOSSIP SHOP

LITERARY editors and magazines are changing so rapidly, that we soon expect to hear the announcement that Jack Dempsey is to take charge of "The International Book Review". Burton Rascoe is leaving the New York "Herald-Tribune", and the eminent Stuart Pratt Sherman will leave Urbana, Illinois, and the profession of teaching to create a literary supplement of distinction for that paper. He will be assisted by Mrs. Carl Van Doren. Meanwhile, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby has left the New York "Evening Post", and W. Orton Tewson of Philadelphia has charge of "The Literary Review". Dr. Canby's staff has fled with him, and they will issue, presently, in association with "Time", "The Saturday Review of Literature". William Rose Benét will leave behind him his pseudonym of "Kenelm Digby", and will report the literary news under the initials W. R. B., obviously his own. Both Christopher Morley and Amy Loveman will be associated with Dr. Canby in his new venture. This brings two distinctly Yale magazines together. The remarkable success of "Time" has been a sensation in the journalistic field. It has been done entirely by young men with valiant ideas of clean journalism. As a matter of fact, both Britton Hadden and Harry Luce, the founders of "Time", were former students of Dr. Canby's, like ourself. With the passing of the New York "Herald", Arthur Bartlett Maurice, its literary editor, found himself on the "Sun", which he will leave presently to devote himself to writing. With changes in the editorship of several of the magazines, with Mr. Harvey's returning to "The North American Review" and its reverting to a quarterly, the world of editing might almost be said to be agog.

The Second International Convention of the P. E. N. was held in New York City the middle of May. We attended three of the meetings and were duly impressed. At the banquet at the Hotel Pennsylvania were gathered the most distinguished group of American authors, as well as their foreign guests, we have ever seen. The president of the American Centre, Carl Van Doren, presided. The speeches of good will following the dinner were rather tedious; but this is only natural considering the number of foreign accents involved. The best efforts of all were put forward by Madame Chekhova (Chekhov's widow), representing Russia, and Jules Romains of the French P. E. N. centre. The other foreign delegates who spoke were: May Sinclair and Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, representing England; Dr. Ludwig Stein, Germany; Arne Kildal, Norway; Miss J. G. Sime, Canada; Rudolf Kommer, Austria; H. Acino, Japan; Marcu Besa, Roumania; Mme. Olga Ott, Denmark; Dr. Borje Brilioth, Sweden; and Octavio Bareda, Mexico. At the reception given the P. E. N. by the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association, artists, musicians, and actors joined in welcoming the foreign delegates. Here one might see Grace George talking with May Sinclair, Violet Oakley with Hamlin Garland, Julia Arthur with Floyd Dell. It

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seems to us that the convention was of real significance as a factor in the development of international relations. The patronage of many governments is being received by this organization. Queen Marie of Roumania is president of the newly formed Roumanian Centre, Mexico is about to subsidize a magazine for the P. E. N., C. Bascom Slemp, secretary to President Coolidge, telegraphed as follows: "The President wishes to extend to the international meeting of the P. E. N. Club his greetings and good wishes, and the assurance of the welcome which America always extends to those distinguished in letters." Perhaps the most entertaining feature of the convention was the attendance of the P. E. N. Club and its delegates at the third anniversary of the opening of "Abie's Irish Rose". Anne Nichols, its author, is a member of the P. E. N. This folk drama of Irish and Hebrew life has been astoundingly popular, much as it has been scoffed at by the critics. It was apparent, not only that the distinguished members of the P. E. N. enjoyed the play hugely, but that they thought it was a good piece of work, and those who came to scoff remained to admire.

To enter elaborately, at this juncture, into a discussion of the awarding of the Pulitzer Prizes, is perhaps unnecessary. It does seem rather absurd that the awards of the judges are consistently disregarded, whatever you may think of the relative merits of "Hell-Bent-Fer-Heaven" and "The Show-Off". The former was awarded the prize, while the latter, in the opinion of the judges, deserved it. "The Able McLaughlins" won its second prize, having been the Harper prizewinner; and Robert Frost's "New Hampshire" was the volume of poems honored — surely no poet or volume ever deserved it more.

The letters containing "Ten Books That Have Influenced Me Most" continue to pour in, and are fascinating — some of them absolutely unprintable. Take this, from Richard Wurmser. We don't know him, but we think he must be delightful:

1. Poems of Childhood.
2. Perfect Behavior.
3. Don Quixote.
4. The Classified Telephone Directory.
5. The Cross Word Puzzle Book.
6. The Compleat Angler.
7. The Amenities of Book-Collecting.
8. The Way of all Flesh.
9. Dun & Bradstreet's Rating Books.
10. The World Almanac.

Then, there is Charles C. Vance, of Mannington, West Virginia:

"Swiss Family Robinson", because my family used to read me to sleep with it; Dumas series, because I liked the excitement; "Vanity Fair", because it contained the first vamp I had ever read about; King Arthur Stories, because we enacted many of them in the loft in the barn at home; "The Cloister and the Hearth", because it is still the most thrilling story that I have ever read; "Grimm's Fairy Tales", because it made me feel sentimental and patriotic; "Potterism", because I felt that it was true; Rabelais, because I enjoyed every word in it and didn't understand a lot; Horatio Alger series, because for this liking I cannot now find any excuses.

Perhaps because we have been running about so little, we seem to have encountered an unusual number of folk. Seems paradoxical; but is, nevertheless, true. We missed Carl Sandburg on several of his trips; but he wrote us a grand letter, a thing which Carl seldom does, and in answer to one, too — a thing which he never does. If anyone ever asks us what the most difficult thing the staff of a literary magazine has to contend with, we're going to answer quite promptly: the fact that literary persons do not

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answer letters. Whereupon we expect the reply: neither do members of the staffs of literary magazines. Be that as it may, we had a fine visit with Harry Hansen, of the Chicago "Daily News" Book Page and of "Harper's Magazine". Harry is still working on his novel. He claims that when it is

Amy Lowell

published none of us will know, for he is not even going to tell his publisher who wrote it. "A publisher simply *can't* keep a secret, his subconscious will get the better of him." To prove his point he tells a story of how Ferris Greenslet, in talking of Amy Lowell's once anonymous critical fable, said, "Oh yes, the author lives in Boston; I expect she'll" (catching himself breathlessly) "— he'll be in the office tomorrow." Now what "she" living near Boston could possibly have written that poetical screed except Miss Lowell? Unfortunately we did not see Miss Lowell on her last trip to New York, but we talked to her over the telephone from our bed of pain. We were disturbed to find that she has been having trouble with her eyes, a fact which, however, has not hindered her from making what is now really rapid progress toward the completion of her life of John Keats. In rushed Hervey Allen, the poet, all springfully clad in a light grey suit, the other day. He informed us that he has left the Carolinas and will be in the neighborhood of New York City next year, probably teaching English. He and David Morton should found a poet-teachers' club. The Blindman Prize, by the way, was awarded this year to Joseph Auslander for his sonnet sequence, "Fata Morgana", the editor of THE BOOKMAN being the judge. Dr. Joseph Collins has returned from Europe, and is about to go away again. He was looking the picture of health when we saw him, hearty and tanned, having been indulging in many days of golf. After we had discussed literature in general, and the musical comedy we were seeing in particular, he lectured us a bit about exercise. "The only sin in life I assuredly haven't committed is that of not taking enough exercise", he told us, and recounted early days of bowling, boxing, tennis, and golf. We took it to heart, and have purchased a new tennis racket. Dr. Collins is busily writing all the time. It is amazing how many books he succeeds in reading, or has read, from the complete works of obscure French and Italian authors to the latest first novel by some American youngster. To all of them he brings the same curious critical angle; he is interested in characters as psychological studies, and in the authors themselves from the same point of view. Pascal D'Angelo, the Italian day laborer turned poet, paid us a call today. He is much changed since we first saw him, and no longer brings his manuscripts wrapped in a newspaper. He is sleeker, too, but his charm has not vanished. His first book has been accepted for publication, and will probably be called "A Son of Italy", being a combination of autobiographical narrative and his poems. It should be interesting, for here is a most unusual mind and a real sense of poetry. Sidney Howard

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arrived one day while we still had the measles, to comfort us with the information that he, too, had suffered at an advanced age from the disease. Also Rebecca West (she both called and has had the measles). Mr. Howard's new play is to be produced by the Theatre Guild next season, and Miss West's new novel is nearing com-

Joseph Hergesheimer

pletion. She told us the plot. Quite different, indeed, from "The Judge". It will give us, apparently, more of the person we see in her criticism: it will be pert, amusing, a trifle daring. Comes Rose Cohen (saying nothing at all about the measles) in a fetching brown tailored suit, with many buttons upon it, and a neat black hat. She is busily at work on a long novel of Russian peasant life, and we had a good visit. We discussed the immigrant influence on American letters and life with positiveness but without heat. She and Pascal D'Angelo are shining exceptions to our own general opinion; but she pointed out, and quite rightly probably, that what we find annoying is not the immigrant influence, but that of second generation foreigners, after their natural inheritance has been influenced by their life in this country. It is too large a subject for a Gossip Shop conversation. A striking exception to this rule would be Genevieve Larsson, whom we have seen several times this month, tall, striking, her beautiful hair wound in great braids around her head. She was born in midwest America, of Swedish parents. She writes with great precision and beauty. Her short stories are certainly a contribution to American writing. Then, there's Hendrik Willem Van Loon, though he was born in Holland. We found him in the Hotel Algonquin, where he stood like a genial colossus and told us of the beauties of Westport, Connecticut, and assured us that no author could really do any work in a town like New York. At any rate, it's the fault of his own ancestors that we're here. What right has he to complain? He is working on a trilogy of books. We recall one, "The History of Thought", or was it Ideals, or Ideas — something indefinite like that. At the Algonquin, too, we saw Joseph Hergesheimer, chatting with Frank Case. He looks younger, jollier, thinner than ever before. And no more like an author than usual. We stood for a half hour on Forty Third Street the other day talking to Hamlin Garland, just after we had left Jack Dennison, who has purchased a magazine for the — gracious! — was it the tire trade, the rubber trade, or the bottle industry? Well, anyway, Mr. Garland has postponed sailing for England while he finishes his new book. He will be alone in England this summer, for he is leaving his delightful family on this side of the water. Mr. Garland is exactly our idea of what a literary man should look like. If we were as sturdily made as is he, we should wear our hair just as long. He

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is always dignified, interesting, and kindly — a most unusual combination.

It is fascinating to know what an author's wife thinks of him. Observe this letter carefully:

Edwin Muir lived on a small island containing one tree (known as The Tree) until he was fourteen, avoiding school, ostensibly herding his father's cows (i.e., dreaming in the pasture while they ravaged the corn and turnips), and being spoiled by his mother because he was the youngest.

At the age of fourteen he went to Glasgow: saw trains, elevators, and street cars for the first time in his life, learned to use a knife and fork and to wash daily. Attended church and was twice "saved" before he struck Pascal and Nietzsche. Acquired a minute knowledge of the seamy side of Glasgow life, and a remarkable vocabulary. Developed a natural gift for "contradictiousness".

Wrote his first book "We Moderns" in the office (during office hours) without being discovered by his employers. Notoriously unpunctual, but seldom brought to book, because his fellow clerks spoiled him a little, just as his mother did. Received brilliant testimonials when he left to go to London, certifying that he could above all things be trusted with cash.

Went to London with sixty dollars, abetted by his wife, a reckless woman from the Shetland Islands, with whom he speaks in the barbarous dialect of these regions. In London learned to choose wines and order dinners in Soho: escaped whenever possible to the country for weekends.

Went to Prague because it was in the middle of Europe, and he knew nothing about it. Perhaps also because he could speak neither German nor Czech. After eight months of Prague, he went to Germany, and succumbed to its influence completely. Stayed there for a year, began to write poetry, take sun baths, and wear sandals. Tried Italy next, and learned to swim: but driven by a longing for the north (disguised Mother complex) returned to Salzburg and to Vienna. Can't live in a city in springtime: and so is at present marooned on a mountain in lower Austria. Future movements completely uncertain.

Personal Characteristics. Gives a general impression of quietness, gentle kindliness, and a little reserve. Black hair, blue eyes. Very slim, small hands and feet, looks ridiculously young and won't say how old he is. Has an enormous forehead, like a sperm whale's: a fastidious, fleering, and critical nose: an impish and sensuous mouth, a detached, aloof, cold eye. Witty when at his ease: elegant when he can afford it: sensitive and considerate: horribly shy and silent before strangers, and positively scared by social functions. Among friends, however, becomes completely daft, and dances Scottish reels with fervor. Smokes cigarettes continually: likes to lie in the sun by the hour: enjoys being petted: and is beloved by cats, dogs, small children, and nearly all women. (Women always want to mother him when they see him: but he has a horror of having his independence encroached upon.)

Passionately devoted to football, although now too short sighted to play. Watches football matches happily for hours.

An unusual combination of clear thinking and passionate intuition.

Has a very Scottish look about him (!) but has been mistaken for Irish and Russian.

This is a true and (I believe) unprejudiced portrait.

M. MUIR.

The Fearon Gallery have put on public exhibition a superb group of paintings by the French Impressionists, which Josef Stransky recently was reported to have sold. Among them are a number of important canvases such as Cézanne's portrait of his wife seated in the red armchair, several beautiful Courbets, a very distinguished Portrait of a Lady by Renoir, and a comparatively recent figure composition by Matisse. Toulouse-Lautrec is well represented in Stransky's noteworthy collection; in fact, the group shows really unusual examples of the artists here mentioned. . . . Frans Masereel, the Dutch artist whose fascinatingly cynical "Diary of a Young Girl, Done in Crayon", reproduced in the June "Vanity Fair", created a good deal of comment, has shown a large collection of his woodcuts and drawings in Weyhe's Gallery. His work is cruelly forceful; though almost totally devoid of æsthetic beauty, it is far from commonplace in execution, and decidedly interesting in motif.

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Sinclair Lewis has returned from England, his gay hair flying in the wind, his brisk personality as brisk and as disturbing as ever, not a whit disturbed by the manners of the British Isles. We have read an instalment of "Doctor Arrowsmith" in "The Designer", and we liked it well for an instalment. Of course, the version that appears in the magazine is a somewhat abbreviated one. The novel itself which will appear next spring is some two hundred thousand words in length. It will be interesting to know just how much effect on the circulation of "The Designer" the publication of this sensational author's work will have. It is known that they paid the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars for the serial rights, and we have a suspicion that, in publicity value, it has been worth it to them. Mr. Lewis left New York City after a short stay, and sought the solace of his own home town, Sauk Centre, Minnesota, that town which he made notorious in "Main Street". From there he will go to Canada, where he will accompany "Treaty Party No. 10" sent by the Canadian government to the Red River District to behave in a friendly manner to the Indians. Just what Mr. Lewis intends doing with the Indians we couldn't quite gather. Perhaps he will become Wellsian in scope and write a story about what America might have been if we had developed the Indian civilization instead of killing it off. At the moment we behold ourself annoyed at Mr. Wells. We found "The Dream" interesting, but complicated in structure and a trifle lazy in handling. It is the story of a present day life, in terms of an ideal civilization thousands of years hence. Now what has really happened is that Wells has written a very fine love story, and ruined it by all his sociological babble, which at times, to us, at least, smacks of the Sunday School Lesson. However, several of our friends assure us that it's a corking story, so maybe you'll like it.

From Cerulean, Kentucky, Sally Graham Stice sends us a brief interview with Mary Lanier Magruder, the author of "Wages":

Mrs. Magruder is my almost-neighbor. Both of us live in that land designated by Mr. Mencken the literary Sahara of America — which statement he is belying, according to recent issues of "The Mercury". Naturally we are delighted over her prizewinning stunt, though she is not altogether unknown to literary fame, having been a contributor to "The Saturday Evening Post" and other magazines as a writer of both prose and poetry.

She is a brilliant woman, almost regal in appearance, hard to visualize as a common country farmer's wife. Nevertheless, that is what she is. Her husband is a tobacco planter here in the "Black Patch". They are not even on a railroad. She makes soap, "lightbread", raises chickens, milks cows, and churns. This winter she has been piecing quilts and cutting carpet rags. "It rests me", she says. In the meantime she has done a series of articles for "The Country Gentleman" and several short stories "whose ultimate destiny is quite uncertain".

"Lane's End" — the quaint name she has given her home — is an old fashioned farmhouse set in a big country "yard" over which ramble shrubs and vines — spiræa, lilacs, mock orange, clematis, iris, yucca, sun lilies, red, pink, and white ramblers, and old fashioned once-a-year roses, rose of Sharon, while scattered about just as promiscuously are beds of jonquils, cannas, scarlet sage, petunias, zinnias, chrysanthemums. "Things easy to grow, giving a gorgeous display yet requiring little time", she explained.

Over this old yard as sentinels halfway around march young cedars in a row. "I'm too wise or too lazy to try to keep hothouse flowers in this ancient farmhouse with its rooms eighteen by eighteen feet.

"I have only one jarring note in my old house, a boughten rug — and it's a concession to the children." In this homy environment, by snatches — "times when she could let things slide a while" — was "Wages" written, a chapter tucked here and there about the house.

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We have not recently been much to the theatre, since we have been busily engaged in getting a play of our own ready for production; but we did see the Equity Players' special performance of "Hedda Gabler". At the first afternoon were many good folk, among them Alice Brady, Clayton Hamilton, Phyllis Povah, Annie Nathan Meyer, Lewis Beach, etc. We went again on another afternoon — for this is almost our favorite play — and saw many of the same people doing the same thing, also Dr. Joseph Collins and William Lyon Phelps, chatting amiably. If this production is a good example of what Robert Edmond Jones can accomplish as a director, it is to be hoped that he will spare much time from his scene designing for directing. As for the performance of Clare Eames as Hedda — it is as compelling as a thunder storm and as subtle as life itself. It is clear, yet passionate, graceful, full of rhythm. To realize what a great actress is, one has only to see her in Miss Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall", in "Fashion", and in "Hedda Gabler". To be playing these three rôles, so dissimilar, yet so spectacular, all in one day in the same town, is an achievement few have realized. We went, of course, to the Street Fair, but came away unimpressed, munching a frankfurter, with a beautiful lady on our arm and a Boy Scout alongside, genially protecting the party from being trampled upon by curious crowds. Of musical comedies we have found "Plain Jane" different, largely because of the splendid toughness of Joe Laurie, Jr. and the prizefight scene, which was excellently played. The music is just terrible!

May Sinclair is presumably the shyest woman we have ever met. She

May Sinclair

sits quite still and does not seem to be looking at you. When she speaks, it is as though she were speaking to some far distant person other than yourself, yet she is obviously one of the most observant of our novelists. She does not seem to be watching life; but it seeps in through those remarkably bright black eyes, and is analyzed, characters catalogued, motives arranged. Quietly she gathers her impressions, and the glow of her personality turns inward upon them, until they become as living as the life about her, seen with quietly satirical observation, ready for a novel or a short story. Coincident with her visit to New York her first poem has appeared. It is called "The Dark Night" and is really a short story in verse, a love story of peculiar power and beauty. As poetry, some of it seems to lack rhythm and grace, although many portions are

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fluent and colorful. Here is a lyric passage which is simple, yet has the unmistakable accents of good poetry:

The love that I have for my lover
Streams into all things that he has touched
and seen;
The tree he has looked at is more beautiful
Than any other tree;
The rose he has smelt is sweeter
Than any other rose.

The little cat
That curls up and purrs herself to sleep on
his knee,
Is dearer than any other animal
Because he has caressed her.

The day is brighter
For the shining of his eyes;
The evening is more tender
For the touch of his hand;
The clasp of his body makes the night
lovelier than the day.

Georgina S. Townsend of Los Angeles sends us this account of a new writers' colony:

The odor of the trailing arbutus coming with spring's loveliness after a long bitter winter, is not more fragrant than the altruism actuating Mrs. Edward MacDowell, the widow of America's most eminent composer, on her present tour to the Pacific Coast — that of founding a creative artists' retreat — an altruism whose sweetness and beauty restores to us in Los Angeles after our long bitter season of jazz extravagance, movie publicity, press agent commercialism, and personal aggrandizement, a belief in that almost forgotten attribute, the goodness of humanity.

The California Creative Artists' Retreat, under the dynamic enthusiasm of this gifted woman and with the cooperation of Mrs. Graham S. Putnam, the president of the local MacDowell Club of Allied Arts, is as good as established. It is to be such a retreat as Mrs. MacDowell has already made famous in memory of her husband at the old MacDowell home in Peterboro, New Hampshire, where during the past sixteen years creative workers, including not only composers of music but artists, poets, and writers as well, have been able to spend a part of each summer in the quiet and peace of this sanctified spot, associating with others interested along their own lines, and all under the practical guidance and the inspiration of the high ideals embodied in Mrs. MacDowell's efforts.

Here among the great mountains, in some picturesque canyon where beauty of scene and kindliness of climate combine to make a second Parnassus, the "retreat" will be established. To start the fund for this undertaking, Mrs. MacDowell gave one of her lecture musicales at the local club early in April. She has maintained the Peterboro colony upkeep with the proceeds of these lecture programs which she gives on her tours through the United States. This haven of rest and beauty at Peterboro has earned the gratitude of those who through lack of encouragement, or family conditions, or poverty, have burned in vain with the fire of genius, and who have been privileged to enjoy the opportunity it has given them. The establishment of such a colony for California creative ability will be but another great thing which she has undertaken.

In addition to this splendid gift to the artists of southern California, Mrs. MacDowell is also arranging a fellowship at the Peterboro community for the painter, writer, or composer who this coming summer shall be selected by the local club here as most worthy of the opportunity of having the quiet which the New Hampshire retreat offers for concentration and effort. Mrs. MacDowell feels that contact with the east will benefit the westerner, and that when the California retreat is established the contact with the west will benefit the easterner, that an exchange of fellowships will naturally follow.

The California retreat will establish small separate studios in the location selected — one preferably in the mountains, with if possible an outlook upon the desert; at any rate, in some sequestered canyon, where it is restful, colorful, quiet, and inspiring.

Mrs. Graham S. Putnam, under whose capable management the MacDowell Club of Los Angeles has grown in six years from a handful of earnest members to over two hundred, including both men and women, is a woman of quiet, vital determination, serving wholly in the interest of the club's advancement, submerging herself in the welfare of her organization and using it not at all for commercial exploitation. For the community to have the enthusiasm and the service of such women as Mrs. MacDowell and Mrs. Putnam is a boon of incomparable value to all creative workers of the present and the future.

The dinner given to Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois was probably one of the most unusual affairs ever held in New York City. At it were gathered some four hundred representative members of the white and colored

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races. Among the speakers were the Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, Hon. George R. Lunn, James Weldon Johnson, the Negro poet, Mary Austin, Walter Hampden, the actor, Mary McLeod Bethune, a prominent Negro woman educator, Jessie Fauset, author of "There is Confusion" and one of the editors of "The Crisis", and several others, including the always brilliant and graceful Dr. Du Bois himself. Scudder Middleton read a poem, one of his best, written to Dr. Du Bois:

The race that wheedles mercies from its God
Shall be the beggar always at His door;
It shall debase itself before the rod,
And live among the shadows evermore.
But when, with growing pride in self, it stands
Asking no favors of the clouds or men,
To it God reaches down His mighty hands,
To it are all to-morrows given then.

You know those hands! Beyond the cottonfields,
Beyond the creaking tree, the faggot's flame,
Your eyes have caught the vision of a race
Rising by greater truths than pity yields.
And you have made it dream, speak out its name —
Proud of that ancient ebon of its face!

When we heard that Giovanni Papini was about to arrive in this country we immediately ordered a sketch of him with which we intended to greet him at the pier; but Signor Papini has not yet arrived and now writes that he will not visit the great America until November or December. His new book, "The Second Birth", will be published in Italy in the autumn. If we cannot have him in New York, we can at least publish his picture in THE BOOKMAN. Perhaps if we think hard enough it will bring him across, for we should dearly like to converse with the author of the "Life of Christ", if only through an interpreter. Now take the theory of the eminent doctor whose prospectus arrived in our mail this morning. According to his system, you can have predetermined children, whose sex and lifework are all quite carefully planned by human agencies before birth. We are thinking of writing this learned gentleman and asking him if he can force certain authors to visit these shores, and keep others away. We should like to see George Santayana, for example, and it would be a lark to have Bernard Shaw overcome his inferiority complex and take a few weeks off in Chicago, or say Salt Lake City. It is time, too, for John Masefield to visit this country again, and surely Anatole France should come over to celebrate the publication of the superb autographed edition of his

Giovanni Papini

works by Gabriel Wells. Perhaps predetermination does not extend to literary visitors; if so, we shall be obliged to wait and use it on our children — we want, first, a boy, non-literary, a football player.

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In "The Authors' League Bulletin" for October, 1923, was published a report of an investigation made by the Screen Writers' Guild on screen writing schools. So many requests pour in to the Authors' League from all sources on this subject, that they have asked us to print some quotations from that article. Since then, it is true, one of the correspondence schools has begun producing its own pictures. However, the general facts remain the same. At that time, "Not a single scenario school or selling agency gave definite information of a single sale of a story or a scenario by a single pupil or patron." The consensus of opinion from all motion picture companies was that there was no place for the amateur screen writer in the motion pictures. In one year, out of 42,020 manuscripts submitted to six companies, only four from unknown writers were purchased. The companies do not even find enough available material in the product of the amateur writer to pay them for the trouble and expense of reading the stories submitted. We quote from the close of this committee's report:

In response to the Committee's advertisements requesting information from all who had had experience with scenario schools and selling agencies, a great many letters were received from all parts of the country. With the exception of less than half a dozen who were still hopeful and confiding, they were all of the same tenor. The writers — most of whom revealed hopeless illiteracy — complained bitterly; said that they had been lured by glittering promises of success made through advertisements, circular letters, and personal solicitation; that as soon as they had paid all the money obtainable from them, they had received no further encouragement; that a great many were completely ignored and were unable to recover scripts that had been sent for sale; and that services promised and paid for were not rendered.

Many made specific charges of fraud. Many in financial distress had made great sacrifices in order to avail themselves of what they were led to believe were golden opportunities.

Since this investigation started, the Guild has been flooded with letters requesting its advice and assistance concerning the recovery of manuscripts held by schools and agencies, the recovery of money paid to these concerns, and the defense of threatened suits to collect balances due for courses contracted.

The public does not stop to consider that there are more successful attorneys in New York City alone than successful authors in the whole country. While no one is so ignorant as to believe that a medical or legal profession may be acquired from a handbook or a few lessons from a correspondence school, it is the popular belief — not only of the ignorant and illiterate, but of the intelligent and well educated — that there is merely a knack about scenario-writing that may be imparted in a few idle moments. Every scenario-writer almost daily encounters requests for information concerning the secret of scenario-writing.

Nor does the misinformed public stop to consider that in no field of endeavor can the amateur with no distinguishing qualifications and only a few weeks' or a few days' training compete with the professional with years of experience and training behind him. The maiden lady in straitened circumstances and a small-town environment who attempts to compete successfully with such experienced writers as Peter B. Kyne, Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, and other well-known authors, stands almost as much chance as the village blacksmith has of defeating Jack Dempsey after a correspondence course in boxing.

In "The Rose Fyleman Fairy Book" our child familiar writes in a good round hand, quite unlike our own cramped letters:

I once knew a red elf,
  I met him on a hill,
And I once knew a green elf;
  In fact, I know him still.

The green elf lives on pots of cheese,
  He dances on the lawn,
He whispers stories in my ear
  When other folk are gone.

He tempts me to the pantry,
  Where cook's best cookies lie,
He knows exactly where to look
  For cream and cake and pie.

If I were this green elf,
  I'd curb my appetite,
For fear that I might overeat
  And burst in two some night.

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